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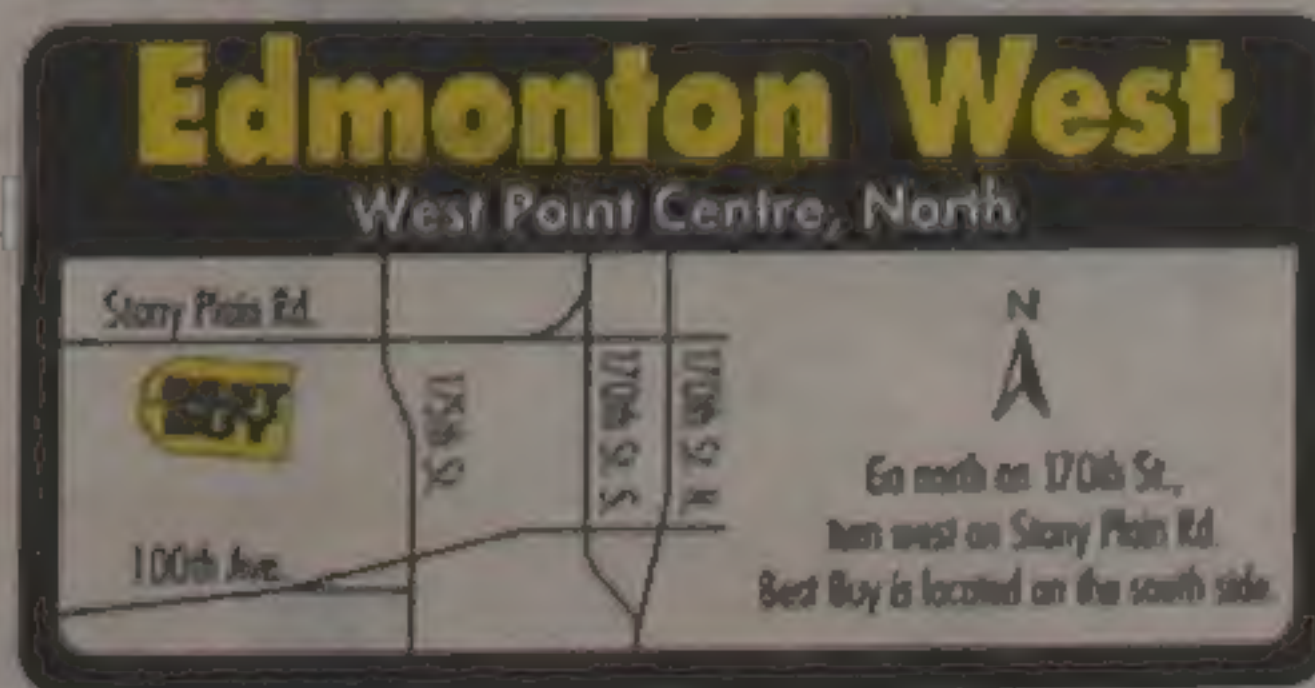
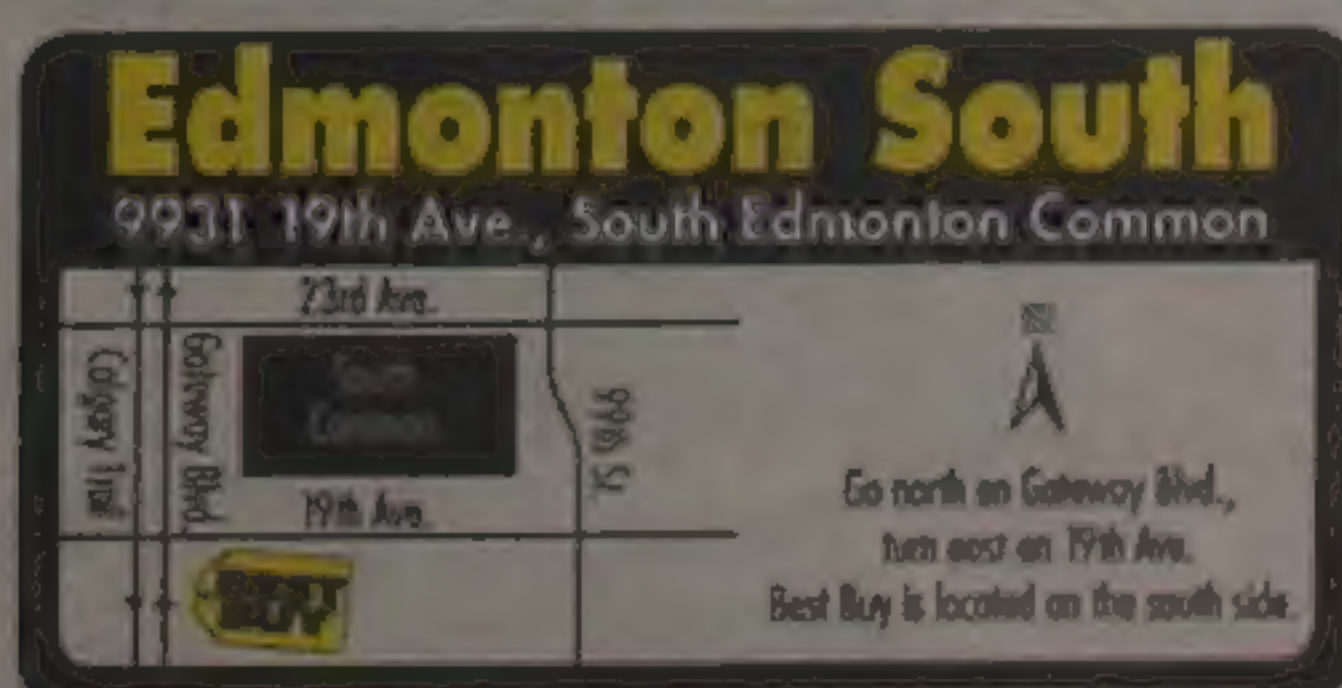


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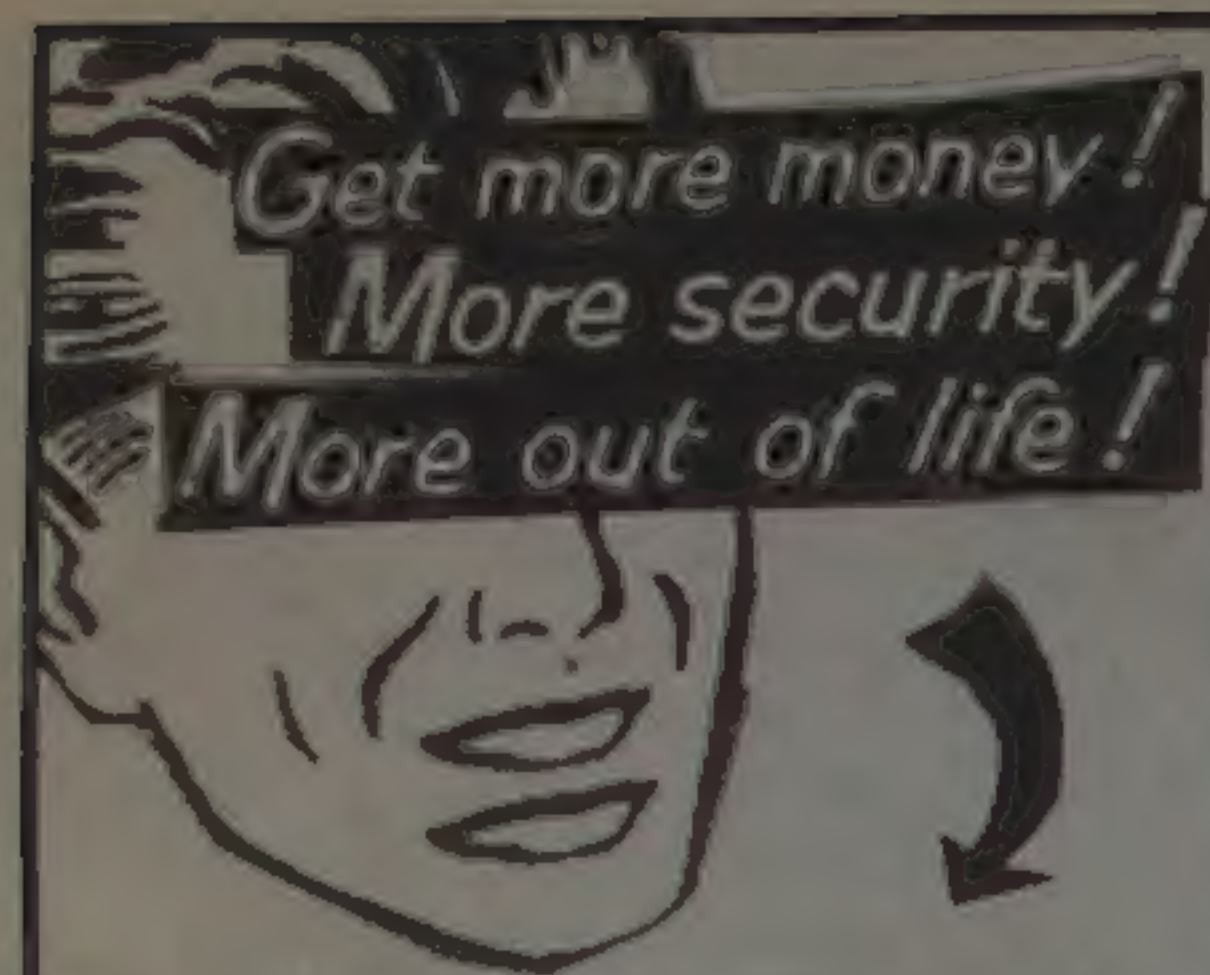
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CALLING ALL MEMBERS

The CJSR Annual General Meeting is scheduled for Tuesday, June 24 at 7:00 PM in room 129, Education Building. Topics include approval of bylaws, Director elections, and more. All are welcome, but only members can vote. To become a member, contact facra@cjsr.com.



www.cjsr.com

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ON THE COVER

Dutch DJ Tiësto started spinning records when he was eight years old, barely big enough to see over the turntable. Now, 26 years later, he's the man DJ magazine has named the top DJ in the world. Plus, if anyone can redeem the umlaut from the likes of Mötley Crüe and Queensrÿche, Tiësto is the only guy cool enough to pull it off • 29

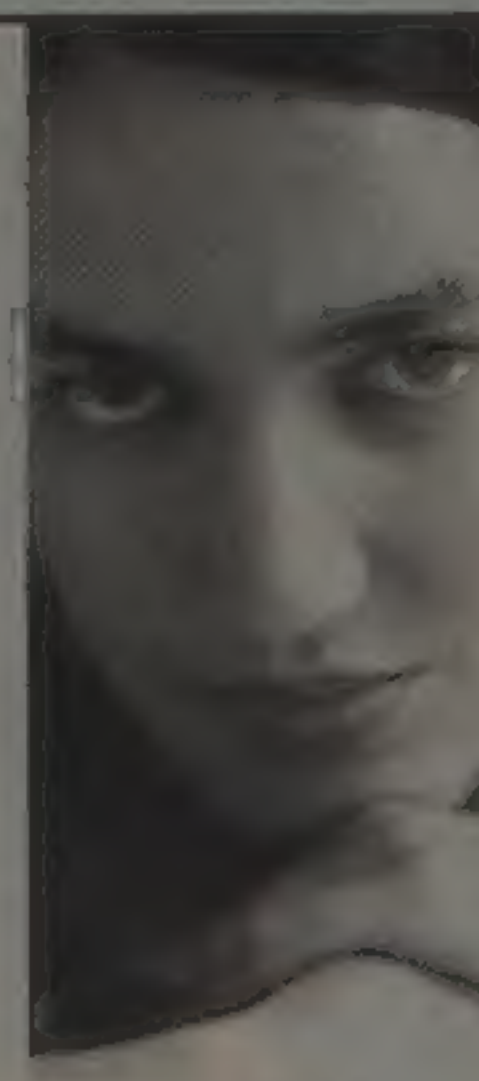
FRONT

Cambodian-Canadians congregate in community kitchens • 6



MUSIC

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ARTS

Guy Maddin makes *Dracula* dance • 41



three dollar bill

BY RICHARD BURNETT

Take me out

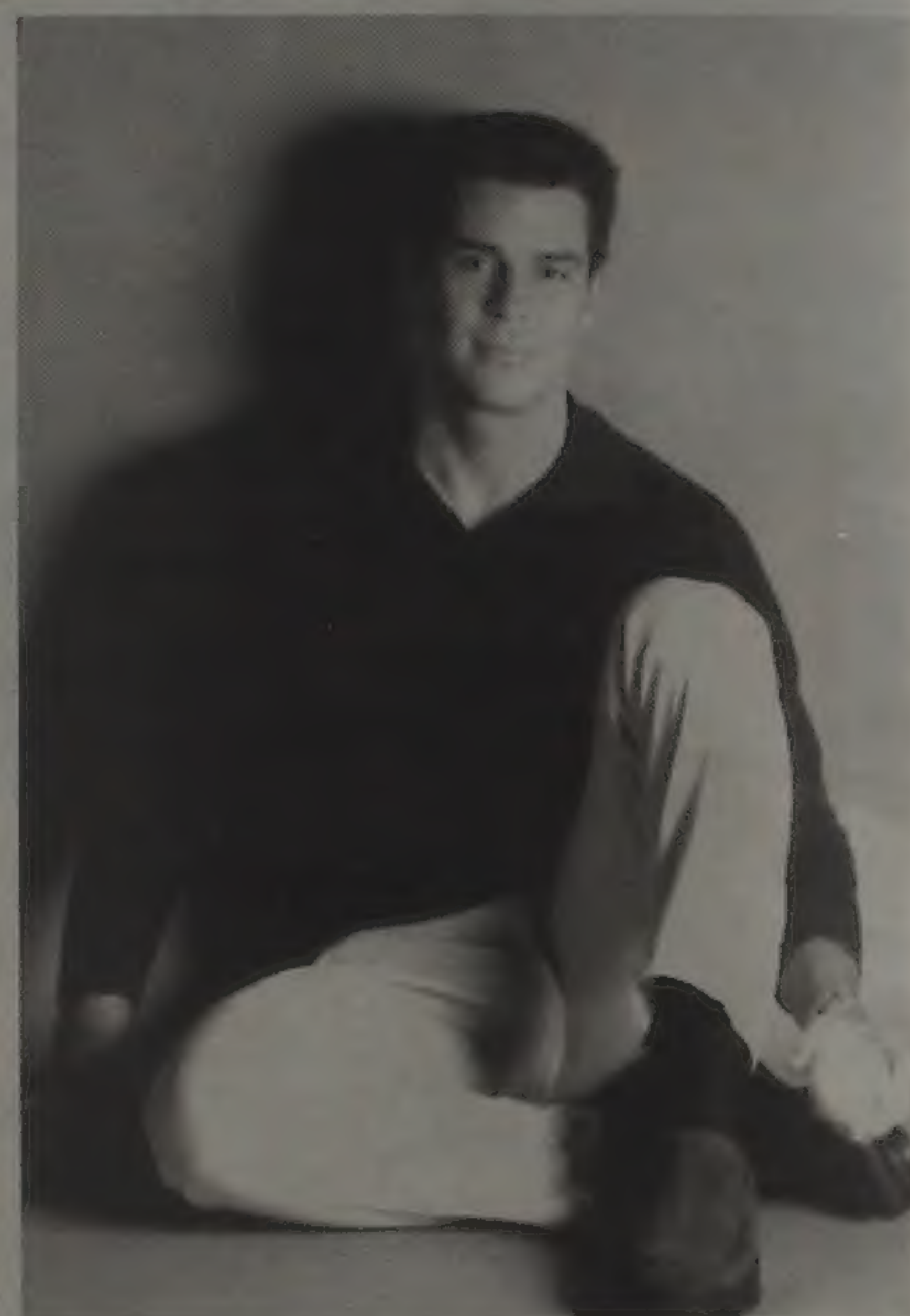
Jackie Robinson, the black hero who broke pro baseball's colour barrier when he led the Montreal Royals to a pennant in 1946, used to live on the same street in Montreal where I lived decades later, praying that another Jackie Robinson, this time an openly gay man, would come out and break pro baseball's gay barrier.

That man could have been outfielder Billy Bean, who played for the Detroit Tigers, Los Angeles Dodgers and San Diego Padres from 1987 to 1995. But

like every single other gay baseball player, he decided to remain closeted to avoid jeopardizing his career. When the media-wary Bean reluctantly told his story to *Miami Herald* reporter Lydia Martin in July 1999, I tracked him down in South Beach. But he refused all my interview requests over the years—until last week when, promoting his just-published, must-read autobiography *Going the Other Way: Lessons from a Life In and Out of Major-League Baseball* (Marlowe & Company), the 36-year-old Bean admitted he was no Jackie Robinson.

"If my partner [Sam] had not passed away [from AIDS-related complications in 1995] and I

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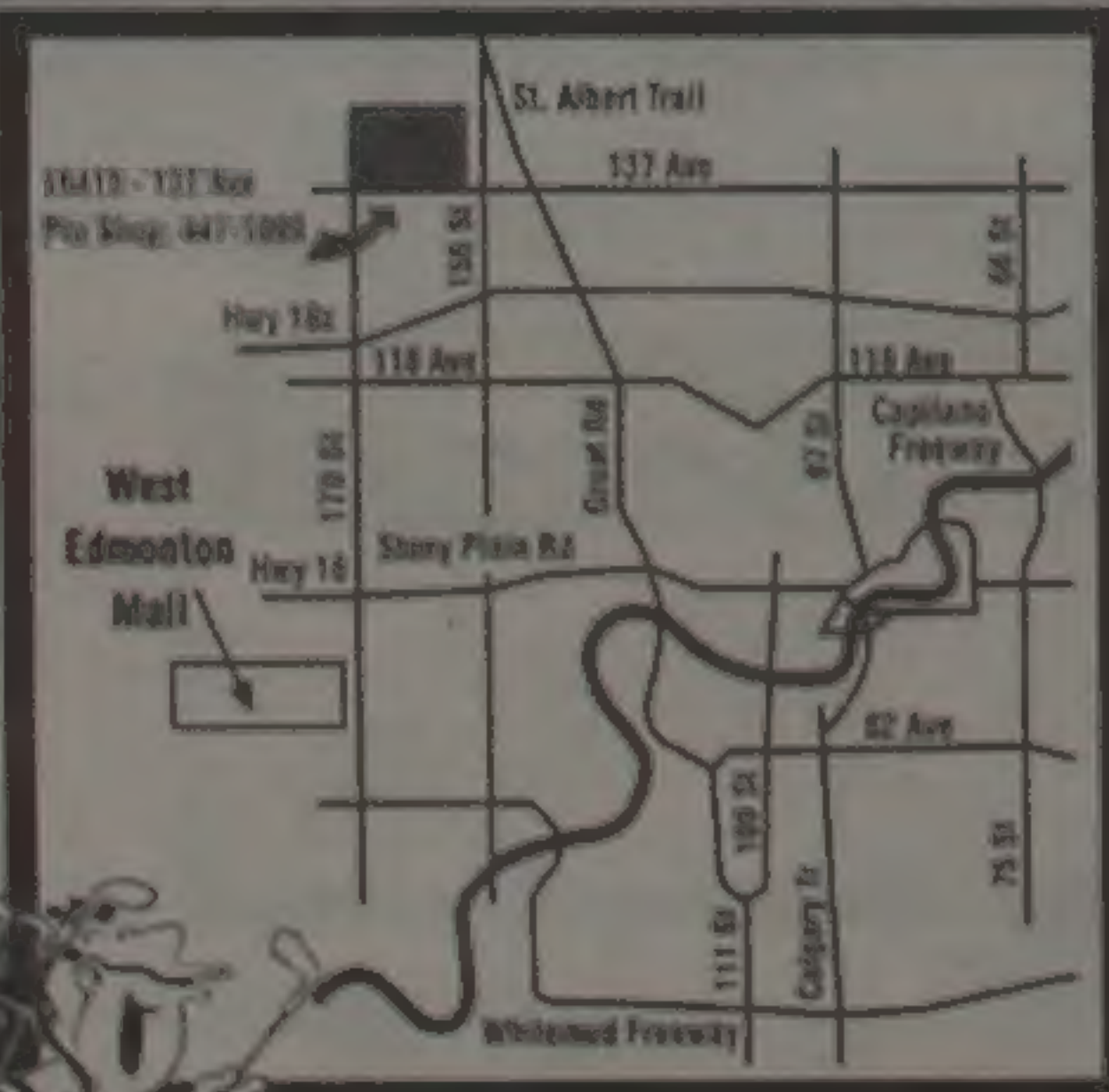


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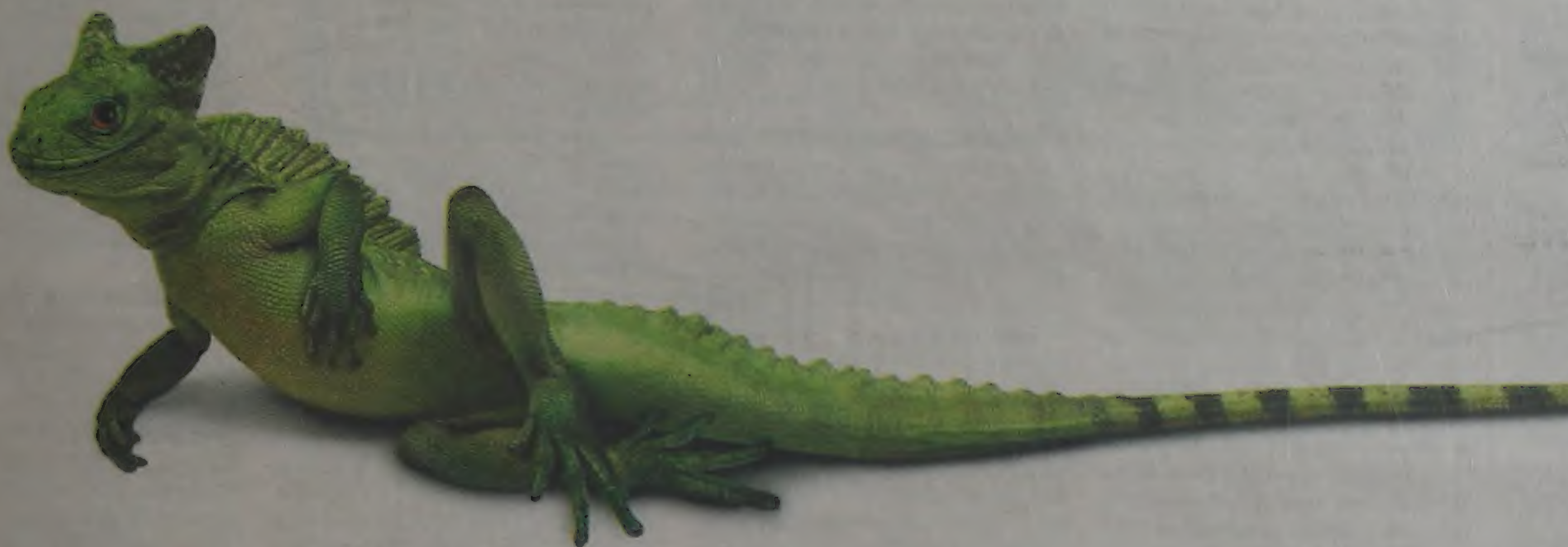
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Stirring to Cambodia

"Community kitchen" gives recent immigrants a primer on North American cuisine

By JAY SMITH

Rainbow McBryan is negotiating the busy streets of Chinatown in her hatchback, sans turn signals. With Nora, Davy and myself on board, she's on her way from Edmonton's Cambodian Buddhist temple to the Lucky 97 supermarket. And to preserve the lives of her passengers, she's trying to avoid left turns. On a Saturday afternoon in mid-May, even the side streets are curdling with traffic, so McBryan has to curtail conversation with me a few times to roll down the window and signal with her arm. Amidst all this multitasking, she's trying to explain the driving concepts of the "community kitchen" as the group makes its grocery run.

I've begun by naively inquiring about the origins of community kitchens. McBryan's response is a half-amused statement of the obvious. "They've been around since cavemen, since the first village, since humans began to eat together," she says. We halt at a four-way stop and she scans for oncoming traffic before continuing. "At the beginning of a community kitchen, I usually like to tell a story. It goes like this: Once upon a time, long ago, there was a village that was so poor that none of the villagers could feed themselves. One family had some corn, another had beans and another caught some fish. Alone, each of the families would probably starve, or die of malnutrition. But when they decided to pool their resources and eat as one big group, they realized that they could feed the whole village. I don't know where I first heard the story,

but it's the legend of the community kitchen. I heard it from someone when I first became involved with community kitchens."

"So," I ask, "is that the idea behind the community kitchens that happen today? That people come with what they have and eat together?"

"Not really," responds McBryan, a nutrition student at the University of Alberta who facilitates community kitchen sessions with Cambodian and Sudanese immigrants. (The community kitchens not only help newcomers adjust to Canadian culinary customs, but they also provide McBryan with hands-on experience for the theories she studies at school.) "Both community and collective kitchens today are generally aimed at lower-income families, so there aren't a lot of resources to share. They're usually held at the end of the month, when people's cupboards are empty, so the kitchens rely on the sponsorship of churches or other organizations to provide the food."

RATHER THAN RISK the chaos of the Lucky 97 parking lot, we pull around the block—avoiding all left turns—and rumble into a parallel parking spot on a vehicle-clogged side street. The Cambodian group gathers once a month at the Cambodian community temple, an unassuming green-and-white house near Victoria Composite High School. McBryan brings cookbooks featuring North American cuisine and, collectively, they decide which dishes to make. Because many of the ingredients are new to participants, she finds that books with colour photographs are generally more effective. And although she admits to me that she often doubles as an ESL instructor, I'm genuinely surprised by the women involved in today's kitchen. Of the half-dozen here, most emigrated to Canada in the past five years.



Jay Smith

Yet their English is relatively fluent and several are already working as social workers. Nora, a petite woman with a devious smile, arrived from Cambodia three years ago and is studying at Faculté St. Jean. Although her French is better than her English, the fact she's simultaneously learning both official languages while pursuing a post-secondary education amazes me. Nora and the other women exude a sense of determination and fortitude that glitters unassumingly beneath their shy smiles.

Inside the bustle of Lucky 97, we select the ingredients for the chosen recipes: a curried beef stew, squid with stir-fried vegetables and a stewed vegetable casserole. We con-

verge at the till and, waiting for the items to be rung through,

McBryan clarifies the distinction between community kitchens and collective kitchens. Although she's experienced in both, today's session falls into the former category. "Essentially, collective kitchens feed families," she says. "People get together and cook a meal that goes home to the different households. They're not particularly planned, as their primary intention is to provide food. There are about 45 in operation in Edmonton. Community kitchens feed individuals. They usually serve the broader, more intended purpose of teaching something

while increasing the strength of the community itself."

One of the Cambodian kitchen's major aims is to introduce new immigrants to the variety of food options available in Canada. The intent is not to assimilate, however; it's to integrate and be pragmatic. While many of the ingredients common in Cambodian cuisine can be found here, items such as shellfish, an important source of calcium in the traditional diet, are too expensive for daily consumption. Part of McBryan's job is to introduce cheaper alternatives that provide the same nutrients. Dairy products, for example, also provide calcium but are far more affordable in Canada than shellfish.

BACK IN THE CAR, we zip over to the Italian market to pick up some chorizo sausage. I'm curious about the notion of "Canadian cuisine." The gripe is a personal: I gravitate toward a vegan diet and much of the food I eat is labelled "ethnic" in the grocery stores. Yet to me, a fourth-generation Canadian citizen, my dietary mosaic seems more representative of Canadian cuisine than a slab of Alberta beef with a dollop of mashed potatoes on the side. Details like the fact that Chinese immigrants had a presence here before my great-grandparents showed up with their tea biscuits seem important.

McBryan allays my fears of culi-

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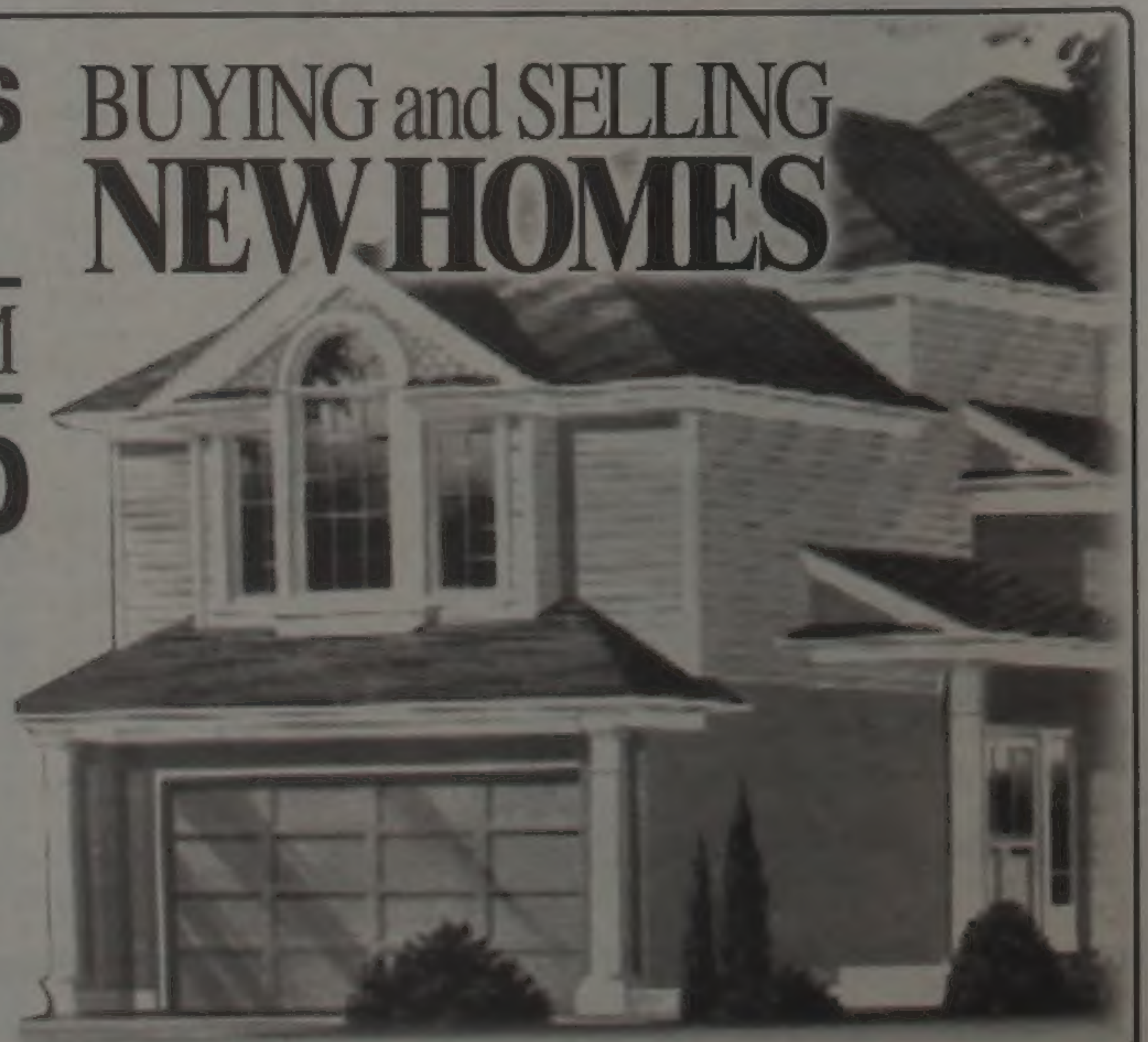
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EDUCATION

Would you like to share your comment with the rest of the class?

EDMONTON—Lost in the chorus of complaints about insufficient funding for public education in Alberta and the corresponding drop in quality have been the voices of students themselves. You're the future citizens of this province, they're told—now shaddup while we decide your fate. In an attempt to give students a chance to express themselves, the Alberta Teachers' Association has published a report called "Trying to Teach, Trying to Learn: Listening to Students." It's premised on the idea that "the relationship between teachers and students is fundamental to the students' learning experience" and that "identifying the classroom conditions necessary for learning is of paramount importance."

Coming on the heels of earlier, snappily-titled studies like "Trying to Teach" (1993) and "Falling Through the Cracks" (2002), "Listening to Students" is basically a compendium of comments gleaned from surveys of 250 students and interviews with 40 others, both groups from rural and urban schools throughout Alberta.

As expected, the surveys and interviews did not yield statistically reliable results. Instead, the open-ended questions provoked anecdotes which researchers hope will "shed light on how teaching might be improved." Students, for instance, were not asked specifically about class size, yet it's not surprising that many talked about the negative impact of crowded classrooms nonetheless. A typical remark quoted in the report? "Teachers don't give enough help to students because there are too many students in the class. When trying to make a comment or ask a question, you either have to wait too long because the teacher is busy with other students or you don't get answered at all. Another is not having the motivation to go to class at all. By the end of the year, I'm so sick of school I no longer even want to go."

The full report is available on the ATA website, www.teachers.ab.ca. And when you've finished reading it, you might be inspired to attend the "save public education" rally scheduled for the McKernan school fields at 114 Street and 76 Avenue on Sunday, June 1 from noon to 4 p.m. —DAN RUBINSTEIN

PROVINCIAL AFFAIRS

Skepticism greets developer-heavy financing committee

EDMONTON—Despite the vehement protests of both opposition parties, the Alberta Tories are moving ahead with an ambitious slate of public-private partnerships. Finance Minister Pat Nelson last week unveiled an eight-member

committee that will advise the government on "alternative financing" approaches to capital projects.

These controversial partnerships—P3s, as they're called—will see private companies building schools, roads and other infrastructure, which they'll lease back to the province. A three-year plan detailed in the 2003-04 budget calls for nearly 25 per cent of the \$5.5 billion being spent on capital projects to come from alternative financing. But even though Premier Ralph Klein earlier this spring promised that the government will make decisions based on "independent, expert adjudication," most members of the new advisory committee have backgrounds as developers.

The committee is being chaired by Edmonton's Tim Melton, the executive chairman of Melcor Developments Ltd. Other members include Bev Wittmack, the president of Humford Developments Ltd.; Gordon Ulrich, the president of Glacier Developments Inc.; and David Richardson, vice-president of the CIBC's oil and gas group.

"We have excellent representation on this committee from various areas of the private sector and I look forward to the committee's input," Nelson said in a statement. "The advisory committee and government will approach alternative financing from the standpoint of ensuring good value for the government and Albertans."

"I'm concerned that six of the eight members of the committee are developers," Edmonton-Glengarry Liberal MLA Bill Bonner reacted to the *Edmonton Journal*. "It seems to me they are the people who are going to benefit most from using P3s here in Alberta." —DAN RUBINSTEIN

SARS

Air sickness

MONTREAL—Five new SARS cases in Toronto means more losses for Canada's embattled national airline. Despite seat sales and incentive packages designed to

stimulate passenger interest, Air Canada is losing \$5 million a day, up from the \$3 million in daily losses it was piling up in the first week of April, when it announced plans to protect itself from creditors.

Air Canada brass blamed the SARS epidemic in Toronto for the continuing passenger exodus. "The effect of SARS following the war in Iraq continues to have a significant effect not only on Asian routes but on the airline's entire network and, in particular, its main hub in Toronto," stated an update from the airline on the restructuring plan. "With the exception of certain Asian carriers, it is believed that Air Canada has been more negatively impacted by SARS than any other airline."

Investors got more terrible news Friday, when Quebec's Caisse de depot announced it had sold all of its Air Canada Class-A shares—3.9 million in all—for the market-dump prices of 29-33 cents each.

Still, there is hope; the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce announced a new deal with Air Canada's Aeroplan rewards, which would see it pay nearly 25 per cent more for the right to distribute awards points on the bank's Visa card than it paid on its previous deal. The CIBC deal could be worth \$350 million to the airline—or, at the rate Air Canada is losing money, 70 days of operating funds.

As well, the new deal allowed Air Canada to remove the exclusivity of Aeroplan points with CIBC, which will allow the airline to partner Aeroplan points with another bank's charge card in exchange for more needed funding. "The new agreement has been amended to enable Air Canada to complete a definitive agreement with an additional card provider, subject to court approval," the airline said. —STEVEN SANDOR

Twinkle, twinkle, little SARS

CARDIFF—Those of you who visited the *Globe and Mail's* website last week probably saw their poll question asking whether you believe SARS could have originated in outer space. Well, despite

the apparent ridiculousness of the question, apparently it wasn't a joke.

In the wake of a new round of SARS-induced hysteria over the past week, a particularly fascinating (or really stupid, depending on your point of view) theory that the SARS coronavirus was actually a space-bound pathogen that penetrated the Earth's atmosphere has originated from the Centre for Astrobiology at the University of Cardiff in Scotland. In a letter published by the prestigious medical journal *The Lancet*, lead author and the director of the Centre, Chandra Wickramasinghe, suggests that the fact that SARS first showed up in China only strengthens their theory. "A small amount of the culprit virus introduced into the stratosphere," the letter says, "could make a first tentative fall out east of the great mountain range of the Himalayas, where the stratosphere is thinnest, followed by sporadic deposits in neighbouring areas."

The theory behind this concept is called "panspermia," the belief that life on earth originated from (and continues to be bombarded by) viruses and bacteria travelling into Earth's atmosphere on the backs of comets. Wickramasinghe and the centre in Cardiff are pioneers in the theory, which has endured its fair share of scoffing from the scientific community since its introduction in the early '80s. "You hear hoofbeats, you don't look for zebras," said the head of microbiology at Toronto's Mount Sinai Hospital, Dr. Donald Law, in an interview with Canadian Press. "You don't have to go to Mars to get a coronavirus."

And besides, he added, how could a virus possibly survive entering the Earth's atmosphere? "A spore, possibly," he said. "But a viral particle being able to survive entry into our atmosphere and then fall to Earth in an infectious form just is a little bit beyond me."

Well, it's a little beyond me, too. But if there's one thing I think we can all agree on, it's that SARS is still really, really scary. —CHRIS BOUTET



BY CHRIS BOUTET

1, 2, 3, red light

If you're a driver, you've heard that a new draft of the Alberta Traffic Safety Act was approved last week, calling for some of the biggest increases to traffic fines that this province has seen in decades. Now, I understand that it's pretty redneck-like to say that hefty traffic fines are little more than a cash cow for the city—but seriously, even the most tax-happy liberals among us have to admit that it adds up to a pretty big payday.

Forgetting to signal a lane change used to net you a stiff \$60 fine; under the new structure, it's more like \$100. Failing to yield to a pedestrian at a crosswalk used to cost you about \$55—well, that one's skyrocketed to the princely sum of \$575. And running a red light? That particular offence—the only one of the three mentioned here that's enforced by camera, mind you—has leapt from a cool \$70 to a not-so-cool \$287. Yikes.

Of course, these ridiculously high price tags are being called an "effective deterrent" against unsafe driving. But come on—that's the same thing they said when photo radar was first introduced to cut down on speeders, and sadly, that turned out to be a bit of a joke. In 1997, Edmonton photo radar traps caught 94,309 drivers, bringing in \$7 million in revenue for the city and, subsequently, the Edmonton Police Service. So if ticketing is an effective deterrent for bad drivers, we should have seen a decline in the number of photo radar tickets by now, right? Wrong! By 2001, the number had increased more than twofold; 194,705 tickets were doled out that year, raking in a sweet \$13.9 million.

I think it's fair to expect the same results from these new increases. I mean, it's not like people burn through red lights because they think they can afford the \$70 price tag; people run red lights because they're reckless or just plain uneducated in the rules of the road. And at the end of the day, stiffer fines don't much matter—a bad driver's still a bad driver, regardless of how much they have to pay for their actions. But stiffer fines do matter to the city and EPS. As one *Sun* columnist pointed out recently, in 2002, Edmonton cops handed out 15,381 tickets for red-light camera violations. Last year, this brought in a paltry \$1 million. But now, we'd be talking more like \$4.4 million generated by that same number of tickets, just by red light cameras alone.

In the end, we're left with simple math: the same amount of enforcement, the same level of safety on Alberta's roads, but way more revenue being generated. ☺

Cooking class
Continued from page 6

nary assimilation. "We define 'Canadian cuisine' as food that's available in Edmonton," she says, adding that much of what we eat here qualifies as "fission cuisine—spices from one country are put into food from another, for example. So you have dishes like Thai pasta salad. Wraps, too, aren't quintessentially Canadian but we have them here." Spinach wheat flatbread is adapted from the Mexican staple of corn tortillas, we toss in some available vegetables, meat or whatever suits our fancy, add some Italian dressing or mustard and voilà—a hybrid meal that laughs in the face of notions of national cuisines.

EATING ISN'T ALWAYS that simple, though. "There's a bit of 'mainstreaming' that's happening with Cambodian culture," McBryan explains. "Looking at people who have children; these kids go to Canadian schools, the parents want to feel

accepted and want to ease the feeling of displacement, so they want to pick up some of the recipes and feel more a part of mainstream Canada. It's not assimilation, rather integration, a matter of becoming more Canadian and feeling as if they belong here." The push behind this integration often comes from the children themselves. Recent immigrants' lack of fluency in mainstream Canadian cuisine "is actually destroying families," according to McBryan. "Kids refuse to eat Cambodian food; when they bring ethnic food to school, it's a chance to be discriminated [against by] their peers. They, in turn, put pressure on their parents; saying, 'If you're not going to cook the food that I want, I'm going to eat at McDonalds. Give me money.'" McBryan says it's common for children of Cambodian immigrants to take up part-time jobs just so they don't have to eat at home. "Parents are really taking a proactive response. They say, 'We'll cook Canadian at home so you can eat with us.' They miss their kids." So this community kitchen works indirectly to foster

family unity because participants learn recipes for the food that their children will deem acceptable. Arriving at the temple, the Cambodian women begin to prepare their meal. The process is truly time-consuming: the beef stew, for instance, requires a curry that's ground from scratch on a mortar and pestle. All the spices are chopped from their root versions, then mashed down to a consistent paste. The beef and curry are combined in a huge pot and set to simmer for a few hours. A FEW MEN LINGER, but they chuckle at the prospect of participating in the cooking process. The community kitchen doesn't challenge traditional gender roles for a number of reasons. One, as Cambodian community worker Somkhuum Phongdee explains, is that women rarely have the opportunity to come together alone. Phongdee is enthusiastic about the kitchen because it allows women some social time outside of their otherwise regimented routines. Given that immigrant women often find

employment more quickly than their husbands, they tend to work full-time to support the family, then come home to take care of the children. "The men in the community," Phongdee admits, "get together more often. They play sports and games and stuff like that." Because women do tend to find work first, men frequently find that their traditional role as family provider has been usurped. This places stress on family dynamics, so in these groups, McBryan doesn't want to exasperate the difficulties of recent immigrants by insisting that men take up traditionally female roles. Somkhuum feels another positive aspect of the kitchen is that it "brings the women out to the temple, so they can see what happens here. So it cuts down on their isolation." The temple, in addition to its obvious role as a place of worship, is a vibrant locus of activities within the Cambodian community. As the meal is being prepared, a band rehearses downstairs, a few people come through to kneel before the shrine and two young boys scamper around, trying to convince someone to take them to play in the park. People are constantly appearing and disappearing; I have to keep reminding myself that I'm not really in the house of one gigantic extended family. Finally, the food is ready. McBryan and I realize we've forgotten to spice our vegetable casserole, but it's too late now. Those of us involved in the cooking, as well as a couple of men, sit on the floor in a circle and heap our portions atop warm steamed rice. The curried beef stew is a gorgeous

golden hue, the stir-fried vegetables have been cooked to that point where their colours seem impossibly vibrant. Across the living room, half a dozen people have assembled in another loose circle to partake as well. The feast has been almost five hours in preparation, from conception to serving. I'm probably not the only one who's famished. THE SUBJECT OF DISCUSSION over dinner is McBryan's side project, a Cambodian-Canadian cookbook. Although the funding for the community kitchen program has been temporarily suspended, she's gauging interest in the book. The idea is that the various recipes from the community kitchen will be recorded in both Cambodian and English so that all members of the Cambodian community can understand. Everyone present is enthusiastic. In essence, the cookbook would ensure that traditional Cambodian recipes are preserved for future generations. Many people here, including Somkhuum, worry that the younger generation's infatuation with fast food might result in the loss of a Cambodian culinary heritage in Canada, particularly as elders age. More tangibly, however, our bellies are delightfully full. It's hard not to be excited by the prospects of testing and re-testing these recipes. "Long live good food!" exclaims Holy Heng. "It's a wonderful idea. This way, we can try out different kinds of food and meet different people." As I clean the last grains of rice off my plate, I can't fathom how anyone could argue with that logic.

Tom the DANCING Bug

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YES! WHY?

COOL.
YEAH.

EVEN AS TIME PASSES, HIS STEELY-EYED DEVOTION TO HIS MISSION DOES NOT WAVER.
LOUIS, I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW YOU WERE HOME! ARE YOU OK?
I'M STUDYING!

THUS IS THE PASSIVE AGGRESSOR'S REVENGE EXACTED! THE EARTH TREMBLES BENEATH HIS TERRIBLE VENGEANCE!
WELL, COME DOWN IF YOU GET HUNGRY.

BY RUBEN BOLLING

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Haiku Horoscope

Table with 2 columns: Zodiac Sign and Horoscope. Rows include ARIES, LIBRA, TAURUS, SCORPIO, GEMINI, SAGITTARIUS, CANCER, CAPRICORN, LEO, AQUARIUS, VIRGO, and PISCES.



media jungle

By JENNY YUEN

The full Mountie?

Brian Yee isn't afraid to take it off, as long as the television cameras are rolling. The Edmonton chiropractor was one of the last handful of contestants to come on down for *Strip Search*, a new docu-reality TV show which proves that, yes indeed, sex does sell. "I'm a kid at heart and I'm getting older," says Yee, 31. "I just don't want to have any regrets about my life, so when *Strip Search* called me, I figured there's nothing for me to lose... except maybe the clothes."

The show's producers flew into Edmonton from Toronto last week to audition local hopefuls Yee and 30-year-old Cory White, a shipper/receiver, who were both willing to bare their souls—and much more—onscreen. *Strip Search*, set to air starting in late September on Bravo!, will cover hundreds of Canadian guys over the age of 21 as they uncover themselves in an attempt to become part of a six-man "bare-it-almost-all" dance troupe. From the hundreds of wannabes, 20 will be chosen to participate in the show's boot camp in Toronto, after which a dozen will go on to a seven-week training camp, with six being selected to tour Canada. To prepare for the trip and a pin-up calendar photo shoot, finalists will spend time at a spa, where they'll rehearse dance moves and exercise to get in (better) shape.

Reality TV shows, of course, are nothing new. In fact, as the genre evolves (devolves?) they seem to be getting further detached from reality, with ridiculous concepts like, say, 20 women pining after one guy because he can offer them roses and a share of his Fabio-esque life. Yeah, right. So where does *Strip Search* fit in? Well, co-producer Morgan Elliott, the

head of Suddenly SeeMore... Productions Inc., claims the show will be more "cheeky fun" than sleaze. "When people normally think of a male revue show, they instantly conjure up images of sleaze and women putting money in their G-strings and such," she says. "It's not that kind of show."

But according to Joey DeMarco, the owner of Icarus Productions, an Edmonton-based exotic male dance company, it won't be easy for *Strip Search* to stage a quality show. "I think this show will embarrass the industry," he says. "They're going to make us look like a bunch of clowns out here. I disagree with the concept, just taking a bunch of guys and having them strip. It doesn't represent our jobs at all."

A former Brinks worker, DeMarco has been dancing both solo and in groups for the past 10 years. His roster of eight



Joey DeMarco

dancers perform mainly at the Kingsnight Pub and Santannas in Edmonton, but they also tour from Toronto to Vancouver, putting on fully choreographed sets, sometimes with full nudity. It costs from \$900 to a few thousand dollars to mount an Icarus Productions show; each 90-minute performance takes about a month of planning and rehearsal. Like Yee, DeMarco first got into the biz because he was curious, but now it's more than a job—it's what he thrives on. "The industry is often looked upon as

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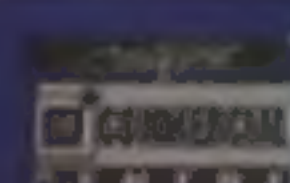
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Continued from previous page

very sleazy and promiscuous," he says, "but the sad truth is, most of the men are [like that]. The industry will always have a bad rep, so I'm trying to make it better, even though I might be fighting a losing battle."

Elliott says *Strip Search* isn't intended to insult the stripping industry, but rather to provide an entertaining and insightful look at the behind-the-scenes processes

involved in creating female fantasies. "If strippers are earning money and paying taxes and contributing to a healthy lifestyle, good for them," she says. "We're not mocking or promoting their profession—this is just fun. We're trying to do something inspirational." She adds that it is possible to have fun with exotic dancing without misrepresenting the stripping industry, which is why the main requirements for contestants are that they must be passionate and have good attitudes; perfect bodies aren't mandatory. "It's supposed to be like *The Full*

Monty," says Elliott, "average guys who just want to do something new."

Globe and Mail TV critic John Doyle feels *Strip Search* has a good shot at captivating audiences for one reason and one reason only. "Sure, sex sells," he says. "Men are more often used to sell or promote things because of sex appeal. On the exploitation level, men and their physical attributes are considered fair game, and it can be said that while men can be made to be objects like on this show, it would be very difficult to do the equivalent for women." ⑦

\$3 Bill

Continued from page 4

continued to progress as a player, if I knew then what I know now, it would have been a very tough decision to stay in the closet," Bean explains. "I would like to think I'd take it on if I were in the final years of my career, but it would be a big media distraction for my team and management may not want to put up with the distractions. Jackie Robinson had the support of his organization and the fans in Montreal, though maybe not all of his teammates. Fortunately Jackie was a great baseball player because he was subjected to a different standard as a [gay] player would be."

Bean knows. During his years as a backup player, he was petrified he'd be outed. When he played for the Dodgers, then-skipper Tommy Lasorda (who once managed the Montreal Royals and whose estranged gay son died of AIDS complications in 1991) used to crack, "Why is it if you hit one home run it don't make you a home-run hitter, but if you suck one cock, it makes you a cocksucker?"

The dugout always roared with laughter.

"I feel privileged to have played for Tommy and sympathize for the loss of his son," Bean says. "But there were always homophobic jokes and Tommy's not the only one—he just happens to be of historical importance. He's a hero to a lot of people but he's not a hero to me."

Bean doesn't have much to say about another baseball legend, 67-year-old Sandy Koufax. The legendary south-

paw quit the Rupert Murdoch-owned Dodgers this year, where he served as a goodwill ambassador, after the Murdoch-owned *New York Post* reported last December that an unnamed "Hall of Fame baseball hero"—read Koufax—"co-operated with a best-selling biography only because the author promised to keep it secret that he is gay."

"I don't think Koufax was prepared for that kind of rumour," Bean says, "and it's disappointing someone of his stature and importance felt the need to come down so hard on the possibility he might be gay."

Which is why Bean's book comes at such an opportune time. "It's an olive branch to my friends and family," he says. "I also needed to honour my first relationship [with Sam]. It's not [just] a gay story or a sports story. It's about a kid who wanted to live his dream and did so secretly for fear of losing his dream."

That said, Bean is loyal to the gay community. And after all these years it's refreshing to hear him say so with such exuberance. "I look at baseball players as superheroes because of the way they're built and look in their uniforms," Bean says. "There's a responsibility that goes with that because they influence kids. So if my book helps people, I'm happy to do it. I would be an embarrassment to my community if I didn't speak the truth about my experience in baseball. I certainly love baseball. I follow the boxscores and my friends who still play and if [a management] opportunity came, I'd think about it seriously. But I've rebuilt my life, I have a partner and I'm happy. I don't need baseball to validate my life anymore." ⑧

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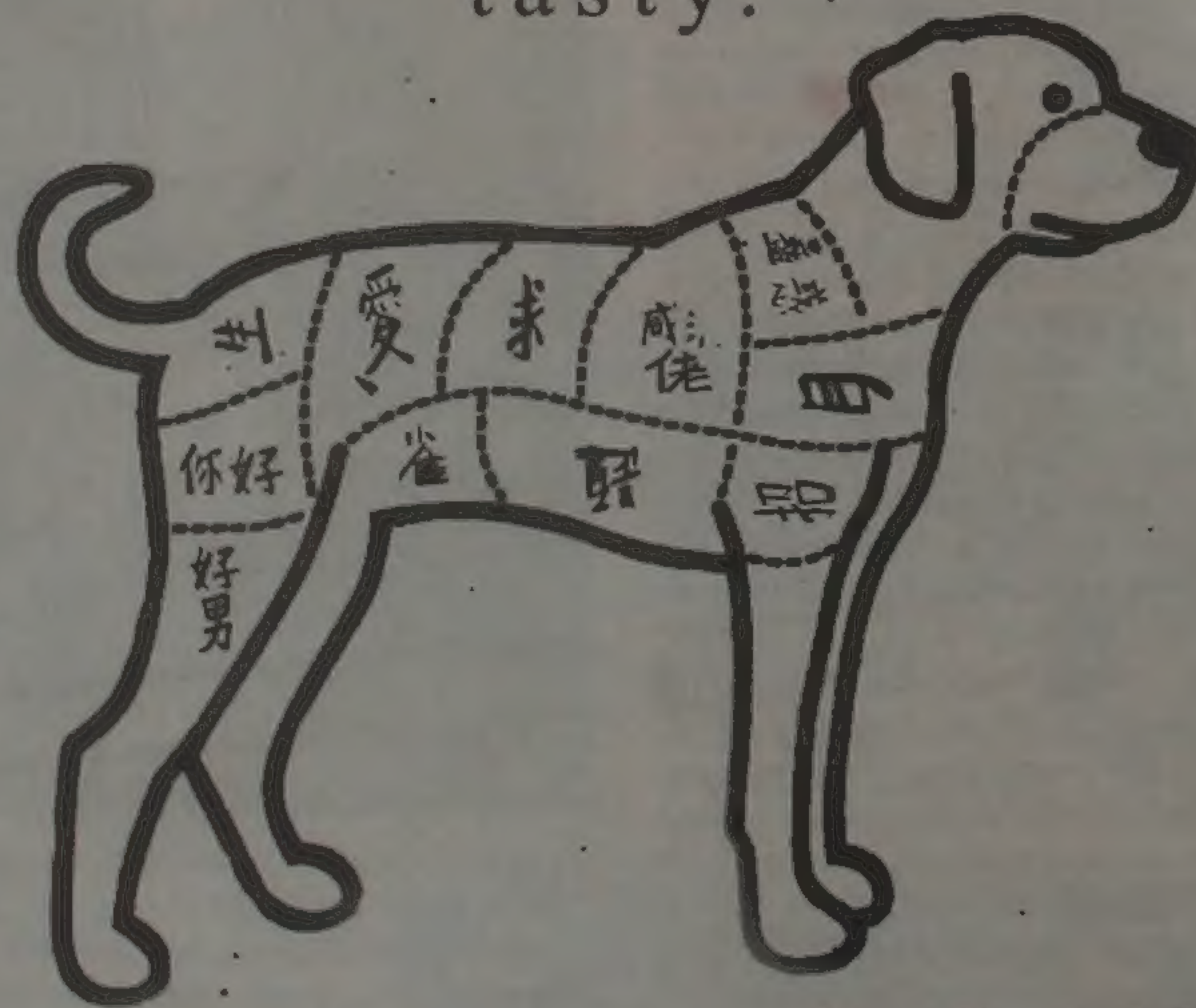
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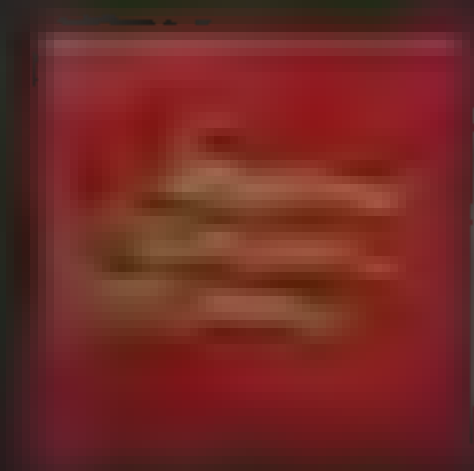


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An '80s fashion
faux pas makes a
stylish comeback

BY MICHAEL BURWELL

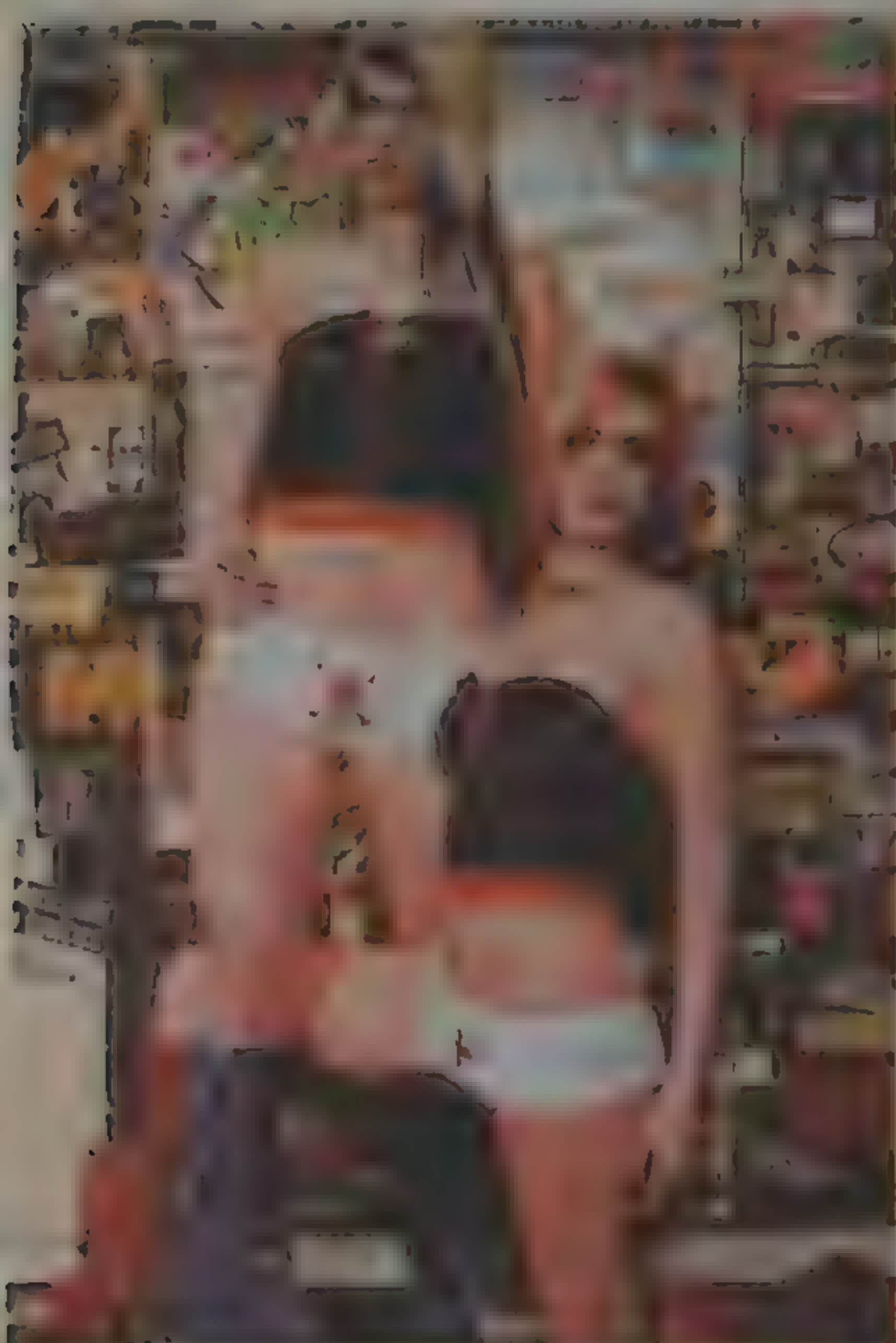
It's one of the iconic images of the '80s: Jane Fonda posed on the cover of the best-selling *Jane Fonda's Workout Book*, lying on the floor, her trim figure encased in a black-and-mauve-striped leotard, her feet pointed nimbly toward the sky. And on her legs? Ah, yes. Legwarmers.

With one photo, an eminently practical piece of dancewear (legwarmers actually help dancers and athletes prevent injuries due to cramping) became one of the most frivolous clothing trends of the '80s, showing up even on people whose closest link to the world of modern dance was having seen *Flashdance* three times at the local multiplex.

STYLE

Legwarmers soon vanished along with stirrup pants and "Choose Life" T-shirts, but the look is coming back with a trashy, street-fashion twist. Gone are the speckled, fluoro knits of 1985; in their place are lo-tech legwarmers recycled from yesterday's throwaways. Try cutting the legs off pants you know you'll never wear again—just flip them upside-down and slide in. Or cut the arms from your sister's shittiest old sweater and apply them to a different set of limbs. Search for fabrics with unusual textures or get out the glue gun and make the look your own. As the accompanying photos demonstrate, the goody-goody days of *Footloose* are ancient history. ☺

Photographs: Francis Tétrault • Design and Artistry: Tabitha (Xenfolio Productions) • Models: Sarah and Melissa • Location: New City • Thanks to Avanti Hair and the Sanctuary Spa



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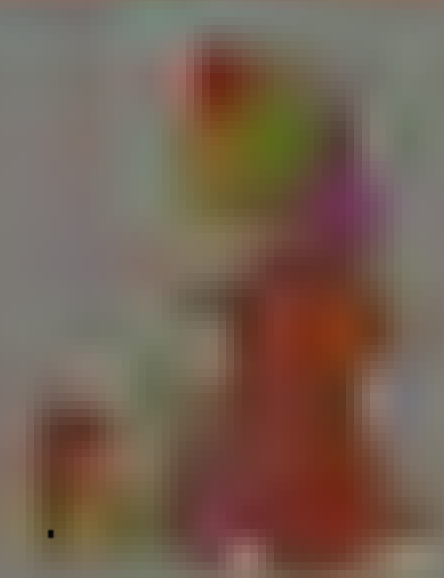
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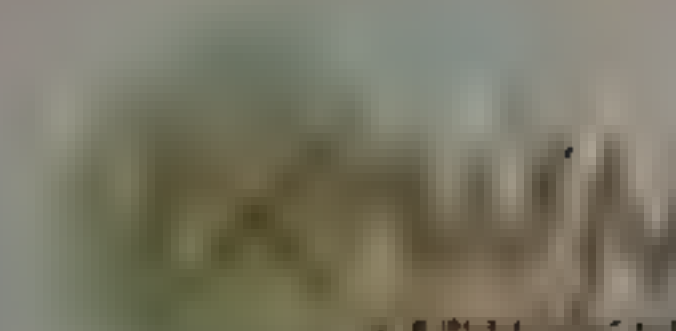
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BLACK BULL STEAK AND PIZZA

16642-109 Avenue • 489-3344

Suffice it to say, I love pizza. The trick is finding a place that turns out a pie I'll approve of. So I went to Black Bull Steak and Pizza. I like my pizza crusty, which mine was, and it was broiled until the cheese turned bubbly, brown and crunchy—a nice alternative to the more traditional stringy and gooey. And they have anchovies. But heed my advice: order some fresh tomatoes as a topping to combat the sodium overload. **Average Price: \$-\$\$ (Reviewed 03/21/02)**

BRIT'S FISH AND CHIPS

6940-77 Street • 485-1797

Brit's boasts authentic fish and chips, Bass beer on tap and what my friend calls the nicest people she's met since leaving the Yukon and Alaska. I was amazed by the spread: two and a half pieces of tender haddock and too many chips/onion rings to finish. It's as though I've been teleported back to a roadside pub on a damp, foggy evening in the British autumn. You'll find traditional English fare as well as a complete take-out menu filled with yummy choices. **Average Price: \$ (Reviewed 09/26/02)**

BRUNO'S ITALIAN RESTAURANT

9914-89 Avenue • 433-8161

There are times when a low-key meal can be very satisfying. That's exactly what I got when I went solo (mio) to Bruno's Italian Restaurant, a quaint little room just off 99 Street. The compact menu, which lists only about 15 items, contains many interesting and different options. I chose the penne puttanesca (only \$5.95), which has olives, garlic and hot peppers in a tomato sauce. It was fantastic: spicy and delicious and I mopped up every last drop with the crusty bread that came with the meal. Food is the focus here. **Average Price: \$-\$\$ (Reviewed 05/09/02)**

CALABASH CAFÉ

10630-124 Street • 414-6625

The Calabash Café on 124 Street does a damn decent job with their take on Caribbean cuisine. The tiny dining area features colourful purple and orange accents, West Indian art and a cozy little couch dropped right in the middle of the floor. Their menu is to the point with a handful of traditional dishes like

jerk chicken, rotis (the goat and potato curry choice looked awfully good the night we visited), Jamaican patties and Escovitch fish (pan-fried snapper with sautéed onions and a hot pepper vinaigrette). The bottom line is that it makes your belly happy and when that's the case you needn't worry about anything else. **Average Price: \$-\$\$ (Reviewed 06/20/02)**

CHURROS KING

10152-82 Avenue • 989-1083

Veterans of the Old Strathcona food scene have probably been wondering just exactly what was going on with the Churros King, the tiny Latino grill on Whyte Ave just east of Calgary Trail. Well, a seemingly simple plan to renovate the restaurant turned into a nightmare that dragged out for months, with the place's doors closed all the while. "I thought it was a joke when Dad called and said we finally had the permit," says Volkhart Caro. The beautiful touches throughout the expanded space are plucked right from the family's roots in Chile—the stucco archways, the lattice board across the ceiling with plastic grapes hanging down, the homemade kites hanging near the cash counter and the terra cotta-coloured roof tiles. They've added some wicked stuff to the menu, too, like pesco frito (deep-fried sole) and the mack daddy of all meat dishes, the Parrillas King, a barbecue for two served on a hot grill right at your table, which would've been impossible in the old setup. It contains about a kilo of meat, including top sirloin beef, chorizo, chicken and pork, served with salad and *sopaipillas*, a Chilean bread for mopping up the goodies. **Average price: \$ (Reviewed 04/03/03)**

DUNN'S FAMOUS DELI

4404 Calgary Trail North • 434-6415

I was in the mood for a decent sandwich and Dunn's—a Western arm of the original Montreal-based establishment that has been in operation for about 75 years—was looking good. The menu has a small selection of Jewish fare like latkes and blintzes, as well as some entrées and a lovely-sounding bagel and lox platter. And the price is right—everything is listed for about \$10. They are famous for those giant smoked meat sandwiches, and "quite tall" ones at that. At the very least I now know of another wicked spot for sandwiches. **Average Price: \$\$ (Reviewed 04/25/02)**

EASTBOUND

11248-104 Avenue • 428-2448

I thoroughly enjoyed every part of my visit to Eastbound. The food fired me

up—sushi-haters be damned. I have never seen such an impressive selection of sakes; they even offer sampler sets, which allow you to down small portions of four different varieties. With every dish, the presentation was top-notch. Eastbound is perhaps the most Westernized Japanese place I've ever been to, but food should be the first consideration anywhere you go. And I've got no beef at all with what the fish their kitchen cranks out. **Average Price: \$\$ (Reviewed 04/11/02)**

FABIO'S PLACE

10625-51 Avenue • 434-5666

You remember Fabio, don't you? It came as no surprise that the clientele at Fabio's Place, on 51 Avenue by Southgate Mall, looked nothing like the long-haired Italian who graces the covers of cheesy paperbacks. Instead, I found a small group of local regulars eating pub food and drinking draft. The wings are great at Fabio's, and I haven't come across many good wing joints in Edmonton, so these ones surprised me. You have to love these little neighbourhood retreats where you can just pop in and talk bullshit with your fellow regulars over a game of stick, a draft and a meal. **Average Price: \$-\$\$ (Reviewed 05/16/02)**

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12028-149 Street • 454-5503

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My views on apple pie have changed since I dropped by one of three Fife 'N' Dekel locations here in Edmonton—four, if you count the drive-thru on 99 Street. The café/deli makes a wicked version with sour cream in the filling and an exquisitely crunchy buttercrumb topping. This rich slice is easily the best apple pie I've ever had. Fife 'N' Dekel began selling only milkshakes, then added their famous pies; eventually the scope expanded to include a full array of lunch fare. Don't be surprised if the pies and sandwiches blow you away. **Average Price: \$ (Reviewed 05/30/02)**

FOGG 'N' SUDS (Sherwood Park)

2100 Premier Way • 464-2537

The hook? Beer. Fogg 'N' Suds—located in the Best Western Hotel at Millenium Place—has about 140 brews on the menu from all over the world. The place is big, with lots of wood and copper/brass accents, a main room and a lounge for those in search of a cozier atmosphere. As for the food, typical roadhouse fare makes up the meat of the stuff available. The food was of good quality and the choice of ales, lagers and any other type of beer you can think of was tremendous. If you're stuck in "The Park," Fogg 'N' Suds will certainly do. **Average Price: \$-\$\$ (Reviewed 03/28/02)**

GINI'S RESTAURANT

10706-142 Street • 451-1169

When I walked into Gini's, a small French establishment and 14-year veteran of the Edmonton dining scene, I was hoping for a nice place to enjoy a celebratory lunch. And Gini's was certainly it. The restaurant is classy, highlighted by white tablecloths, salmon-coloured walls and Monet reprints, and the waitstaff made

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DISH WEEKLY

my girlfriend and I feel right at home despite my embarrassingly casual wardrobe. The food is interesting and light. But make sure your threads are neatly pressed and try calling ahead, because there weren't many available tables in the place the day we dropped by. **Average Price: \$\$-\$\$\$** (Reviewed 03/07/02)

GRUB MED RISTORANTE

17 Fairway Drive • 436-1988

Not only is the food great and plentiful at Grub Med Ristorante, but this fine Greek establishment also provides live entertainment in the form of a kinky-haired and beautiful exotic belly dancer who works the room for about half an hour. We ordered Grub Med's *mezé* option: a sampling of a variety of Greek dishes that ranged from excellent apps to a delicious main course for \$21.95 per stooge. It didn't seem like much food was being brought out at the time, but all of us were stuffed by the end, and I think that says it all. **Average Price: \$\$-\$\$\$** (Reviewed 05/02/02)

HIGH VOLTAGE FOOD AND COFFEE BAR

10387-63 Ave • 437-3202

It's off the beaten path in the sense that you might not think to stop there—seeing as you're likely driving past it in a car. But High Voltage is a gem, serving the best assortment of donairs you'll find on the south side. Traditional Greek, blue cheese, jerk—they're just some of the styles on the menu, in addition to a wide assortment of cold cut sandwiches, Greek specialties and vegetarian fare like spanakopita or falafel. The Chicago gyros is a must. If you haven't eaten in a few days, order the high voltage size. **Average Price: \$** (Reviewed 03/20/03)

HONEST MUR'S BAR AND GRILL

8937-82 Avenue • 463-6397

This atmospheric Bonnie Doon pub is well worth seeking out—honest! The charm of this place is that everyone is welcome. Besides, the football paraphernalia tacked all over the walls is an unmistakable tipoff that you're not going to have to grab a blazer out of the back of the car. Just the way I like it. I'm told that the burgers are all the rage at this joint. They even have a cafeteria-style hamburger on the menu. Honest Mur's also serves breakfast on the weekends and according to some friends of my friend Colin, it's a great spread. **Average Price: \$-\$\$** (Reviewed 12/12/02)

KRUA WILAI

9940-106 Street • 424-8308

In the downtown eatery Krua Wilai, I got to sample some of the better Thai food in icy Alberta. It was authentic indeed, though somewhat toned down in the spice department. Unlike we North Americans, Thais consider eating a group activity. No *à la carte* ordering or spacing out of courses here—in Thailand, you put all the dishes on the table at once and everyone enjoys. Krua Wilai offered me a true taste of Thailand. Sweet, sour, hot; it was wild. **Average Price: \$\$** (Reviewed 01/23/03)

THE MONGOLIE GRILL

10104-109 Street • 420-0037

The Mongolie Grill off Jasper Avenue will

more than suffice when the barbarian in you requires sustenance. Head up to the raw buffet, take a bowl and load it up with whatever you fancy from a large variety of meats, seafood, veggies and sauces. A cook then takes it off your hands, weighs it and proceeds to prepare it for you before delivering it to your table a few minutes later. In terms of dollars and cents, you pay \$2.39 per 100 grams of raw ingredients, so each of our plates came to about \$12 and change. But beware: you're essentially choosing everything that will go into your own dish—so if it sucks, you can only blame yourself. **Average Price: \$\$** (Reviewed 06/27/02)

MOTORAUNT

12406-66 Street • 477-8797

It took mere moments for my buddy and I to decide what we would select from Motoraunt's tiny menu—the Monster Burger, two whole friggin' pounds of beef at a steep but seemingly reasonable price of \$13.95. Ever get one of those round loaves of bread that are about a foot in diameter? Well, that was the bun. As far as burgers go, the Monster is pretty standard: a charbroiled patty and ultra-fresh toppings. The Motoraunt is a massive double-decker motor home complete with velvety red accents. It's truly a fun experience—one that people have apparently been enjoying for almost two full decades. **Average Price: \$-\$\$** (Reviewed 08/01/02)

PADMANADI

10626-97 Street • 428-8899

What's a hungry vegetarian to do? We drove into the belly of the beast—97 Street—and sauntered into the couple-month-old Padmanadi Vegetarian Restaurant ready for a surprise. Ordering was easy: we picked the dinner for four, an incredible deal at \$48. And that wee price tag hardly prepared us for the bounty of food that came our way. Everything was perfect. Padmanadi serves a wide range of Asian styles, concentrating on Indonesian and Taiwanese-accented dishes. It's completely vegan and moreover follows the Buddhist belief of eschewing all garlic and onion. Even without these so-called culinary essentials, the flavours were alive. **Average Price: \$\$** (Reviewed 01/16/03)

LA PIAZZA

10458B Whyte Avenue • 433-3512

I tend to make bad decisions. But I did make one good decision: I went to La Piazza on Whyte Ave to grab a quick bite. This clean, quaint café has been kickin' around for a couple of years now but it seems like they are moving from a casual counter service to a more common sit-down service style. You'll find a full menu containing a list of your usual Italian goodies like bruschetta, focaccia sandwiches, pastas and thin-crust pizzas. But be forewarned: the café doesn't serve gelato in the winter. **Average Price: \$** (Reviewed 02/13/03)

PUB 1905

10171 Saskatchewan Drive • 431-1717

There's definitely a sporting flavour in Pub 1905 (the old Ritchie Mill restaurant). Yeah, they still have the old stone walls, but it's amazing how a few strategically placed hockey jerseys can change a restaurant's theme. And the mood is further lightened by pictures of Canadian celebrities (Michael J. Fox, Leslie Nielsen, John Candy and even a print of Rush's *Moving Pictures*) strewn across the walls. They may have

changed over to a pub theme, but the food has flair. Despite the changeover, there's still a special on mussels. Our big bowl, done in a tasty coconut curry cream sauce, was delicious. They were large, plump suckers and the half-price deal of just \$5 was certainly okay with the woman and me. We also tried the black tiger prawns in Cajun butter, an appetizer-sized spinach salad and something called a gourmet stuffer, a huge baked potato topped with your choice of special sauce. **Average price: \$** (Reviewed 04/10/03)

RATT (ROOM AT THE TOP)

7th Floor, SUB (U of A) • 492-2153

Beautifully located on the top floor of the Students' Union Building, RATT offers a spectacular 270-degree view of the city. The menu offers the usual bar-friendly but student-priced choices, each under five bucks—chicken club sandwiches, veggie wraps and BLTs. With such friendly service and an affordably diverse menu, it's small wonder that RATT is a favourite not only with students but with professors seeking an up-close dose of true campus spirit as well. There are few better places to rekindle those old-time school stories or simply hang with your buddies as you munch on nachos, down a beer and enjoy a lordly view of the city below you. **Average Price: \$** (Reviewed 09/05/02)

RED OX INN

9420-91 St • 465-5727

You either know the Red Ox or you don't—and from my understanding, if you're an Edmontonian with any genuine love for food, you're fully aware of this gem tucked away in the residential south side neighbourhood near Gallagher Park. A superior food experience is sensual by its very nature and not only was my nose happy, but my eyes were likewise when my basil crusted lamb chops were delivered. After a good while, my plate was completely void of any food. (Had I been home, I would've licked it for sure.) We sipped some more of the luxurious wine and eventually ordered something sweet—blueberry and white chocolate bread pudding with a warm *crème anglaise*. The food, the atmosphere, the well-timed service... all of it inspires awe in me, but what I think best sums up a place like the Red Ox Inn is the incredible attention to detail, from the finely-crafted side dishes to the lovely prints on the orange-shaded walls. **Average Price: \$\$\$\$** (Reviewed 03/27/03)

REMEDY

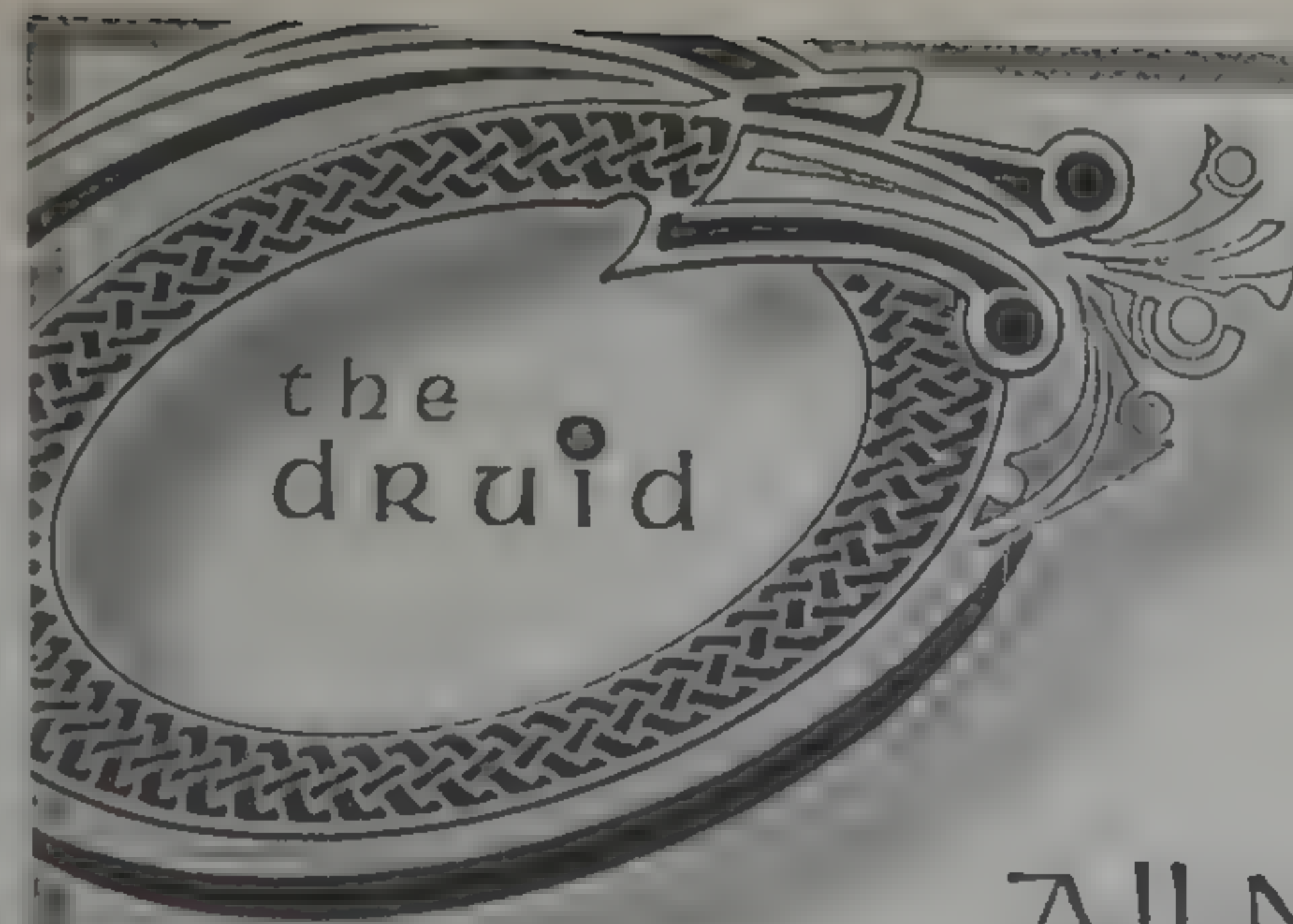
8631-109 Street • 433-3096

Remedy is relaxed, authentic and off the beaten path of Whyte Ave both in geography and style. You could booze it up if you like or get a coffee if you're content to keep it civil. A couple of pool tables upstairs offer some entertainment. And of course, they always have a bunch of tasty things to snack on. The menu board has just a handful of items, like chili (vegetarian, too), sandwiches, salads and small dishes like hummus. To have a versatile little haunt like Remedy in my neighbourhood—again, away from Whyte—is a large comfort. **Average Price: \$** (Reviewed 11/14/02)

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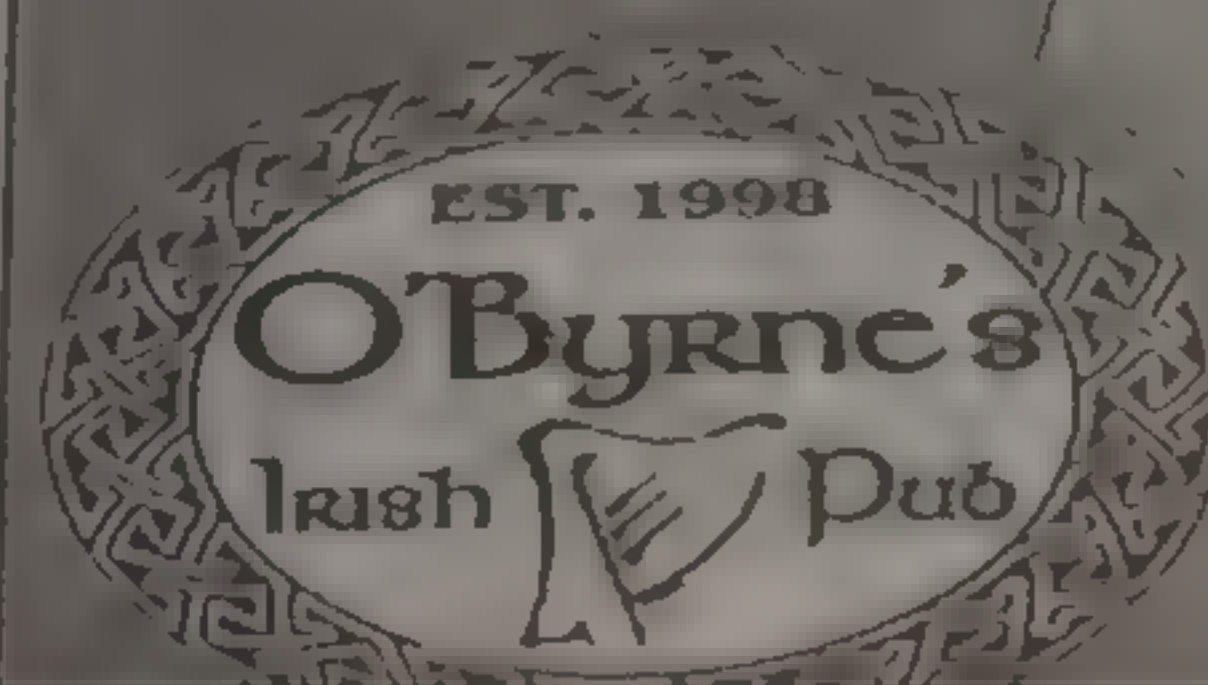
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DISH WEEKLY

place has been in operation since the fall of 2001. There's an immediate upscale feel as you walk through the cozy lounge and into a spacious room with gold highlights, massive windows and nice wooden highbacked chairs. The food itself is a mix of the elegant and the casual and the clientele was similar to the menu—diverse. As visually appealing as it was satisfying. **Average Price: \$-\$\$** (Reviewed 02/14/02)

SAVOY LOUNGE

10401-82 Avenue • 438-0373

The owners of Savoy Lounge make no apologies for going upscale on a street where phrases like "\$2 hi-balls" and "happy hour" are part of the vernacular (slurred, of course). I've always been a proponent of good, affordable fare; therefore, I'm all the more impressed to find that Savoy's dinner plates run around \$12 and the tapas menu ranges from \$3 to \$9. Not everyone goes for this kind of intricate cuisine, but it's a rare thing to see such a selection in a lounge, let alone at prices you can stomach. **Average Price: \$-\$\$** (Reviewed 10/17/02)

TEDDY'S

11361 Jasper Avenue • 488-0984

Steve gives me the lowdown on Teddy's, seeing as he's indulged in his fair share of red meat there himself. The restaurant/lounge sports an interior that would kill Martha Stewart with one glance—not that there'd be anything wrong with that. But ah, beer, steaks and gambling. Does it get any better? The steaks are big and you can slice through them like butter. Walking out of Teddy's, I felt sleepy but happy. **Average Price: \$\$\$-\$\$\$** (Reviewed 01/10/02)

THREE MUSKETEERS

FRENCH CREPERIE

10416-82 Ave • 437-4329

"The cuisine of cowardice," remarks Steve as we walk in to grab a bite. "I wonder what they'd say if I asked for freedom fries?" In fact, we order a couple of Fin du Monde beers (from Quebec) and scan through the brunch

menu. I quickly fall in love with this brew, which is murky and looks like a frothy mango juice but boasts a great sweet taste—amazing considering that it's nine per cent alcohol. Exceptional flavour and a high alcohol content—that's a dangerous mix on a sunny day. After a scan of the menu, Steve makes his decision. "I don't know what it is," he says, "but I'm getting the gallette Canadienne." Myself, I can't stray away from the eggs Benedict, especially when the Hollandaise sauce is homemade, unlike the handy Knorr packets I use in my own kitchen. Steve's gallette is a whole-wheat crepe stuffed with smoked salmon, sour cream and capers and topped with a pink seafood purée. He takes care of the entire thing so I'm guessing it's good. My eggs Benny are sensational. I'm certainly pleased with the buttery Hollandaise, but the thick, juicy back bacon makes the dish even better. The home fries could've been a little crispier, but still, it's the best Benedict I've had, which is saying a lot. I've tried many. **Average Price: \$\$** (Reviewed 04/24/03)

TOKYO EXPRESS

Various locations

Edmontonian Cathy Luke digs her sushi. The only problem is that her busy lifestyle made it difficult to make regular stops at all her favourite local haunts. What she (and people like her) needed was a quick answer to that craving—so she opened up Tokyo Express. How's that for problem-solving? The Hong Kong-born Luke, along with her sushi chef brothers Steve and William, debuted Tokyo Express five years ago at WEM and now the family owns seven River City locations, including the groundbreaking drive-thru down on 23rd Ave, a first in the Great White North. "I am a sushi lover," Luke says. "I thought that there should be a place where you can grab it quick, with good quality and reasonable prices. That's how we started." Well, I've now run the gamut at Tokyo Express. In four days, I made three visits to two different locations, sampling a wide selection of what the homegrown chain had to offer. My stomach was rumbling by about noon so I went to one of their two mall locations to enjoy a massive

rice bowl—the teriyaki chicken, to be exact. For \$4.95, you get a hearty dish loaded with rice, julienned carrots, cucumbers and a breaded piece of chicken, slathered in the teriyaki and topped with sesame seeds. On Saturday, we ordered the udon noodle soup, a single dynamite roll and rainbow rolls. Oh, and green tea. The udon was wicked, a generous helping of broth loaded with the thick four-sided noodles, crab, a breaded pork cutlet, sweet tofu, fish cake slices, green onion and a big, deep-fried shrimp. Monday, I tried the assorted sushi combo and took advantage of the add-on, \$1.99 for miso soup and green tea ice cream. So there you go – three trips in four days, at a total cost of about \$30. Try and scout out four decent, healthy meals for that much dough. **Average Price: \$** (Reviewed 05/01/03)

ZIVELI RESTAURANT

12202 Jasper Avenue • 453-3912

Everybody was eager to partake in a serious night of indulgence and the traditional taverna surroundings in Ziveli Restaurant—grapevines, stone walls, colourful tablecloths and a refreshingly exotic waitstaff—only added to our fervour. We concluded that the mezé option—a sampling of numerous dishes for \$22.95 per person—is the way to go. Dips, pita and Greek salad make up the initial course. Then the lamb comes and all's right with the world. A Greek coffee and shot of ouzo provide a lovely finish to a damn big feast. It's amazing. **Average Price: \$\$\$-\$\$\$** (Reviewed 10/03/02)

ZODIAC RESTAURANT

10412-63 Avenue • 435-5153

So a friend tells me that I can get pudding at Zodiac down on 63 Ave. That's perfect. I grab a seat at the diner-style Canadian/Chinese restaurant and order the pork chops (because pudding is included in the price of the entrée). The food was good. They have a diverse selection of traditional Chinese food as well as the more common foods served right here at home. Of course, best of all was the pudding. I slugged back the creamy dessert and it felt like there was a cool, refreshing party in my mouth. **Average Price: \$\$** (Reviewed 01/31/02)

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The diner things in life

Ricky's perfectly captures the look of an old-school diner, except it's actually clean

By DAVID DICENZO

For some inexplicable reason, my girlfriend and I are having trouble deciding what to eat at **Ricky's All Day Grill**. I'm really not sure what the problem is. We're hungry, there's a wealth of homey diner fare available (which is exactly what we craved after a weekend of gorging on Indian and Malaysian cuisine), but we just can't come to an agreement on what to have.

Kate finally figures it out. "It's because we're torn between breakfast and dinner stuff," she says, "and whether or not they can be combined."

The woman's right. Ricky's—a western Canadian chain with a ton of outlets throughout B.C., Alberta and (I believe) Saskatchewan—has a bunch of typical diner staples like liver and onions, Salisbury steak, burgers and sandwiches but there are almost two full pages of brekkie food in the menu and the cool thing is that it's available any time of the day. That's definitely a boon to the hungry diner, although it does throw a mighty big wrench into the selection process. I'm confident we can get through it.

Personally, I'm giving strong consideration to the salmon burger, but the chorizo triple Benny—eggs Benedict (three of them!) with chorizo sausage layered underneath instead of ham—is making my mouth water. Kate and I hash out a plan. We'll order three items to share, having already agreed to make one of them the tempting triple Benny. Maybe a salad and then

a frou-frou breakfast item like the impeached Belgian waffles (topped with canned peaches and whipped cream) or the chocolate banana blast (pancakes with chocolate chips, chocolate sauce, bananas and whipped cream) as a dessert. That's good planning. We do decide to hold off on the final item (for now), choosing the sausage Benny and the omnipresent Cajun chicken Caesar salad, one of about three or four choices of "greens" on Ricky's menu.

The Ricky's chain makes an admirable attempt to recapture a time when the diner was a more prevalent feature of urban life. Coffee cups are already on the tables—turned upside-down, no less—and the seating consists mostly of booths. You'd figure Linda Lavin

breakfast contents warm). Though worn-out by the spicy ethnic food from earlier in the weekend, I found the combo of spicy sausage and creamy Hollandaise to be soothing. And quite filling. I was much less enthused by the chicken Caesar. It was somewhere in the neighbourhood of nine bucks and, at that price, I'd like a chicken breast that was cooked recently, unlike the petrified hunks of chewy, seasoned bird that were featured in this particular salad. Lesson learned.

It didn't seem as though we ate all that much, but Kate, a country girl with a love of profanity, summed it up rather well: "Dude, I am fuck-ing full." She was just thankful we didn't go ahead and order those Belgian waffles with the peaches. That could've been ugly.

Other than the tooth-chipping chicken, I liked Ricky's. Sure, it's a chain but it's a Canadian one—and even better, a Western entity. You can't blame them for being successful, right? Sparkling clean as it was inside, it really did remind me of a diner, especially when the tall, senior gent with the white cap near us started discussing the weather Funny stuff.

I just have to remind myself that at thirtysomething, thick shakes are not a good way to start a meal. ☺

RICKY'S ALL DAY GRILL
10140-109 St • 421-7546

RESTAURANTS

might walk up to take your order but the Ricky's inner belly is new and clean, not beat-up and dingy like Mel's. It's like a new pair of glimmering white kicks—you need to scuff them up a bit, you know, work 'em in. They even offer shakes, so I order a chocolate one, the first time I've done so in a restaurant for years and years. The waitress drops it off in a tall, thin glass and leaves behind the stainless steel mixing container, still frosted over, with another healthy dose of milkshake inside.

It would prove to be our undoing.

AFTER KATE AND I split the shake (I asked her to go steady and gee whiz wouldn't it be neat if we could celebrate at the bonfire later that night—there was supposed to be a drag race too), we weren't exactly in full fighting form when the food arrived. It didn't help that the Benny was absolutely gargantuan, with three eggs and a mountain of home fries piled on an extra-large red plate (it was heated, good for keeping the




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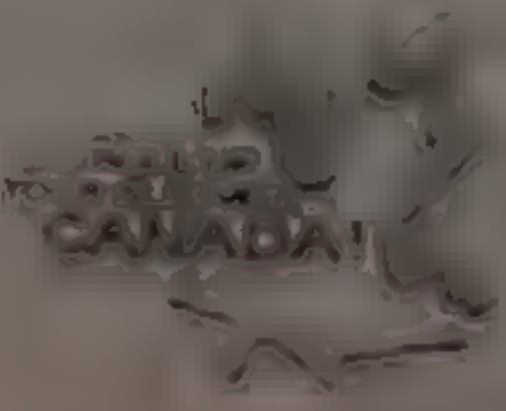

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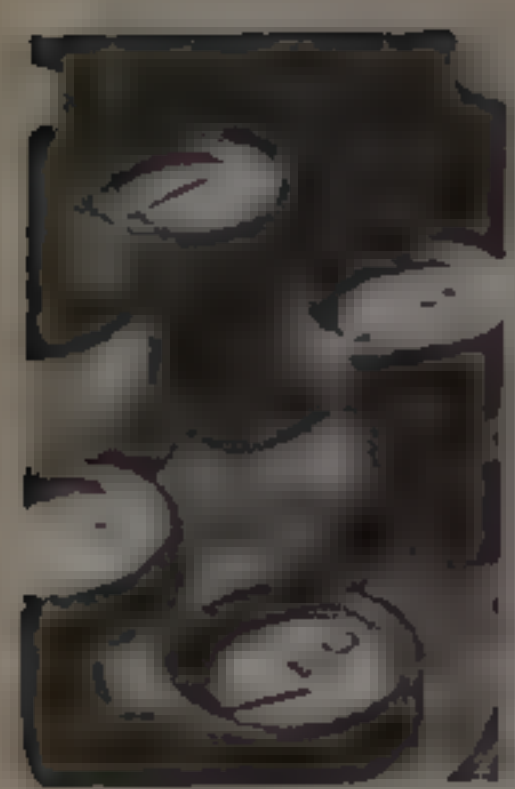
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print culture

BY CHRISTOPHER WIEBE

New World odour

Calgary writer Paulo da Costa's short story collection *The Scent of a Lie* (Ekstasis Editions, 132 pp., \$18.95), is the most uniformly fresh, sprightly, meaty work of Canadian fiction I've read in a long time. It came as a shock to me that the book had difficulty getting published. Now accumulating the attention it deserves, Da Costa's book won the Commonwealth Prize for Best First Book (Canada and Caribbean Region)—as did similarly groundbreaking works such as *Icfields* by Thomas Wharton and *Chorus of Mushrooms* by Hiromi Goto—and just

this week it was awarded the City of Calgary W. O. Mitchell Book Prize.

The linked collection of stories centres on the inhabitants of two small communities on the Portuguese coast, from a wealthy landowner to a soldier fighting in the Angolan Civil War, to Florindo Ramos, a dreamer whose love of trees saves his village: "Florindo believed the world's knowledge entered trees through their leaves and needles and the irrecoverable story of the world was buried in their roots. The trees stored thoughts in their roots. If turned into stumps, they became unable to exhale their memory, unable to release their stories." The title story is reminiscent of Gabriel Garcia Marquez's *The Most Beautiful Drowned Man in the World*, but the collection does not easily fit into the slippery category of "magic realism." Da Costa traces its "fantastical" qualities to Catholicism's openness to the miraculous and the pagan influences, via Celtic invasions, on the Portuguese literary imagination.

Born in Angola, Da Costa moved to Portugal when he was five and was exposed to a cross-pollinating range of

aesthetics and languages. He moved to Calgary in 1989 and soon became involved with the literary journal *Filling Station*, becoming its general editor four years ago. He has also published four chapbooks of poetry in English.

As a writer, Da Costa tacks back and forth between Portuguese and English, inhabiting a linguistic space that reminds me of Conrad or Nabokov. These days, all of his fiction is written in English, while much of his poetry is written in Portuguese. This "in-between-ness," Da Costa explains, has given him unusual freedom from the strictures of either tongue. "The two languages access different selves," he says. "My writing in Portuguese is more intellectual, while my English writing is completely different, more playful, less bound by the rules. One's mother tongue has certain natural rigidities in it. English, because I entered it through the back door, has offered me greater freedom of movement."

There is an allegorical dimension to Da Costa's stories that explores the massive changes in Portuguese society after the fall of the dictatorship in

1974. His parents' village went from being peasant agrarian to a heavily industrial area in the space of 20 years, the forests eliminated for eucalyptus pulpwood plantations, the vineyards cut down to benefit mechanized wine production in France and Spain. "My work tends to weave into larger themes," he says of the mythic, universal resonance of his stories, "which runs against the trend in current writing by emerging Canadian writers."

His work has been more visible overseas, in places like Brazil, France and Australia, than in Canada. "This collection was rejected by many publishers," says Da Costa, "who said it didn't fit in their literary line. That is sad for Canadian readers because editorial committees are only interested in certain literary flavours. We are entering the industrialization of literature, a sort of cultural impoverishment growing out of globalization." Da Costa currently has two manuscripts searching for a publisher, including a collection of "sudden fictions." One hopes that his rising acclaim will make the journey less arduous.

Feats of Cay

What happens when one lives and works abroad? How can one convey the particularity of place one found there without resorting to the language of exoticism? Nina Berkhout skillfully finds her way through such questions in her beautifully vivid and pithy first book of poetry, *Letters from Deadman's Cay* (NeWest Press, 86pp., \$16.95). It draws on the six months she spent on a Bahamian island helping a community set up a museum/cultural centre in response to the

eroding power of North American culture and labour migration.

The book draws on a range of materials and registers, from photographs and a museum-ready description of bush medicine, to first-person narratives of local residents like palm straw weaver Samuel Simms or Dutch Boy: "Dutch Boy lying on a boat beneath the cork tree staring at the sky for a lifetime, with no desire to ever leave the island. *What else is there, Fools?* He thinks to himself. The island's philosopher is laughing at all of us and especially at the pasty city girl. Dutch Boy there's much more than this, I would respond, but if asked, *what's more?* I couldn't answer."

Berkhout found that the residents of Deadman's Cay were more interested in a cultural programming space than a conventional museum, a place where traditions (rake 'n' scrape music with found objects, storytelling and traditional food) could be passed down. The appropriate form for Berkhout's book also took time to find. "It was a bit like a puzzle weaving the collection together," she says. "The danger of the travel poem form is that you can easily be condescending to those people whose home you are visiting, or that you condescend to your reader." She eventually chose a narrative poetry format that captured the mood and spirit of the island better than the more distant and static mode of traditional poems.

Berkhout grew up in Calgary and has published fiction and poetry in a variety of Canadian literary magazines. A graduate of the University of Toronto's Museum Studies program, she is currently setting up the Gabrielle Roy House (where Roy lived from 1909-37) in St. Boniface, Manitoba. ▽



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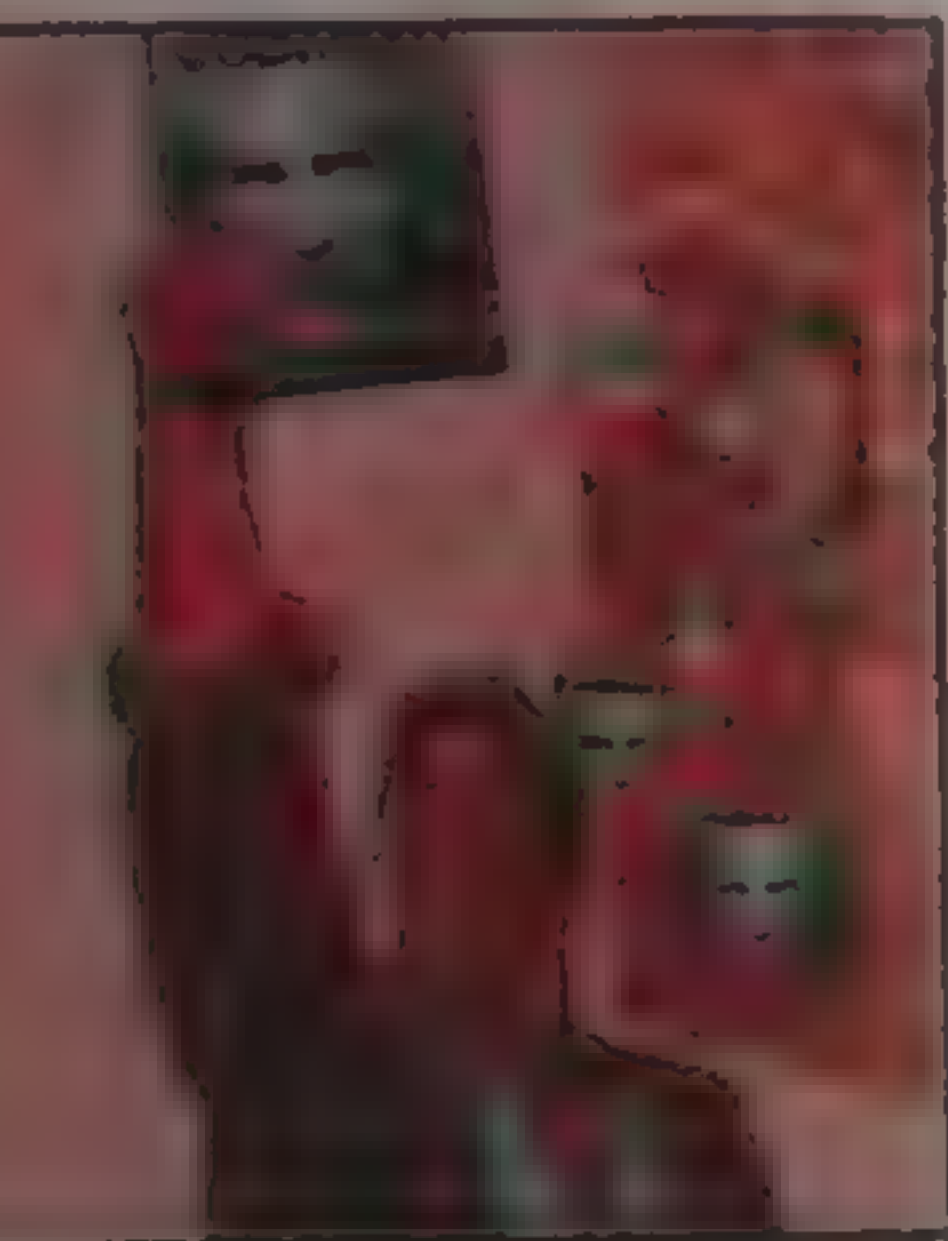
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Judy Chang

The most ultraviolent sport on earth!

Kickboxing looks like cricket compared to a central Asian buzkashi match

By TED RALL

A few seconds ago, you were just another dirty face in a crowd of sweaty wannabes. Now you're the center of attention. This, you find out fast, is a very bad thing. Two or three hundred pumped-up, pissed-off horsemen—who can count all these lunatics?—are chasing you at full gallop. You're dragging 100 pounds of dead goat with your left hand and

SPORTS

pounding the crap out of your panicked horse with your right as you charge through a storm of dust in a mad dash for glory and survival.

Suddenly two guys catch up, one on each side. One smacks you hard across the face with his riding crop; a blot of blood splashes across an eye. His scumbag friend lets out a spine-tingling rebel yell as he gleefully wraps his whip under your stallion's testes. You've trained your animal to continue running through such shocking pain, but one hoof nonetheless catches a rut in the fog of distraction and you both go down. Something feels broken; anyway, it doesn't matter since you're trapped under your impossibly heavy horse. A thousand pounding hoofs pass overhead as you tumble down a well of unconsciousness.

Victory or death is the choice when you sign up for buzkashi. Today, regrettably, victory belongs to another man. Forget Thai kickboxing and skydiving; buzkashi (*buz* is Turkic for "goat" and *kashi* means "bashing") is the bloodiest and most anarchic sport currently played by the human race. Buzkashi matches occur at local, regional and national gatherings all over central Asia, but the biggest, most violent tournament in the world takes place on two dusty fields on the outskirts of Dushanbe,

the hardscrabble capital of the Republic of Tajikistan. It all goes down the first two days of spring, first at a sort of semifinal at an old garrison town named Hissar and then at a final event at the Dushanbe Hippodrome. Officially these flamboyantly dressed brutes risk life and limb for carpets and cheap TVs and the occasional car, but everyone knows the truth: buzkashi is about pride—national and personal—fueled by the foolhardy bravery that only testosterone can provide.

Thousands have turned out for this year's two-day competition; the streets of this mountainous former Soviet republic's cities and villages are completely empty of men and

boys. (Females are deemed too delicate for the brutal spectacle about to

ensue, though a few brave souls attend.) Anticipation is particularly keen this year for several reasons. The uptight Taliban, who had banned buzkashi as pre-Muslim (and thus pagan) in neighbouring Afghanistan, finally lost power. The Afghans are well-remembered from the early '90s as lousy but insanely vicious players—everyone wants to see what they'll do this year. And last year, in 2001, 22 buzkashi players met death. Hundreds more lost limbs or assorted motor functions. Most of all, though, this year is all about an old-fashioned grudge match.

"From the 1970s on, we Tajiks were the best buzkashi players in the world," notes Buzkashi Federation of Tajikistan president Mousso Ahyoev as we walk together in the shadow of the snow-capped Pamir mountains. 1998 marked the beginning of a string of victories by horsemen from neighboring Kyrgyzstan. "The Kyrgyz are best now," the 43-year-old native of the Tajikistani village of Karatigen allows grudgingly, "but it is not right."

What went wrong in '98? "The Kyrgyz horses somehow became stronger," Ahyoev seethes. "Kyrgyz horses and Tajik horses used to be basically the same in size and strength. Who knows what those

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Buzkashi

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people feed their horses?" A fierce expression of disgust darkens his face at the phrase those people.

Buzkashi connoisseurs agree that a horse's overall strength—a combination of agility, speed and brute force—is the most important, if not the sole, predictor of success in this no-holds-

barred, high-speed rumble on horseback. Everything boils down to two essential objectives: securing the buz and dragging it through the goal—gambits in which a powerful horse often means the difference between victory and death. Whether the Kyrgyz have stooped to pumping up the equine side of the equation with steroids remains an open question.

Experts agree that the history of

buzkashi dates back thousands of years, but because most central Asian cultures didn't have written languages until the 1920s, its exact history is unknown. Genghis Khan's armies spread the game as they conquered lands to the west; the Golden Horde, however, preferred to use the headless body of an executed (or pre-executed) enemy soldier as the buz. This gory practice continued in some corners of

central Asia until the 19th century and, according to some reports, made a comeback last fall in northern Afghanistan. Nowadays, the body of a goat is decapitated, drained of blood and soaked in salt water the night before a game. (A sheep or calf carcass may serve as acceptable substitutes.)

IN EVERY OTHER RESPECT, buzkashi remains the same festival of orgiastic ultraviolence that broke up Mongol monotony during the 13th century. The playing field on the Hissar plain is a standard 200-by-200-yard square surrounded by 15-foot walls sloped at a 45-degree angle. Hundreds of horsemen congregate on the opposite corner of the field from the goal, which is indicated by a 10-yard gap in the crowd of spectators. An official chucks the buz onto the field. A circle of contestants forms instantly.

If you ever find yourself playing buzkashi, *never* take an early lead. Whoever first gets to the buz must do so by half-dismounting, keeping his special knee-high high-heeled boot hanging from one stirrup while yanking a buz leg half off the ground with one hand. Immediately surrounding that sap are dozens of men rearing their horses onto their hind legs to try to push forward through the crowd; the idea is to prod your horse to drop down hard, using his chest as a battering ram to create a gap between the animals to your left and right, like an icebreaker. Everyone rains their whips down frenetically, over and over again—on their steeds, on their neighbour's heads and, most of all, on the guy with the buz to make him drop it. And surrounding them, forming a perfect circle of rearing horses and whip-flailing men 50 feet in diameter, is an outer ring of frustrated contestants. No one gets out of there alive—not carrying the buz, anyway.

Buzkashi is primarily an every-man-for-himself game, but horsemen can and occasionally do form alliances. Sometimes one man will defend another from those trying to separate him from the buz; alternatively, others will work together to attack another.

Watching the harrowing proceedings from a viewing stand at the 100-yard line are two dozen local dignitaries led by Abdurohid Karimov, Hissar's Tajik tribal chieftain. Theoretically, Karimov's deputies are supposed to prevent outbreaks of violence. "They are only allowed to grab the corpse," Karimov intones solemnly. "No kicking and no fighting, or the game will be stopped." In practice, however, buzkashi stops for no man. He awards the best prizes to the most bloodthirsty players while an official brandishing a megaphone barks at a mob of horsemen bogged down in one spot while they pound the stubborn buz-holder for 10 minutes: "Quit messing around! Come on! Get it! Don't grab your dick—grab the buz!"

Later this afternoon a man will lose both eyes to a guy infamous for his two-fingered poking technique; the Pokerizer, as I call him in homage to Stephen King, will be rewarded a minute later with a new green carpet. There are no rules in buzkashi. Whatever it takes to get the buz—punching,

whipping, biting, stabbing—is acceptable. Afghans are famous for packing AK-47s; though gunfire is considered poor form, it doesn't necessarily result in disqualification. Winning is everything in this Central Asian polo, demolition derby and moshpit from hell. A row of ambulances waiting behind the crowd sends a clear message; by the end of the day they'll all have plenty of customers.

Suddenly, impossibly, someone breaks out of the circular mob. Leaning slightly backward in his ornately stitched saddle to balance himself against the weight of the buz and frantically smacking his horse, he heads for a wall to shake his pursuers. Fans run for their lives as hundreds of thundering horses shoot up the ramp after the escapee, through a gap in the crowd and back down again. Sometimes the breakaway is intercepted and the circle of death descends upon him, but ultimately a new rider steals the buz and makes it across the goal. After the buz is recovered, everyone returns to the other side of the field and the game begins anew.

Minimum prize at Hissar, for dragging a buz across the goal line once, is a green synthetic rug. Exceptional performances, as determined by the panel of slightly tipsy judges, score a handmade carpet from Turkmenistan or Afghanistan. Repeat winners vie for various major appliances such as televisions and washing machines made by local Soviet-era factories. Champions go home with live calves and donkeys. A shiny new Volga sedan awaits the grand-prize winner.

IN MANY RESPECTS, the world is becoming increasingly homogenous. Whether you're hanging out in Istanbul, Beijing or Chicago, you can eat a Big Mac, listen to the Backstreet Boys and catch the latest Mel Gibson flick at a strip mall indistinguishable from any suburb in America. The flipside of globalization is entropy; there have never been as many countries on the planet at one time as there are now. For instance, the 1991 collapse of the Soviet Union freed up two dozen new nations to explore their traditional cultures. Nowhere has this transition from Soviet oppression to anarchic independence been more chaotic than in the breakaway republics of central Asia. From that chaos have re-emerged ancient spectacles that had long laid dormant under communism—like buzkashi.

Near the Caspian Sea are despotic Turkmenistan and Uzbekistan, each dominated by scorching deserts. In the middle of central Asia are the grassy steppes of Kyrgyzstan and Kazakhstan—terrain familiar to anyone who's ever driven across Montana and Idaho. And tucked away in steep, snowy mountains adjacent to the Himalayas are Tajikistan and Afghanistan. Dozens of languages and religions are spoken and practiced in these countries, but they all have one thing in common: horses. Outside the major cities horses remain the basic mode of transportation. In Afghanistan, horses are still so vital that a 2001 battle over the

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OUTDOOR ADVENTURES

Buzkashi

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strategic center of Mazar-e-Sharif was won by a Northern Alliance cavalry charge against Taliban tanks.

The first order of business for rulers of the "-stans" after independence in 1991 was the creation of distinct nationalities where the monolithic USSR had once stood: money, postage stamps and mythic historical figures meant as much to these new entities as borders, armies and new passports. Now it's on to phase two: they're defining themselves by comparing themselves to their neighbours. This is, as it turns out, where the ancient sport of buzhashi is becoming an increasingly important barometer of national identity.

Tajikistan and the other new Central Asian republics celebrate the ancient Zoroastrian festival of Navruz to celebrate the arrival of spring. With the exception of Afghanistan,

Tajikistan is the poorest "-stan"—and a civil war between the old Soviet regime and a radical Taliban-backed Islamist movement during the '90s ruined what little infrastructure the place had to begin with.

The region's status as a Fourth World backwater has increased its isolation since independence. Only one carrier, the Aeroflot-breakaway Tajikistan Airlines, flies to Dushanbe. You can catch the one flight a week from Istanbul on Saturdays or fly daily from Moscow, like me. Because Tajik Air flies out of a different airport from Moscow's international Sheremetyevo 2, though, you have to spring for a \$600 Russian transit visa merely to change planes in Moscow. Just to make things interesting, impoverished Tajik Air's '50s-vintage Tupolev 154s—one of the most dangerous jets ever made—have pioneered the art of negative legroom; anyone over five feet tall has to sit with his legs on his chair to avoid

suffering a broken knee. Seats are broken. Ice forms on the windows. Upon arrival in Dushanbe, the hotels are all squalid Soviet shitholes.

Unsurprisingly, few tourists are willing to make the trek to the Navruz buzhashi festivities, but that's their loss: buzhashi is more than worth the fleas and the diarrhea.

Despite earning an average income of \$12 a month, the eternally

broke Tajiks always manage to scare up enough donations from wealthy fans to host the biggest buzhashi event in Asia. Buzhashi horses are pricy; you can't find a horse worth its name for less than \$10,000. Organizers sponsor players, maintain and replace horses and come up with prizes good enough to lure players across war zones, 15,000-foot mountain passes and 135-degree deserts. We may not have Kaza-

khstan or Uzbekistan's massive oil reserves, the Tajik message seems to be, but we can still raise the 100,000 somoni (\$35,000) it takes to put on a buzhashi meet—and kick your ass in the bargain.

Until 1998, anyway.

Ethnic stereotypes are a big part of debates among buzhashi players and

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OUTDOOR ADVENTURES

Buzkashi

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Fans. Kazakhs and Mongols are renowned horsemen but tend to come in third or fourth at international matchups because their approach is considered pedestrian next to the lyrical Tajiks and Kyrgyz. The Uyghurs of China's Muslim West are well-respected (because they use baby camels back home, the lighter Tajik buz is easier for them to handle) but few make it across the heavily-guarded Xinjiang-Tajik border to compete. "Turkmen have the best horses, their Akhal-Tekes are second only to Arabians," smirks Junadullo Telove, a 22-year-old Uzbek who with his small horse Zaychik (Kyrgyz for "rabbit") has won Dushanbe's city-wide competition every year since he turned 15, "but Turkmen are too dull and dimwitted to ride them correctly." Perhaps the Turkmen are simply tired because they travel the greatest distance to Dushanbe, I suggest. "The Kyrgyz have a shorter but much harder ride across the Tian Shan mountains," he insists, "but they are still okay." The highest compliment members of any tribe can muster for their rivals is grudging respect.

This year, the man to beat is Ahmon Khalimov, a homely 62-year-old Kyrgyz who claims to have won 36 national buzkashi championships. Buzkashi is a young man's game—most of those trampled to death last year were over age 30—but the 4'10" Khalimov has brought cars and horses home to Kyrgyzstan every year since the '98 sea change. He has spent so much of his life riding horses that he can hardly walk. Khalimov could easily pass for 90.

He's a natural.

He hovers between the inner and outer rings when the buz first hits the ground, conserving his horse's strength for the combat yet to come. Other riders avoid him. "That old man, he looks like nothing. Last year his horse killed three guys," shudders newbie Yormakhmat Yonosov, 21, from a backwater called Nagorne.

Khalimov hangs back, waiting for an opportunity to strike. He's a thief; rather than beating his opponents senseless, he opportunistically waits for someone to break out; it's easier to pound a single buz-laden individual than 100. Then he swoops alongside like an avenging angel, nips off an ear or nose with savage precision and snatches the buz away from his bleeding victim as his horse dashes away with a dancing sidestep. Sometimes he crosses the goal line before his prey realizes he's lost 100 pounds of dragging carcass. Khalimov holds his whip in his teeth to free a fist for fending off other would-be usurpers as he dashes into the screaming crowd. He's graceful, playful and a bad sport to the point of cruelty. Genghis would have loved this guy.

"I have fallen from my horse many times, but I have never been hurt in 22 years of playing buzkashi," Ahyoev, the Tajik official, claims. Not so Khalimov. "I break my leg almost every year," he grins, "always along the same place, just above the knee." Taking those extra risks makes the difference: Ahyoev lost the 2001 championship to Khalimov by a single buz; this year, the Kyrgyz drives

the Volga sedan home from Hissar.

No one dies, and except for the dude double-blinded by the Pokerizer, no one gets maimed. Twentysomething Hissar native son Homid Lugayev cites this year's picture-perfect weather for the disappointingly rock-bottom casualty rate. "It rained so much that all the horses were slipping and falling. That's why 22 people died last year. Now it's dry, and there is no windstorm."

But Hissar is a mere warmup next to the main event, which takes place the following day. Even more horsemen—an estimated 500—gather at the Hippodrome in Dushanbe proper. President Imamali Rakhmanov will personally supervise the internationally-televised must-see event of the year.

RUMOURS AROUND that a radical Islamist group, the Islamic Movement of Uzbekistan, is planning a terrorist attack and/or assassination attempt at the Hippodrome for buzkashi day two. The atmosphere is tense. Fire engines line the running track surrounding the field. Every spectator is subjected to a document check and a thorough pat-down and more than 1,000 heavily armed military police are on hand to separate the 99 per cent male crowd from the playing field. (Bleachers remain half-finished, construction equipment rusting away, from Soviet days.)

Anyone on horseback, however, is waved through the checkpoint. Even a Tartar woman wearing lipstick and make-up is approved for play. It never occurs to anyone that even ruthless IMU terrorists would defile the sport of buzkashi by posing as a player.

Light intermittent rain and a long wait to get in makes the crowd edgy. The layout sucks; unlike the ideal set-up at Hissar, the Hippodrome's terrain is flat, so there's no ramp separating the horses and no height to allow good visibility. To make matters worse, the police keep people so far back that they can barely see the field or their president, who sits on a reviewing stand on the far end of the field. Every few minutes the crowd surges against the line of cops, who respond by pounding heads with rubber truncheons.

Then the action shifts from the other side where most of the players had been showing off for President Rakhmanov. One man—it's Ahyoev!—breaks free of a circle that had been bogged down for nearly 15 minutes. His ally stabs at an immense Kazakh with his whip to keep him at bay. The earth pounds as 500 horsemen head straight for where I'm standing. There's no place to run, so I stand perfectly still.

The crowd lets out a roar as the horses pass through us, between us, on top of us. Buzkashi has left the field, the police are in disarray, the crowd is running along with the horses. The crowd turns brazen—one man steals an officer's cap and runs. A few guys lie injured in the field of battle, but even they are smiling: in this one-party dictatorship run by the same guy who ruled here under the Soviets,

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where the KGB still exists and the police are forever hitting you up for bribes, where there are no jobs to speak of and you'll likely die before you make it to age 50, people have breathed the freedom that comes with rules being broken. Two kids find a loose buz leg and swing it around, spraying blood on police and civilians alike. The cops try to restore order, but it's no use—you can't control anarchy.

Ultimately, the day belongs to the people, but the grand prize belongs to a newcomer, Farydun Zangynov. His approach is workaday, methodical, almost boringly thuggish, but it's effective. Time after time, he wades into the mob, beats the crap out of whoever has the buz and drags it across the goal line. "I played to win," Zangynov, 20, says from atop his perfectly-proportioned Arabian Malesh ("baby"), "so I won." Something is bleeding under his white shirt, but I shut up. Why ruin the moment? People gather around as he guides Malesh to the reviewing stand to collect the chit for his car. "Where are you from?" the president's aide asks this year's champion. "I'm from Dushanbe!" A triumphant cry goes up as the word spreads.

The losing streak is over. A Tajik has reclaimed the long-stolen buz kashi title. Ahmon Khalimov, the ancient Kyrgyz champion, looks on: "That boy, he played well, but I will be ready for him next year," he promises.

Blood gushes down Khalimov's scalp as they load him into an ambulance. ☐



whack
#*@%!

By DAVID DICENZO

The panic over Annika

Just as Annika Sorenstam was about to complete her landmark two-day quest at the Colonial last Friday, an alarmingly appropriate hair ad popped up on the television screen—just for Men. Was that a coincidence or a slap in the face to the planet's best female golfer, who, by her own admission, literally couldn't cut it in her one-and-done chance on the PGA tour?

Despite dominating the world of women's golf, Sorenstam fell short of her own goals—playing the weekend with the boys. No matter, though. Her courageous effort, including a terrific 71-stroke round on the opening day under the most intense spotlight imaginable, was pretty damn uplifting. I have hit many golf balls. I have done so in front of a few people. It's not easy. Sorenstam played those two rounds with the entire world watching, not a couple of rubes you're playing buck-a-hole with. She was animated, intense and flat-out great at certain points during those 36 holes. I stood up in my living room and gave her applause as she com-

pleted each round.

Now, it can be argued that the perceived difference between men and women was only accentuated by the fact that the premier female golfer played her Swedish heart out and still failed to keep up. That weaselly tour-playing prick Scott Hoch voiced a similar sentiment—essentially saying he hoped she played well to prove that she shouldn't have been out there. (He's the same guy who refused to putt out in a playoff earlier this year because it was too dark, leaving all the fans who had shelled out big dough to watch the event to go home empty-handed.) But that's just archaic, much like the game of golf itself. I once interviewed the editor of a golf magazine who told me that Tiger Woods was helping change the "lily-white" image that golf has had for so long. And you know that when you're talking about lily-white, you might as well tack on sexist, too. Vijay Singh initially said he wouldn't play in the Colonial if he were paired with Sorenstam, for example. He claimed that she didn't earn her spot in the field, that she'd be taking a spot from one of those oh-so-struggling young lads who live such a rough life that they have to tote their golf clubs around as a job. Give me strength.

The fact is, Sorenstam *did* earn her place in the field simply by kicking ass on the LPGA tour, where she won a staggering 13 times last year. Oh yeah, she was also invited by the tournament's sponsor, the Bank of America. Exemptions are legal and totally fair. Did the younger guys complain when Arnold Palmer took

up spots at events when he was into his late 60s and more apt to shoot an 85 than par? Probably not. But you get one woman who can spank the ball up and down the fairway damn well and some of these guys start screaming bloody murder. It's a publicity stunt, the non-believers claimed. Hey, what the hell *isn't* a publicity stunt these days? If you want to sell your product (in this case, the Colonial), then do it. There's nothing new about that.

It's unfortunate that this whole thing turned into a man-versus-woman issue. I didn't see it that way at all. Granted, she's got those different chromosomes, but I saw Sorenstam as a gamer who wanted to test herself in another climate. Maybe it gets boring beating the lasses week in, week out. Why not give the PGA a go? Surprisingly, Sorenstam was also slagged by a female sportswriter named Barbara Walder who made the strange claim that she was doing this solely for the attention. It's too bad Sorenstam's effort was initially met with so much contempt. That, however, seemed to change as the tournament got underway. The deep galleries showed tremendous support for her on every hole, the smiles on their faces evident when she dropped in the rare birdie or par-saving putt. Again, unless you play the game—and by that I mean shoot much better than 120—you have no idea how difficult those two days were for Sorenstam. Even as an established professional, the Stockholm native said she felt nerves on virtually every single shot. That she held it together

so well speaks volumes of her character and competitive nature.

According to Sorenstam herself, you won't be seeing a replay of the Colonial. The men's locker room will never be graced by her presence again. Too bad, really. Even Tiger—who provided Sorenstam with sage advice all week over the phone despite not playing in the event—says she should tee it up five or six times in a year to see how she really fares. But this was a one-time test and Sorenstam has indicated her desire is to go back to the LPGA and try to be even better than she has been. That doesn't mean you'll never see one of the ladies try and rip a drive from the back tees again. Keep an eye, for instance, on 13-year-old phenom Michelle Wie, who can already hit it 300 yards. She is scheduled to play in a men's event (not the PGA tour) later this year, with high hopes of being an occasional regular on the boys' circuit down the road.

Though Sorenstam, for lack of a better term, lost last week, golf won out. The Colonial was a hit, the LPGA should conceivably pull in much-needed better numbers from now on, Dean Wilson and Aaron Barber, her unknown playing partners, are now household names and the golf media, which has been so pathetically fixated on Tiger for the past five years, finally had something else to talk about.

Kenny Perry, the guy who quietly won the Colonial with a record score of -19, summed it up well: "If it's good for golf, it's good for me."

Just for Men? Maybe not. ☐

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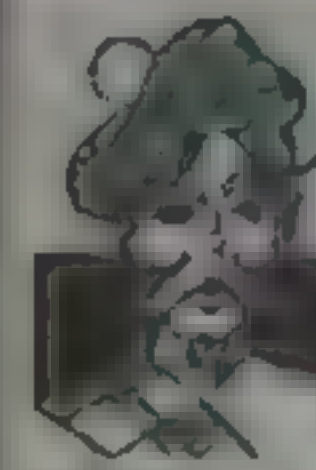
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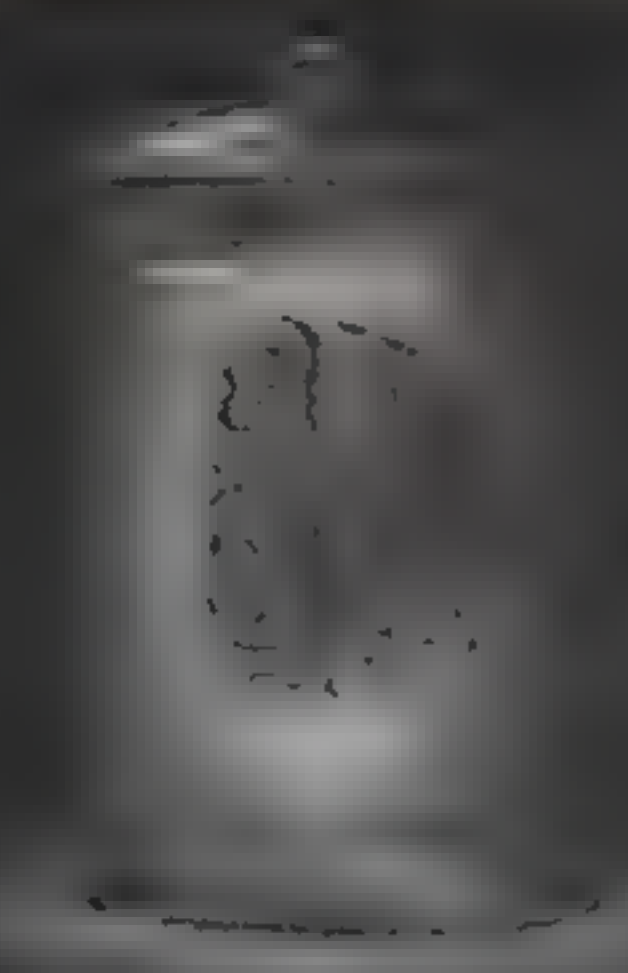
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EDUCATION 2003

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Make-up classes

Rapid Fire Theatre teaches kids how to live life without the aid of a script

BY JAMES ELFORD

Learning doesn't always require a classroom and a teacher—sometimes it can occur onstage under the tutelage of talented goofs. Or at least that's how things appear at the Nosebowl, Rapid Fire Theatre's annual high school Theatresports tournament. In addition to providing teens with a venue for behaving odder than usual in public, the Nosebowl also acts as a vehicle (likely a nitro-powered funny car) for learning and teaching through the age-old art of improvisation. (You know, when

actors perform unscripted scenes, often based on audience prompts like a line of dialogue, an emotion or a prop. "That's not my mother!" Anger! A stuffed armadillo!)

After some training sessions with improv instructors, Nosebowl students are given the somewhat daunting chance to test their skills in a

EDUCATION

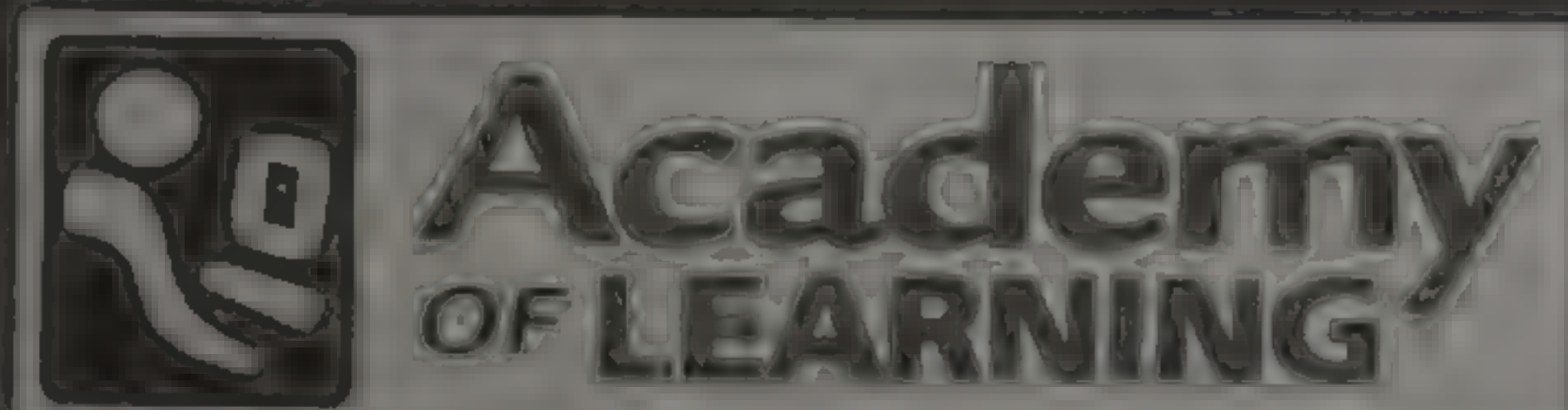
semi-competitive tournament, where they begin to hone abilities that can lead to theatre and improv work—or even have (gaspl) practical applications in the dreaded "real world." The end result of this fusion of stage-work, competition and manic flailing is sometimes funny, sometimes awkward and even, occasionally, educational

The Nosebowl started in Rapid Fire Theatre's 1995-96 season—a period in the company's history marred by financial debt—when then-new artistic director Jacob Banigan decided to press ahead with developing new projects despite a total lack of money. However, instead of a quixotic march into failure, this move resulted in the creation of the Nosebowl, a product of Banigan's simple epiphany that "kids like improv."

"Fostering improv is one of our mandates," explains Banigan, "and getting teens involved is perfect. They crave ways to break out of the mould or to find their own gig outside of schoolwork. I myself would have loved it as a student, so I built it to provide the chance to goof

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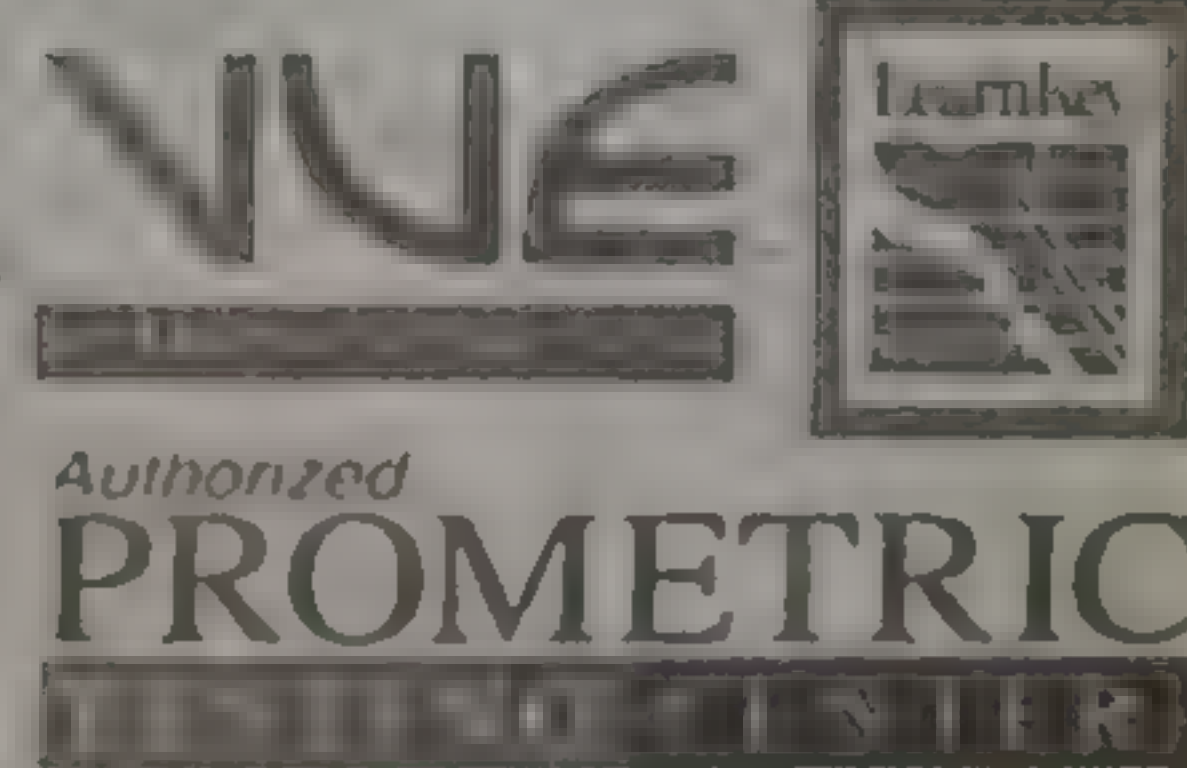
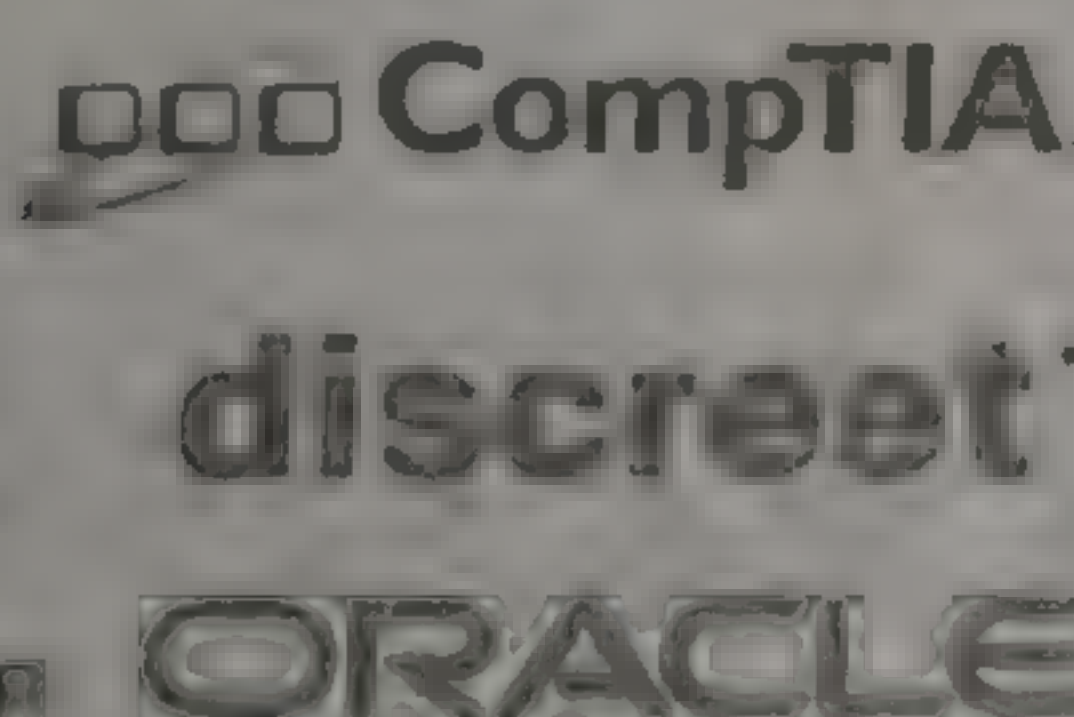


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Improv School

Continued from previous page

around constructively."

Despite appearances, improv isn't simply an opportunity to get more attention than one deserves by being wacky. Stagecraft, positivity and public speaking are just a few of the benefits that Banigan emphasizes. "It is so valuable and can be applied con-

stantly in everyday life," he says. "Be positive, react honestly, trust your instincts, listen to your peers, expect nothing but deliver what is expected and always say yes. Above all else, improv teaches trust: trust in impulse, your peers and, most importantly, yourself. Beyond the skill and talent showcase that improv provides and the opportunity to make everyone laugh, which we all crave, the ability to trust that

you can deliver when under the gun is a great gift."

COACHING IS PROVIDED by individual instructors who are assigned to "teams" at each participating school. At drama-infested Victoria Composite, longtime improviser and professional tall person Tad Hargrave worked closely with students to jam as much improv knowledge and experience into their heads as time

the new demands of the Rapid Fire style. Without a huddle or other preparation, the team had to take more risks and be more confident in its choices. For the Vic team, this change was one of the best lessons to come out of the training sessions. "Knowing what to do in the moment and learning to be able to take risks and say things in the moment are some of the biggest benefits that one gains from

unlearn bad habits from real life—such as becoming tense when confronting new or unexpected situations—is the real battle.

Although Hargrave says the process is fun, he points out that deeper lessons can be found between the moments of brilliant idiocy onstage. "Life is probably a lot more enjoyable if you can say yes and just go with things," he says, noting how important team-

many opportunities to learn about the process of teaching without having to worry about angry parents or years of university. "This was my first real workshop experience and it was quite fun," he says. "I'm learning a ton with every workshop I do and I think I take in more than the kids do. For example, I have noticed that it's very important to know the general downfalls of first-time improvisers as this helps with



stantly in everyday life," he says. "Be positive, react honestly, trust your instincts, listen to your peers, expect nothing but deliver what is expected and always say yes. Above all else, improv teaches trust: trust in impulse, your peers and, most importantly, yourself. Beyond the skill and talent showcase that improv provides and the opportunity to make everyone laugh, which we all crave, the ability to trust that

and cranial capacity would permit. Unlike most of the other schools, Victoria Composite has a separate improvisation class rather than a token unit in an underfunded drama class. But, as the students would discover, Theatresports can be a world away from the classroom.

Tia Chambers, a burgeoning improv aficionado, explains that the exercises Hargrave guided them through helped students adjust to

improv," says Chambers. "Tad teaches theory through practice and he is also willing to stop us in the middle and help us learn as we go instead of just giving us notes at the end when no one remembers."

"Having a coach opened up new thought processes for me and gave me new ideas about where scenes could go," agrees Nick Witschl, the team's only male. "Everything I do in my life is going to affect improv, and everything I do in improv is going to affect my life."

For his part, Hargrave says he approaches teaching "with great trepidation." Instead of simply teaching games or watching the kids fish for cheap laughs with dirty jokes, he focuses on fundamentals such as saying yes or advancing the plot of each scene without relying on weird or crazy ideas as "hilarious" crutches. But teaching new ideas is only part of Hargrave's job and he says that helping the kids

work is since the only way an individual can look good is by trying to make others look even better. Indeed, co-operation is the law of the improv jungle. At the same time, Hargrave says he benefits from the sessions as much as the teens. "I learn so much about it as I teach it," he says. "I've done it for 12 or 13 years and I've developed a lot of bad habits. When I'm working with students I am relearning it because as you watch people make mistakes you realize what you are doing yourself."

HARGRAVE ISN'T THE ONLY Rapid Fire improviser who's learning from his Nosebowl experience. First-time coach and local gadabout Julian Fey, whose own improv addiction was triggered at the Nosebowl, is also taking something away from the competition aside from a little money. Indeed, the Nosebowl is just the first of what Fey hopes will be

getting over the initial problems quickly and moving onto more important things."

The tournament itself is a round-robin event that takes place over three evenings, climaxing with a face-off between the two highest-scoring teams. Most teams acquitted themselves well, given their level of experience, and should be commended for having the intestinal fortitude to expose themselves to potential ridicule, always a feat for self-conscious teens. While some players, in desperation, resorted to tried-and-true, sexually suggestive gags, there were also some moments of genuine wit and the audience seemed to appreciate the opportunity to watch these punks sweat a little.

IN THE END, the Victoria Composite team didn't make it to the finals. Instead, it came down to a face-off between the two teams from the host school, W.P. Wagner. In a vicious bat-

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Improv school

Continued from previous page

tle to the finish, which exposed audiences to everything from sad songs about toothpaste to some of the whitest rapping that the Nosebowl has likely ever seen, youth ultimately beat out experience as the junior team managed to claw past the senior team in an extremely close match.

friends," says Salloum. "So, if someone pisses you off, you won't snap at them right away but instead hold off to plot a more horrible, drawn-out revenge."

WHILE THE YOUNG PERFORMERS claim to have enjoyed their experience with the Nosebowl, some indicated that they wouldn't mind seeing some changes in future incarnations. They also mentioned that



The Wagnerites see a direct correlation between their success and the way the sessions shaped their performances. "This isn't a comedy club," says senior team member Perry Gratton, who credits their coach, Donovan Workun, with keeping them focused and helping them to realize that improv is more than simply making as many dick jokes as possible. "You are going up there to make scenes and the humour comes naturally from going up there and making it up off the top of your head."

"We only had a few workshops with Donovan," explains junior team captain Nathan Marshall, "but we learned so much in that time because he can point out little picky things that we probably wouldn't have noticed before. He also had a big knowledge of games so he knew what we could play to work on those specific skills."

"It's like a step up from what our drama teacher teaches us," adds the senior team's resident guitarist, Nathan Salloum. "She teaches us the basis of what we need to know to create and improvisational scene, but Donovan built on those skills that she already taught us and advanced our skills."

Like the students from Victoria Composite, the Wagner teams credit the Nosebowl and improv in general with offering them more than just simple theatre skills. "When you are learning skills like self-composure in a scene, you can apply those skills to a job interview, or in a group of

they would have preferred a longer tournament with more schools to compete against, as well as more time to work with the coaches. Bani-gan explains that the tournament's participation rates are limited by the interest and willingness of schools to participate, but he does concede that students could benefit from more time with instructors. "I would love to double and triple the amount of time the teams get with instructors," he says. "They actually presently get three or four times the amount we could afford in the early days of the event. We hope to restructure the event so that the teams work with us a lot but our coaches can still put food on the table."

Truth be told, the material rewards of the Nosebowl are few. Wagner's junior team will have an opportunity to perform during Rapid Fire's Friday night Theatresports show, but aside from a T-shirt and some (hopefully) positive memories, the majority of students will only take away a little practice and a few new skills. Some might go on to hone these skills in "traditional" theatre or in improv troupes, others might try to actually apply some of the lessons they learned to their personal lives, while a third group will likely forget everything completely and go back to watching TV. Maybe it's for the best if not all of these students pursued improv too far: we can only dread what would happen to this town if it was filled with even *more* people going around being funny. ☺

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MUSIC



Loving Las Vegas

Indie queen Kinnie Starr finds an unlikely gig in Sin City with Cirque du Soleil

By LISA GREGOIRE

The end, and the beginning, came a little over a year ago. Kinnie Starr—feminist, nonconformist and indie queen of the mic—was playing a soft-seater in Nelson, B.C., a refreshing diversion from the usual club gigs. When she looked out from the wings, she was thrilled to see that, apart from the loyal radicals and mavericks who attend her shows, “everyone from grandmothers to little girls” was in the audience. It was encouraging to think her music could have such broad appeal. But later, she ran into a couple of young fans who gave her the gears about ticket prices being too high and the theatre offering nowhere to dance. They told her angrily they had boycotted the show.

“That was a turning point,” says Starr, on the phone from Montreal. “People get so possessive. They can be vicious. I do want to reach younger kids and older people. I don’t want to play smoky bars full of stoned people all the time. It’s not that literate and it’s not that interesting.”

In that moment, Starr discovered what many artists already know: musicians with political convictions who raise their opinions in songs and interviews can become unwitting and unbidden spokespeople—or worse, role models. And when artists like Starr tamper with their roots and expand their field of view, that can feel like abandonment to a hardcore fan. “What can you do?” she says. “I just realized at that moment, when those girls were so mad at me, that I was reaching more people.”

Deeply in love with a new man, grooving with a band of musicians who offer their talents generously

without suffocating hers and easing into 33 with a satisfied calm, Starr is glowing like the sun—which might explain the good vibes and spirited lyrics of her latest and third CD, *Sun Again*. From the playful soul beats of the opening track through pop songs, love songs and moody trip-hop, Starr leads an all-star cast of melody makers including Moka Only, DJ Murge, Coco Love Alcorn and ex-Dream Warrior Spek. The collection clearly strays from the angry rancour of her first two albums, *Tidy* and *Tune-up*. She says she still asks herself the same questions about power, gender politics, native identity (she’s part Metis) and commercial culture, only now she wants to let another side shine through in her music. She and drummer John Raham, with whom she co-produced *Sun Again*, paid more attention this time to melodies and arrangements, trying to deliver a truly professional album.

PREVIEW POP

“It’s about reaching outside your peer group,” she says. “There’s a real safety in writing for people who you think will get it. In my case, it’s been egotistical. I’ve caught myself on many occasions justifying making alternative music saying I don’t really want to reach mainstream people anyway. It’s very limiting.” It’s also a cop-out, she says, because it draws a tight circle around creativity, leaving no room for risk or growth. She wants to emerge from the underground and feels no guilt. “I wanted to craft the songs better,” she says. “Let’s make songs that more than our peers will understand.”

EVER THE CHAMELEON, Starr is excited about her upcoming two-week Canadian *Sun Again* tour but there’s much more on the radar. For two months, she’s been training in Montreal for Cirque de Soleil’s new “erotic cabaret” in Las Vegas. Next month, she will move to the Nevada

desert to begin rehearsals there as a singer for the internationally acclaimed, Montreal-based circus theatre group. It’s a new role for her—taking orders from directors, working with a troupe of 50, surrendering control of the creative process—but after a few weeks of adaptation, she started to bloom.

“I fucking love it,” she says. “I really thrive on new experiences. It’s a totally new production, so everyone’s freaking out. We’re in creation right now so basically everyone, well, no one knows exactly what they’re doing yet. I’m a singer.” Setting aside writing to focus on singing feels like a paid vacation, she says.

Cirque called about 18 months ago and beckoned her to Montreal to audition. There, in front of a stoic panel of directors, she stammered and fretted, unsure of what they wanted. They eventually told her just to show what she could do. Closing her eyes, she cocked her voice into the upper register and blasted out a high-pitched tribal chant within one long, sustained breath. When she opened her eyes, everyone looked stunned, she says. “I guess I caught their attention by being different.” The part she auditioned for went to someone else but they called her later and offered a different part for the Vegas show. While she will have a permanent spot on the Cirque stage for two years, Starr still expects to perform her own music periodically and, with the copious amounts of money she’ll be earning, plans to buy recording equipment and hopefully write and record a new CD in a blissful, hot desert setting.

“Now that my crew is rock solid and they’re happy with themselves and don’t mind if I make it—it’s such a great experience when you’re with people who want you to do well,” she says. “When we hit our 30s, I really do think we get better.”

KINNIE STARR

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"Every day is a party for me, every day is a feast," says Tiësto, the world's top DJ

by DAVE JOHNSTON

If DJs had kings, then Tiësto would be wearing the crown. But he has committed the great DJ sin: he knows the horror of clearing a dance floor.

"It happened only once, a long time ago," the Dutchman recalls. "I had to play at this party, and it was a hip hop party. So it was a hip hop crowd, obviously. They put me on after, so I started playing, and it was pretty clear that they were saying, 'Phht, what the hell is this?' So they all left. The whole place was empty, pretty quick."

There is a silver cloud to this story, however. "The owner of the club really loved my music, which is why he booked me in the first place. He was really happy—he made all the money on the hip hop, then had my music on his own."

What started out as a hobby for Tijs (rhymes with "nice") Verwest has become the kind of career millions will kill for, or at least admit to being envious of. "I hear it a lot, actually, how jealous people are," the 34-year old DJ laughs. "I know how lucky I am."

Tiësto began his career at the age of eight, playing at local dances before securing a job at the Spock, a well-known club in his hometown of Breda, Netherlands. It was here that Tiësto began playing with the kind of bass-driven grooves he'd become known for.

Then came the deals—first, Rotterdam label Basic Beat, who released his first mixed album, *Forbidden Paradise*. Then, with friend Arny Bink, he started Black Hole Recordings in 1997, followed by Majik Muzik a couple of years later. More mixed compilations came (like *In Search of Sunrise*), then the remixes—in particular, Delerium's "Silence," featuring Canuck chanteuse Sarah MacLachlan. It raced to #3 on the *Billboard* charts, and became an anthem in every corner of the globe. North America and England called—in fact, the world came to him, hungry for his brand of uplifting, club-friendly trance.

2002 was a crucial year for Tiësto. First, he released his artist album *In My Memory* on Nettwerk Records. The diverse record spawned several underground classics—"Flight 643," "Suburban Train," "Lethal Industry" and "Obsession"—and lodged itself on the European charts for months. He continued to remix for a growing list of high-profile pop artists and toured North America on Moby's Area 2 tour alongside Carl Cox and John Digweed.

"I was very surprised with how successful the album became," he says of *In My Memory*. "People only knew me for my mixed albums, as a DJ—I didn't know what to expect at all. It's hard for a DJ to do an artist album and be taken seriously. It's hard to sell because people want to buy mixed albums from DJs."

IT WAS THE AWARD that clinched it and announced that Tiësto the superstar had arrived, though. Every

ON THE COVER



year, the British dance music magazine *DJ* polls its global readership to discover who they believe to be the top spinner in the world. This year, Tiësto won—by a landslide. He was the best DJ in the world. The king.

"I don't want to be a rock star," he confesses. "I still consider myself a DJ, because that's the most important thing for me. I want to take the whole idea of DJing to the next level."

Ironically, people want to treat Tiësto like a rock star. "It doesn't affect me that much anymore," he says. "But I had to get used to it at the beginning, like the first time I started playing in England. I saw all these people looking at me while I played, instead of looking at each other. Now I'm used to it and it doesn't influence my sets. It makes it easier sometimes."

The character of those sets has been captured on his latest mix, *Nyana*, named after the Zulu term for the sun. The double album is split between the Outside (which contains the harder, faster material he's likely to spin at festivals) and the Inside (where his taste for uplifting, expansive house and trance takes over).

Throughout, Tiësto's remarkable knack for carefully choosing and effortlessly mixing tunes is in evidence, as tracks segue from each other as fluidly as if they were a single composition. The diversity of *Nyana*, from the hard edge of "Obsession" to the soaring title track, owes as much to his own skill as a producer as it does to his stature as a DJ, since the majority of tracks on the collection were selected from the hundreds of submissions he's been

PREVIEW TRANCE

sent by producers eager to have Tiësto play their material.

"The whole thing is me," he says. "This is how my sets are at the moment—they're very diverse, and that's what I like to play nowadays. I don't want to be stuck as a trance DJ, playing certain riffs and trends. It took a while for me to get here, but I'm satisfied about it."

Tiësto says he's always been open-minded when it comes to selecting music to play, but the crowds have

dictated the direction he's taken. "They don't always allow you to play what you want to play," he says simply. "But after a while, I thought about it and realized that I wasn't really happy. I had to change my style a little bit. If I'm not happy playing what I play, then how can people be happy?"

ULTIMATELY, TIËSTO AGREES, a DJ is an entertainer, paid to make people dance and have a good time, but he adds that he should also be free to do more. "I've found this nice part in the middle," he says, "where I can be satisfied about what I play, and the people seem to love it as well. At first they had to get used to it, and last year a lot of people were complaining that I was playing so much techno and not enough trance. But you see, a lot of other DJs are starting to do the same thing, because that's the way forward—that's the way dance music is."

Despite the current backlash against dance music, Tiësto doesn't see the genre fading away. "I see it going into the underground in the near future," he says. "The problem

right now is, dance music is on the way out in general because there isn't enough new blood coming in. All the new DJs who are coming in are just copies of everything else. It's time we had a new Carl Cox or Nick Warren, but they're not there."

Tiësto admits that his success has put him in a bubble, resistant to the crash around him. "Every where I go, the show is sold out, and people appear to love my music, so for me dance music is better than ever," he says. "For a lot of other DJs, though, they're struggling because they don't pull in the crowd anymore. You can't fool people anymore, either—they want quality. You can't just put a DJ in and that's it—people want a bit more."

It's a generational thing as well. "People who are 22 now have hardly heard of Sasha," he continues. "They don't want to listen to what their brother or sister listened to—they want their own music. If dance music is to ever become hugely popular again, we need new people, new sounds and new ideas."

Part of the new wave, Tiësto says, is fellow Dutchman and collaborator Junkie XL. "He's amazing. He just delivered a new mix of a single from Dave Gahan [frontman for Depeche Mode] for his solo album, and it's—unbelievable. He can go far—he could be a new Underworld on his own. He's that versatile."

By heading back underground, dance music is returning to its roots. "That's a good thing," Tiësto says. "It's become much more cool as a result. I think in five or six years, it's going to come back, better than ever, because people can have a chance to discover it again."

TIËSTO, ON THE OTHER HAND, is prepared to take his career over the edge. Early in May, he returned to Amsterdam to play a special concert for a stadium filled with 25,000 fans. The show was a hybrid of DJ culture and live performance, as musicians, singers and dancers graced the stage to perform alongside him. "I think that's the future for me," he says. "It takes a while to set up the connections to be able to do that—in Holland, it came together quite easily. To do that worldwide will take a lot of time. That's my goal, though—to do that kind of show on a worldwide tour."

If it all ended tomorrow, Tiësto would likely take it in stride. "I'd get on a boat, take all my favourite stuff with me, and think back on the good ol' days," he laughs. "Then I'd come back after a year and do something completely different. I'd come up with a new superplan."

Then there's been a plan all along?

"There has been, yeah," he replies. "I believe that if you really want something, you have to really want to have it. You have to think about it almost 24 hours a day. That's what I did with my DJing career—when I was 26, I really started thinking about it all the time. I wanted to be a known DJ, I wanted to play in clubs and travel the world. And after all those years, the dream comes true. Every day is a party for me, every day is a feast." ☺

TIËSTO

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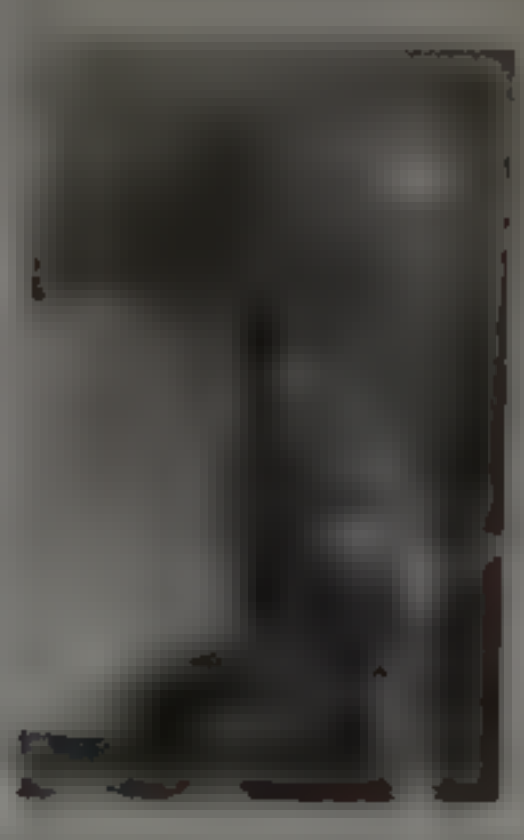
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MUSIC



music notes

BY JERED STUFFCO

A few good men

The Tom Cruise Missile • With the Salteens and Sekiden • Powerplant (U of A) • Fri, May 30 Brian Wilson, Syd Barrett, Keith Moon—the history of popular music is filled with stories of nervous breakdowns, erratic behavior and outright rock 'n' roll lunacy. While none of the members of local band the Tom Cruise Missile have ever driven their cars into swimming pools or tripped on acid for a month straight—at least not that we

know of—the band's guitarist (and designated mouthpiece) Rob Wood can relate.

"When we started out," he says, "there was a rotating cast of people that formed what became TTCM, but most of them seemed prone to nervous breakdowns. Seriously, I don't even think that the three of us who are in the band at the moment are even the three most appropriate; we're just the three who have managed to keep our sanity the longest."

Wanna test Wood's sanity? Just ask him about his experience as a music student at Grant MacEwan. "It was awful," he says. "In terms of a big picture about music—all the complexity of rhythm and melody—I learned a lot, but I watched a lot of my friends turn into jazz robots!"

Despite losing more than a few pals to the dark world of Steely Dan and Branford Marsalis, Wood managed to hook up with a small group of compatible musicians, including TTCM drummer Tim Rechner. "The like-

minded people who were there really sought themselves out, because it was a really jazz-fascist environment," Wood says. "Eventually, we all sort of found each other. Because everyone had four-tracks, we had this really great network of home recordings."

Since graduating from the program and solidifying his band's lineup, Wood and TTCM (which is rounded out by keyboardist Jason Stronciski) have been making quite a name for themselves in local music circles. Currently, the band is pouring their blood, sweat and fears onto tape at the Blue Room, a local studio run by the Floor's Graham Lessard.

"It's going to be an EP," says Wood. "At first, we wanted to record as much as we could, but some of material didn't really seem relevant. Having Graham involved has brought in a different set of ears, which has helped too. We've really wanted to get rid of the indie rock clichés that didn't push the music forward in any meaningful way."

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With the working title *Delete All Songs*, local music fans should expect to see the EP released sometime in the near future; just don't ask Wood to divulge an exact date. "First," he explains, "we've got to find someone to put the record out—either that or raise some more money and put it out ourselves, because we've broken the bank with the recording. Now we don't have any more money to get the CDs made!"

Roger that!

Roger • With Hot Little Rocket and Whatabitch • Powerplant (U of A) • Sat, May 31 On the Can-con classic "Layin' Pipe," grizzled bluesman David Wilcox howled, "I take the night shift/I sleep all day." Even though he doesn't do a lot of pipe-laying, Roger frontman Darren McKague shares Wilcox's sentiment. For the past 10 months he's been working at the Herb Jameson Centre (a downtown men's shelter) as a caregiver to many of the city's less fortunate. "I've been working with the guys down there from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.," he says, "doing stuff like checking their bags, monitoring the door, putting toothpaste on their toothbrushes and making sure they were well fed."

Seems like a far cry from the hedonistic world of sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll. But then again, the 24-year-old McKague—who recently cut his hours at the shelter back to part-time—isn't your typical rocker. While most guys his age are concerned with getting paid, laid and blitzed out, the motives of McKague and his bandmates are considerably more altruistic. "I can't say with a straight face that any of us in this band have gained the abilities that we have on our own," says McKague. "I think it's almost our responsibility to use our gifts to give something back."

It's an attitude that's reflected in the band's music, an impassioned blend of Jeff Buckley-style melodicism and a dynamic quality that's all their own. "I hope that the music we make comes from a humble place and we have a product that conveys a sense of well-being, excitement, hope, joy and all that good stuff," McKague says. "Because that's what I like to hear when I listen to music."

Much ado has been made about the band's victory in the Bear's *Rock Odyssey*, a local songwriting contest that landed them 100 hours of free studio time, distribution and CD manufacturing. So much ado, in fact, that McKague wants to ensure that he and his bandmates don't appear complacent. "The disc that's out right now [*How to Raise and Train a Dachshund*—we'd been working on it for two years," he says. "We don't want to seem like we're riding the coattails of something we did two years ago; we'd like to think that we're past that now. I mean, we've got enough material now to fill a new record and more."

Upright citizens brigade

The Vertical Struts • With Whitey Houston and Twin Fangs • New City • Thu, June 5 Ask any beach bum, fratboy or bikini model, and they'll tell you that nothin' says summer like a two-piece. Accordingly, next

Thursday's show at New City Suburbs will offer up three of Edmonton's finest duos on a single stage as Whitey Houston, the Vertical Struts and the Twin Fangs prepare to plug in and rock out at the downtown venue. That's right: three acts who, even if you put them all together, would still be smaller than the percussion section of Don Henley's last touring band.

So how did the unique idea come about? "Penny [of Twin Fangs] pitched the idea to me a few months ago," explains Raymond Biesenger, vocalist/guitarist with the Vertical Struts. "We wanted the night to be presented as sort of a 'Battle of the Two-Pieces.'"

The gig has also been dubbed "The Struts '03 Comeback Special." After winning fans and breaking hearts last year with their inspired brand of rock 'n' rogue, the Struts decided to take an extended hiatus from the world of gigs, groupies and go-go dancing. "After last summer," Biesenger says, "me and [drummer Trevor Anderson] sort of decided to take some time off, because we'd done a lot as a group in the 10 months leading up to that point. We sort of built this thing up from nothing; I mean; Trevor hadn't even played drums before this band."

The fellas also have some new material to air at the show, which will showcase a new direction for the band—sort of. "We'd been listening to the same records for too long" explains Biesenger. "Something had to change. All of our older songs seemed to belong to four different families, so we decided it was time to start a new family." According to Biesenger, the new material is similar to later-period Kinks: "You can describe all of our stuff in relation to the Kinks, thank God!"

Despite the hiatus, the Verticals should be primed and ready to rock, especially considering their recent adventures in Penhold, where the band recently played an all-ages show. And how did the Struts' rock 'n' roll shenanigans go over in rural Alberta? "It was surreal and intense," says Biesenger. "Penhold is Trevor's home town and I think he wanted to make a big homecoming. I'm pretty sure he got it, because right in the middle of our set, some kid jumped up and yelled, 'Trevor, you're my god!'"

Expect the same reception next Thursday.

The rising cost of folk

In the words of festival organizer Terry Wickham, this year's edition of the Edmonton Folk Music Festival—August 7 to 10 in Gallagher Park—has "kept the depth, but added some sparkle."

The sparkle comes in the form of recent Grammy winners Norah Jones and Solomon Burke, while the depth will be provided by the likes of Daniel Lanois and Nanci Griffith. "I think Lanois is an important one because he's Canadian and how he's become a legend in production circles," Wickham says, referring to Lanois's famed collaborations with the likes of U2 and Brian Eno.



Daniel Lanois

Other notables in the lineup include the Funk Brothers, Ricky Skaggs, Jim Cuddy, Bruce Cockburn and rising star Kathleen Edwards. "I think there's a good representation of the younger singer/songwriters this year," Wickham notes. "People like Nathan Wiley and Kathleen Edwards are part of something new."

Of course, there's a price to be paid for the spectacular lineup. Transferable passes for the four-day event are now \$119—a \$20 increase from last year, or \$5 per day. Non-transferable passes, however, are still \$99, which are exchanged for a wristband at the gate.

Wickham expects to get some flak for the spike, but he believes the math makes sense. "We're spending \$150,000 more on artists this year—you've got to pay to get the good stuff," he explains. "We've been able to offset that cost with \$75,000 more in sponsorship, so we have to recoup the rest from festivalgoers."

He also believes that when you break down the price, each day works out to around \$30—with children under 11 and seniors over 65 still getting through the gate for free—and that keeping the cost of the non-transferable pass stable is "a bit like a reward" for the faithful.

"There are people who think that if they buy the pass, it doesn't matter what they do with it, but it does," Wickham says, adding that when someone buys a pass, they end up getting a deal on the per-day cost. If someone wants the luxury of a transferable pass, he adds, it shouldn't be unreasonable to ask for a small premium to offset the effect on single-ticket sales. "We're not in this to make money," Wickham concludes. "We're just trying to put on a show and break even."

Still, if people still find the price a little rich for their blood, Wickham says they have another option. "They could always volunteer—which is sometimes the best way to experience this festival," he laughs. "We've nearly got 2,000 people now and we can always use more help." —DAVE JOHNSTON



NEW CITY

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MLADA FRONTA
MIMETIC

Mon. June 2nd
 Maplemusic/Universal Recording Artist
Kinnie Starr
& Her Band
Daisy Blue Groff

Thursday June 5th
Whitey Houston
The Vertical Struts
The Twin Fangs

Fri. June 6th
 NeXtFest Presents
Just Push Play
An Interactive Journey Through The Evolution of Dance
 w/ Music from Ninja Tune, Haujobb,
 Aphex Twin, Mlada Fronta and more
 Guests - Swoop Audio & DJ Nikrofeelya

Thurs. June 12th
Dayglo Abortions
The Video Dead
The Franklins

Fri. June 13th
 NeXtFest Presents:
Minstrels on Speed
Mr. Relaxer
The Minks (Calgary)

Tickets for select shows available at:
 New City, Blackbird, Frecloud, access & listen.

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Sat. June 7
Johnny Bourbon
of the Blooze Hounds

Sat. June 14
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THU LIVE MUSIC

BLUES ON WHYTE J.W. Jones

CASINO (YELLOW-HEAD) Looker (pop/rock)

FOUR ROOMS (DOWNTOWN) Alterations Trio

KINGSKNIGHT PUB Connors Road

NEW CITY LIKWID LOUNGE Half Cut, The Marble Index, The Candidates, The Mark Birtles Project

RED'S Mauro Picotto; no minors; \$20 (adv)/\$25 (day of)

SEEDY'S Ghost Town Drive, Cripple Creek Fairies

SHERLOCK HOLMES (CAPILANO) Tim Becker

SHERLOCK HOLMES (DOWNTOWN) Derrick Sigurdson

SHERLOCK HOLMES (WEM) Sam August

SUGAR BOWL Michael Jerome Brown; 9pm

URBAN LOUNGE Granny Dynamite

DJS

THE ARMOURY Lo Ball Night: top 40

BILLY BOB'S LOUNGE Big Mouth Entertainment

BLACK DOG FREE-HOUSE Thump: intronica with the DDK Soundsystem

ELEPHANT AND CASTLE ON WHYTE Sleeman Method Thursdays: hip hop, downtempo with DJ Headspin

LONGRIDERS DJ Lou; 7pm; free

MAJESTIK House/breaks with Tripswitch, Sweetz

NASHVILLE'S ELECTRIC ROADHOUSE The Boy Scouts, Urban Metropolis Soundcrew; no minors; \$8; tickets available at Underground

RED'S House/trance/techno with Mauro Picotto (Italy), DomG (Calgary)

THE ROOST Rotating shows: Ladonna's Review, Sticky's open stage and the Weakest Link game with DJ Jazzy second and last Thursday; \$1 (member)/\$3 (non-member)

RUM JUNGLE Reggae/dancehall with Shaggy; 8pm (door), 11pm (show); no minors; \$20; tickets available at TicketMaster (451-8000)

THE STANDARD House with Mark Farina (San

Francisco), Junior Brown

STARS NIGHTCLUB Retro Thursdays: classic rock, top 40, retro with DJ Rage and guests; 9pm (door)

VELVET LOUNGE Urban Substance: hip hop/R&B/dancehall with Shortround, Echo, DJ Spincycle, Invoiceable, J-Money and Sean-B

YOUR APARTMENT Brit Pop

FRI LIVE MUSIC

A STARS Midpoint, 10 Second Epic, Dudley Dawson; 9pm

BLUES ON WHYTE J.W. Jones; \$3

CAPITOL HILL PUB Bad Habits

CASINO (EDMONTON) Look Twice (classic rock/variety); **PIANO BAR:** Jo Ann Paul; 5:30pm-8pm

CASINO (YELLOW-HEAD) Looker (pop/rock)

DOUCETTE'S Mosaic (top 40 country, big band, swing, jive, classic rock, dance)

FATBOYZ Bob Cook and the Unherd-of; 9:30pm; no cover

FOUR ROOMS (DOWNTOWN) Alterations Trio

FOUR ROOMS (ST. ALBERT) Lana Sloan

HIGHRUN CLUB Secret Sauce

J.J.'S Pub Danielle B (CD release party), Debra Ann Congi, Tina Leighton

KINGSKNIGHT PUB Exit 303

L.B.'S PUB Two Jakes

LONGRIDER'S Crush; 7pm (door); \$4 after 9pm

NEW CITY LIKWID LOUNGE Mlada Fronta, Mimetic

OSCARS PUB Alan Clark

POWER PLANT The Salteens, Sekiden, The Tom Cruise Missile

SHERLOCK HOLMES (CAPILANO) Tim Becker

SHERLOCK HOLMES (DOWNTOWN) Derrick Sigurdson

SHERLOCK HOLMES (WEM) Sam August

SHERLOCK HOLMES (WHYTE) Jimmy Whitten

SEEDY'S Nasty One, Honeysuckle Serontina

SIDETRACK CAFÉ Orquesta Energia (Latin),

URBAN LOUNGE Granny Dynamite; \$5

YARDBIRD SUITE Hugh Fraser Quintet; 8pm (door), 9pm (show); \$12 (member)/\$16 (guest); tickets available at TicketMaster

ZENARI'S ON 1ST Charlie Austin

CLASSICAL

WINSPEAR CENTRE The Masters: Edmonton Symphony Orchestra featuring Valaine Anderson (soprano), Sidney Harth (conductor); 8pm; tickets start at \$22 (student/senior discounts available); \$15 student rush seating available at the box office one hour prior to concert time; tickets available at Winspear Centre box office

DJS

THE ARMOURY Heaven and Hell: top 40, dance, retro

BACKROOM VODKA BAR Royale: funk/soul/classics with Echo, Shortround

BILLY BOB'S LOUNGE Big Mouth Entertainment

BOOTS Retro Disco: retro dance

BUDDY'S NIGHT CLUB Top 40 with DJ Arrowchaser

CALIENTE NIGHTCLUB Hip hop/R&B/reggae with Q.B., Invoiceable, J-Money

CLIMAXX AFTER-HOURS House, trance with James Gregory, Clark Nova, Wil Danger Geoffrey J

COWBOYS Ladies Night: top 40

DONNA Fusion: live jazz/house with DJ Zohar, Dr. Yvo, Indigo and guests

HALO Riddim Control: tech and deep house with Ariel, Roel, Chris Goza

JAX RESTAURANT AND PUB White Trash Night 4: house/trance/breaks with David Stone, Anthony Donohue, Derkin, Mistah Hellfire and Shawn Styan

THE JOINT Fresh Fridays: R&B, hip hop with Urban Metropolis

MAJESTIK Society: breaks/drum 'n' bass with Degree, Ghetto FX, Optimus Prime, LP, MC Deadly, MC Flopro

MANHATTAN CLUB Top 40, dance/R&B

NEW CITY LIKWID LOUNGE One Night Stand

soul/indie/Britpop/ reggae with Bluejay, Travy D and S Master F

THE ROOST Euro Blitz: best new European music with DJ Outtawak; Upstairs: DJ Jazzy; Downstairs: female stripper; \$3 (member)/\$5 (non-member)

ROXY ON WHYTE Babylon Fridays: retro/R&B/dance with DJ Extreme

SAVOY Eclectonica with Djs Bryana, Chris

THE STANDARD Top 40/dance with Standard Issue

STARS NIGHTCLUB Freedom Fridays: alternative, house, hip hop, top 40 with DJ Rage

STONEHOUSE PUB Alternative, house, hip hop, top 40 with DJ Rage and DJ Weezle; 9pm

TONIC AFTER DARK Fluid Fridays: top 40, dance with DJ Philler

Y AFTERHOURS F#3K Fridays: house/breaks/d 'n' b with Tripswitch, Sweetz, Remo, Juicy, Jameel, LP, Degree, Sureshock, Old Bitch

YOUR APARTMENT House with DJ Tomek

SAT LIVE MUSIC

A STARS Dance Floor Disasters vs The Fanklins, Black Market Inc, Hit and Run, Nothing at All; 9pm (door)

BLUES ON WHYTE J.W. Jones; \$3

CAPITOL HILL PUB Bad Habits

CASINO (EDMONTON) Look Twice (classic rock/variety); **PIANO BAR:** Jo Ann Paul; 5:30pm-8pm

CASINO (YELLOW-HEAD) Looker (pop/rock)

DOUCETTE'S Mosaic (top 40 country, big band, swing, jive, classic rock, dance)

FOUR ROOMS (DOWNTOWN) Mo Lefever Trio

FOUR ROOMS (ST. ALBERT) Lana Sloan

HIGHRUN CLUB Secret Sauce

J.J.'S PUB The Old Timers (rock)

J AND R BAR AND GRILL Hoffman-Brown Band (pop/rock); 9pm-1am; no cover

KINGSKNIGHT PUB Exit 303

L.B.'S PUB Two Jakes

LONGRIDER'S Crush; 7pm (door); \$4 after 9pm

NASHVILLE'S ELECTRIC ROADHOUSE Company with Brian Howe; \$20 (adv); tickets available at TicketMaster

OSCARS PUB Alan Clark

PERC BUILDING Homeire: Bluegrass concert with Dave and Rose; 7:30pm; \$10

SEEDY'S Pornada, Blood Music, Lamptreesky

SHERLOCK HOLMES (CAPILANO) Tim Becker

SHERLOCK HOLMES (DOWNTOWN) Derrick Sigurdson

SHERLOCK HOLMES (WEM) Sam August

SHERLOCK HOLMES (WHYTE) Jimmy Whitten

SIDETRACK CAFÉ Chris Colepaugh and the

Cosmic Crew (blues, jam)
SPORTSMANS CLUB Jambone

STRATHEARN PUB Tootin' Annes; 9pm; no cover

URBAN LOUNGE Granny Dynamite; \$5

YARDBIRD SUITE Hugh Fraser Quintet; 8pm (door), 9pm (show); \$1 (member)/\$16 (guest tickets available at TicketMaster)

CLASSICAL

ALL SAINTS' CATHEDRAL Music of the People, featuring Da Camera Singers with Kokopelli; 8pm; \$15/\$10 (senior/student); tickets available at the door, TIX on the Square (420-1757)

ITAL-CANADIAN SENIOR ASSOCIATION Hall Richard Eaton Singers; fundraiser for Richard Eaton Singers Maritimes tour; \$20 (door)

WINSPEAR CENTRE The Masters: Edmonton Symphony Orchestra featuring Valaine Anderson (soprano), Sidney Harth (conductor); 8pm; tickets start at \$22 (student/senior discount available); \$15 student rush seating available at the box office one hour prior to concert time tickets available at Winspear Centre box office

DJS

THE ARMOURY Top 40, dance

BACKROOM VODKA BAR Flava: hip hop with Shortround

BILLY BOB'S Top 40, country with DJ

BILLY BOB'S LOUNGE Big Mouth Entertainment

BLACK DOG FREEHOUSE Sausage Party: obscure indie rock with DJ Ballhog

BOOTS Flashback Saturdays: retro dance, house with Derrick, Manny Mullatto

BUDDY'S NIGHT CLUB Animal Night: top 40 with DJ Arrowchaser

CALIENTE NIGHTCLUB Community: house/tech no with Fat Matt, Mistah Hellfiya, Neal K, Anthony Rizzuto, DJ Nightcrawler

CLIMAXX AFTER-HOURS House/hard dance with Mr Anderson, LP, Shortee Marc Lossier, Jeff Hills

CRISTAL LOUNGE Hip hop/R&B with Invoiceable

DONNA Silk: house with Winston Roberts and guests

HALO House with Todd Omotani (Vancouver) Junior Brown

JAX RESTAURANT AND PUB Mad Cow Rodeo Night: hard house/trance with Derkin, guests

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ber) \$5 (non-member)

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Saturday
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DJ Jazzy

RUBY SKYE BAR
LOUNGE Nite at the
Skye: R&B/hip hop with
People's DJ

SAVOY Deep house with
Ariel and Roel

STARS NIGHTCLUB Fire
and Ice Saturdays: R&B,
hip hop, reggae with DJ
Nevin; 9pm; no cover
until 10pm

STONEHOUSE PUB Top
40 with DJ Clay

TONIC AFTER DARK
Surreal Saturdays: top 40,
dance with DJ Philler

**WINDSOR BAR AND
GRILL** Sonic Assimilation:
electronica with Lowtek,
Waterboy, Mmm, 68K,
Galatea

Y AFTERHOURS
Mayhem Saturdays:
House/trance/ hard
dance/breaks with
Charlie Mayhem,
Crunchie, Anthony
Donohue, David Stone,
Derkin, Juicy, Donovan,
Jaw-Dee, Dave Thierman

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Nordic Foundations: DJ
Dennis Zaz and Rackman
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ALBERTA)** Highway 2
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turing Don Ross (clar-
inet), Olena Kilchyk
(cello), John Robertson
(piano); 7:30pm;
\$15/\$10
(student/senior)/\$30
(family); tickets available
at the door

DJS

**BACKROOM VODKA
BAR** Moonlight Cinema:
chilled beats and movies

**BLACK DOG FREE-
HOUSE** What the Hell:
downtempo, funk with
Trampoline

CALIENTE NIGHTCLUB
Ladies Night, with
Invinceable, MC J Money
(hip hop/R&B/dancehall)

MAJESTIK Breakfast at
Tiffany's: hard dance,
house with Tiff-Slip,
Derkin, Anthony
Donohue and guests

MANHATTAN CLUB
Industry Night: top 40,
dance/R&B

THE ROOST Betty Ford
Hangover Clinic Show
Beer Bash: every long
weekend with DJ Jazzy;
\$1

SAVOY French Pop:
mixed with Deja DJ

RUM JUNGLE Industry
Sundays: top 40

BLUES ON WHYTE
Donald Ray Johnson

L.B.'S PUB Open stage

with Randy Martin; 9pm-
2am

**NEW CITY LIKWID
LOUNGE** Kinnie Starr
and Her Band, Daisy Blue
Groff

**SHERLOCK HOLMES
(WEM)** Mike Zaine

DJS

THE ARMOURY
Upstairs: house with
Junior Brown

**BACKROOM VODKA
BAR** Local Motive:
trance, house, breaks
with DJ Waterboy, guests

**BLACK DOG FREE-
HOUSE** Indie rock with
Penny and the Jets

**TUE
LIVE MUSIC**

**BACKROOM VODKA
BAR** Open stage hosted
by Randy Smallman,
Chris Buranet, Mark
Kozov; 9pm-1am

BLUES ON WHYTE
Donald Ray Johnson

DRUID Open stage with
Chris Wynters

JASPER PLACE HOTEL
Hugh Betcha and His
Okie Dokie Orchestra

**SHERLOCK HOLMES
(DOWNTOWN)** Tim
Becker

**SHERLOCK HOLMES
(WEM)** Mike Zaine

YARDBIRD SUITE
Tuesday Jam Session:
David "Crawd" Cantera
(blues); 9pm
show; \$3

DJS

BILLY BOB'S LOUNGE
Karaoke and DJ Tues with
Run Riot Professional
Music Productions

**BLACK DOG FREE-
HOUSE** Viva Le Rock:

indie rock

BUDDY'S NIGHT CLUB
Top 40 with DJ Stephan

CALIENTE NIGHTCLUB
Bashment Tuesdays: hip
hop/R&B/reggae/dance-
hall with Bomb Squad, DJ
Invinceable

MAJESTIK DJ Karaoke:
open decks with Derkin

THE ROOST Wild and
Wet contest with DJ
Rhonda; \$1 (member)/\$3
(non-member)

ROXY ON WHYTE Hip
hop with DJ Vadim (UK),
with the Russian
Percussion, First Rate,
Shortround and Echo

STARS NIGHTCLUB
Funky Flx Tuesday: with
DJ Robin of da Notes

**WED
LIVE MUSIC**

**ATLANTIC TRAP AND
GILL** Open mic hosted
by Kimberly MacGregor;
8pm

BLUES ON WHYTE
Donald Ray Johnson

JASPER PLACE HOTEL
Hugh Betcha and His
Okie Dokie Orchestra

PLEASANTVIEW HALL
Northern Bluegrass Circle
Music Society bluegrass
jam; 7:30pm

**ROSSDALE COMMUNI-
TY HALL** Little Flower
open stage with Brian
Gregg; 8pm

**SHERLOCK HOLMES
(DOWNTOWN)** Tim
Becker

**SHERLOCK HOLMES
(WEM)** Mike Zaine

URBAN LOUNGE
Superseed, Deep Fine
Grind; \$5

CLASSICAL

**ALBERTA COLLEGE
CONSERVATORY OF**

MUSIC Percussion
ensemble featuring
Ronda Metszies (cello),
John McCormick (con-
ductor); 7:30pm; \$10/\$5
(senior/student)

DJS

**BACKROOM VODKA
BAR** Whyte House
Wednesdays: house with
Anel and Roel, Winston
Roberts

**BLACK DOG FREE-
HOUSE** Glitter Gulch:
country, roots

BUDDY'S NIGHT CLUB
Top 40 with DJ Stephan

FILTHY McNASTY'S
Mix Tape Wednesdays:
hip hop with Reece, C-
Sekshon, Sonny Grimezz

MAJESTIK I Love
Techno: techno, tech
house with Neal K,
guests

THE ROOST Amateur
Strip: Weena Luv, Sticky
Vicky with DJ Alvaro; \$1
(member)/\$3 (non-mem-
ber)

SEEDY'S Kicked in the
Teeth Wednesdays with
DJ Lloyd

STARS NIGHTCLUB Hip
hop, R&B, soul with DJ Who
and the Sound Crew,
special MC guests

VELVET LOUNGE
Ignition: hip hop with
Politic Live, Darkson
Tribe, DJ Instigate

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VENUE GUIDE

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Best in the west

TEXT AND PHOTOS
BY PHIL DUPERRON

More than 200 bands appeared at last week's New Music West conference, and they were all fighting to catch the eye of a small handful of record company executives. Over four days in venues across Vancouver, bands did their best to impress in their 30-minute sets. Big-ticket events like Sam Roberts and the Flaming Lips helped pay for the event but the true new music can be found battling it out in sketchy bars like the Brickyard, where the beer is cheap and Vancouver's new safe injection site is just next door. I opted for the cheep beer whenever possible. ♡

Crystal Pistol:
Lead singer Mike Ireland shows what it takes to get ahead at New Music West in the bathroom of the Brickyard.



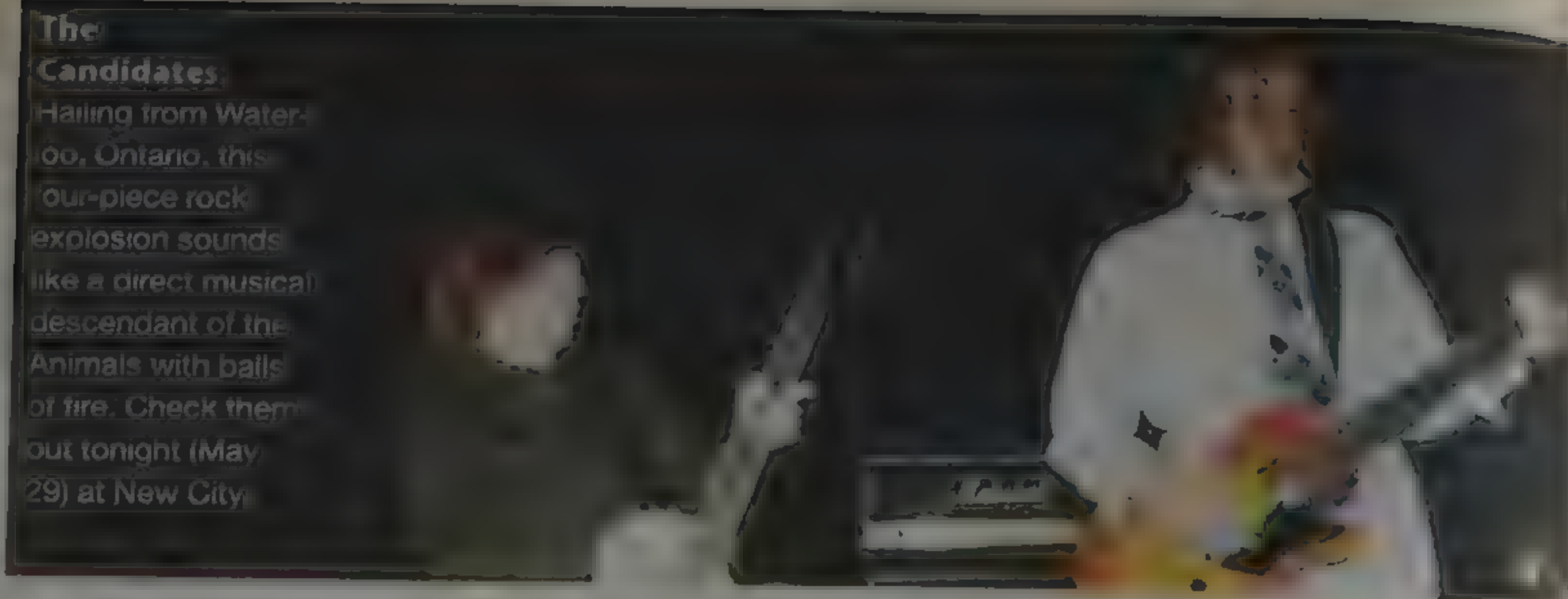
Speed to Kill:
Looking sharp in their matening white attire Speed to Kill slew a sold-out audience at the Penthouse, normally a high-class strip joint.



Ridley Bent:
This hick-hop guitarist tells the most amazing musical stories about sex, drugs and all the rest of the good stuff.



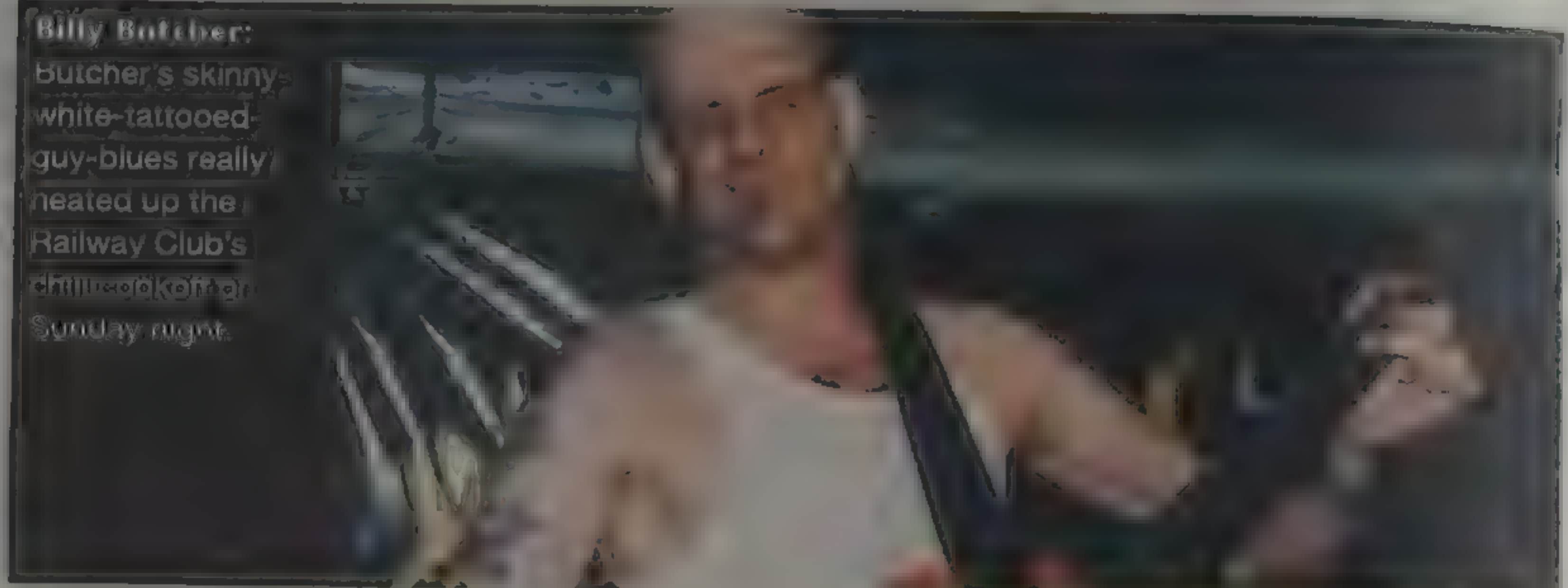
The Candidates:
Hailing from Waterloo, Ontario, this four-piece rock explosion sounds like a direct musical descendant of the Animals with balls of fire. Check them out tonight (May 29) at New City.



SunLikeStar:
At first glance, this Vancouver act seems like your average radio-friendly rock act but under that veneer lies a sleeping giant of intense songwriting and a booming rhythm section.

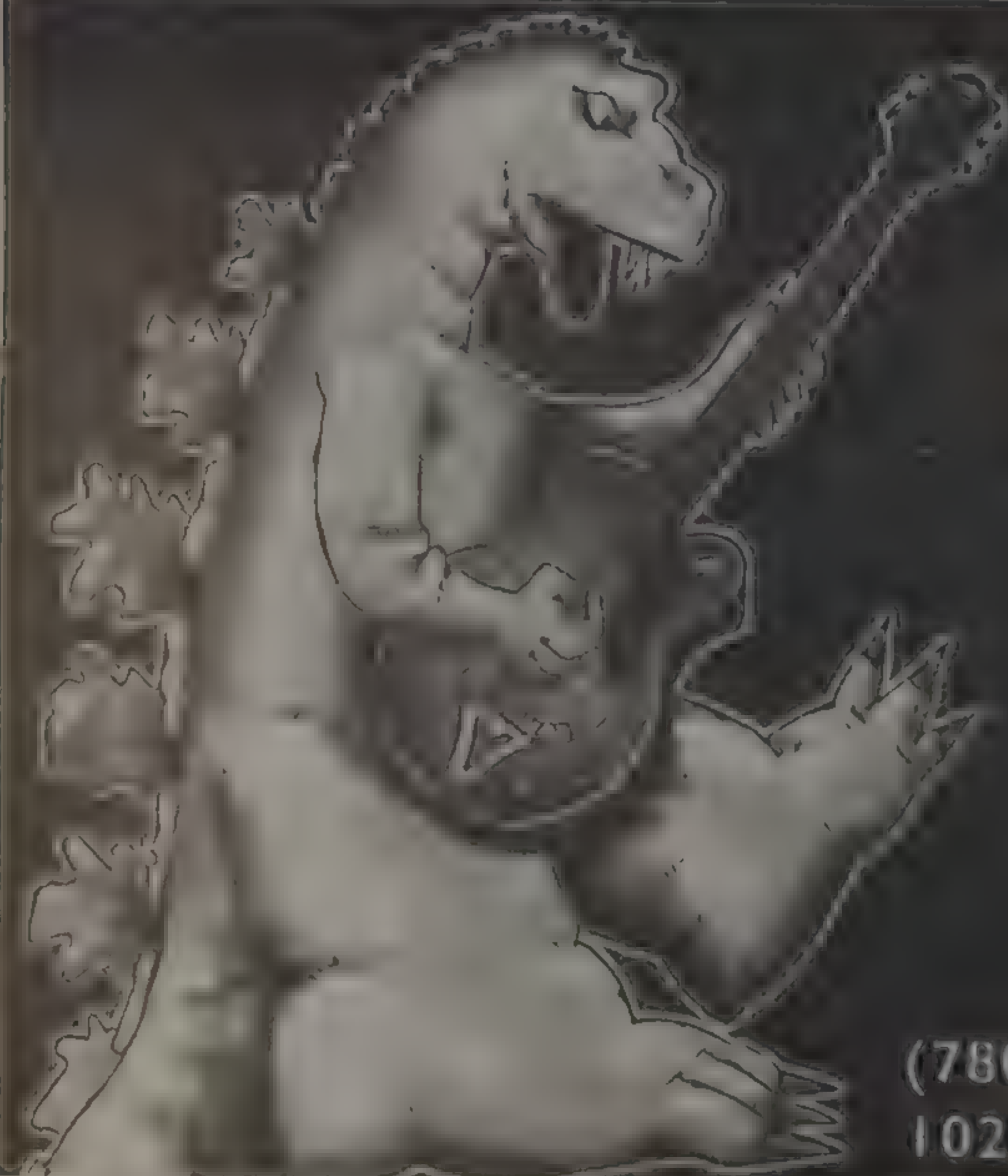


Billy Butcher:
Butcher's skinny, white-tattooed-guy-blues really heated up the Railway Club's chill-out room Sunday night.



JOYKAMP:
JOYKAMP is billed as "Vancouver's angriest band," and I truly thought I would be showered in blood as the veins in lead singer Rik Kiviah's head swelled to the bursting point as he belted out the band's aggressive, politically charged lyrics.





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BY ALLISON KYDD

Far from Yefim

These days, descriptions such as "internationally acclaimed" and "prize-winning performer" get applied to more and more artists and consequently mean less. Sometimes, however, they are the only words that fit. Such is the case with pianist **Yefim Bronfman**, who appears as part of the Metamorphosis Series tonight (Thursday). Not only has Bronfman performed with the world's best orchestras, but he also has a 1997 Grammy for Best Instrumental Soloist and the 1991 Avery Fisher Prize on his mantel. The recital will include Beethoven's Sonata No. 7 in D major, Salonen's "Dichotomie," Rachmaninoff's "Preludes" and Prokofiev's Sonata No. 7 in B-flat major.

Canadian soprano **Valdine Anderson** brings her international reputation back to Edmonton this weekend for the season finale of the Edmonton Symphony Orchestra Master's Series on Friday and Saturday. She has appeared with both the ESO and Edmonton Opera and this time is guest

soloist for Mahler's Symphony No. 4. Other works on the program are Dvorák's "Carnival Overture" and the world premiere of Calgary composer Allen Bell's *Symphonies of Hidden Fire*. Guest conductor is Sidney Harth; the symphony prelude is by Bill Damur, flutist, teacher and entrepreneur.

Not far away, also on Saturday at 8 p.m., **Da Camera Singers** play All Saints Anglican Cathedral, this time with guest choir Kokopelli. The program features popular music throughout the ages by such composers as Wilbye, Mendelssohn, Stanford, Healy, Ciopeland and Moses Hogan. The concert also boasts the world premiere of "Three Prairie Songs," by Jason Summach.

Saturday night is always prime concert time, but this weekend the choices start even earlier. This is the weekend of the **Pro Coro Canada** charity golf tournament at the Jagare Ridge Golf Club in southwest Edmonton and the Edmonton Recorder Society's second annual *Sing, Toot and Paddle* at Elk Island Park. Says Pro Coro spokesperson Astrid Blodgett, "We will play/sing from 10 to one, enjoy a potluck lunch and canoe on Astotin Lake." Talk about feeding the whole person!

Good things do occasionally come out of Calgary—take ESO interim concertmaster John Lowry, for instance. A crony of his, pianist John Robertson, and another Calgarian, Olena Kilchyk, are performing with clarinetist Don Ross this Sunday evening in the latest incarnation of the **St. Crispin's Chamber Ensemble**. Ross says the trio has clocked many miles on High-

way 2, since their rehearsals were in Red Deer—hence the concert's title: *Highway 2 Heaven*. "And the music is heavenly," he adds. The concert is at 7:30 in Studio 2-7 in the Fine Arts Building of the University of Alberta.

Trio Monde (soprano Judith Richardson, flutist Amity Mitchell and

Mature women's voices imitating those of boy sopranos often make a tight, unpleasing sound without texture or warmth

pianist Tammy-Jo Mortensen) have another parlour concert coming up, at 10563-76 Ave. Christmas was fully booked and their Celtic Valentine production was so popular they've added an extra day for Victorian Tea in the Parlour. So it's 3 p.m. on Saturday, Sunday and Monday for floppy hats,

cameo pins and a seemly mixture of art songs, show tunes and arias. Naturally, tea and scones come after.

As far as listeners at Holy Trinity Anglican Church on May 25 were concerned, doctoral candidate **John Brough** has leapt his first hurdle with flying colours. He hadn't even lifted his baton when the sanctuary exploded with whoops of approval, and nothing changed the tone. Brough's committee chair, University of Alberta professor Leonard Ratzlaff, described it as an "excellent concert," and Brough modestly remarked that the singers had "come through" for him. Two choirs were involved: the Conservatory of Music's Schola Cantorum Women's Choir and the Scona Chamber Choir. The latter is a new entity, though it contains many familiar faces from Pro Coro Canada, the Madrigal Singers and Ensemble de la Rue.

Brough's theme was birth, rebirth (spring), death and much in-between. He dipped into the liturgical year with

such selections as Thomas Luis de Victoria's motet "O Regem Coeli—Natus est Nobis," Maurice Greene's gorgeous setting of Psalm 39, "Lord, Let Me Know Mine End" and Alfred Schnittke's breast-beating *Psalm of Repentance*. However incongruous the music of Christmas, Lent and Holy Week may have sounded on a hot spring day with the scent of lilacs filtering into the church, his theme gave considerable leeway.

The least successful number was the opener. Mature women's voices imitating those of boy sopranos often make a tight, unpleasing sound without texture or warmth. Speaking of choir boys, Women's Choir members comment on Brough's patient and respectful direction. He says he remembers all too well the tough old Anglican tradition, when directors were anything but careful of choristers' psyches. The choirs were ably assisted by pianist Robert Casgrain, organist Jeremy Spurgeon, harpist Keri Zwicker and French horns Mary Fearon and Suzanne Langor. ☐

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BY JENNY FENIAK

Open for business

The Sidetrack Café's Open Stage Kickoff • Sidetrack Café • Mon, June 2 No matter how young they are, people seem convinced that the good ol' days they once knew are gone for good. No sooner does a moment pass than nostalgia sets in for things that will never be that good ever again.

The Sidetrack Café would like to

dispute that notion. The railway-themed venue opened its doors in 1981 to diners, dancers and musicians alike. It became an musical institution, hosting shows by local songwriters and legends of rock, eventually winning national recognition as a top-notch, grassroots venue. Over the last 20 years, one night per week was set aside for open stage concerts featuring local musicians from all walks of life. Past hosts of the on-again-off-again showcase include such prominent Edmonton soundsmiths as the Painting Daisies and, most recently, Mike McDonald. But that was at least two years ago and many thought the good ol' days of the Sidetrack open stage were gone for good.

But Ben Spencer, local folk musician and new host of the Track's Monday night open stage, thinks otherwise. Spencer used to wait tables at the Sidetrack years ago with a guy named

Trevor Pomeroy, who now has the final say on shows as the venue's new entertainment manager. "I guess we've always sort of talked about what we'd do differently if we were the ones booking the place," explains Spencer. "So this is sort of an extension of that, sort of a dream of the place once again

I guess we've always sort of talked about what we'd do differently if we were the ones booking the place

as it was when I started going there when I was younger, a place that really did support people from Edmonton first and foremost."

As before, Spencer and Pomeroy are expecting to attract all sorts of sounds to the stage. From folk music to heavy metal, experimental and jazz, the Sidetrack has always been one of the most versatile and recep-

tive venues to a wide assortment of music. "The Sidetrack has always been sort of multi-genre in that way," says Spencer, who has hosted open stage nights in the past at the Library Pub and the Sugarbowl. "I think the main purpose and the heart of it is just to promote local talent, to get back in touch with that. The Sidetrack has sort of slipped away from that in the last few years and I know they're making an effort to get back to that, just to promote people who are playing music—original music from Edmonton—for people who like music."

Fenner and Brown are back in town

Chris Brown and Kate Fenner • Sidetrack Café • Wed, June 4 Not many groups manage to emerge from the breakup of one band with enough

pieces intact to continue in a new incarnation. Yet when the Bourbon Tabernacle Choir called it quits back in 1997, Kate Fenner and Chris Brown took it as an excuse to move to New York and start over again. Since then, they've made three albums together—*Other People's Heaven*, *Geronimo* and *Witness*—and toured the continent with the Barenaked Ladies and the Tragically Hip. On their own, they've logged more than a few miles of Canadian highway, which has always brought them back to Edmonton to provide the locals with a healthy dose of folk, country and gospel-styled tunes.

They recently finished up a round through Ontario and Quebec, warming up some new material (including the single "Resist War," which is available as a download from www.chrisandkate.com), as well as revisiting old favourites, which have been gathered together on their new double album, *Songs*. ☐

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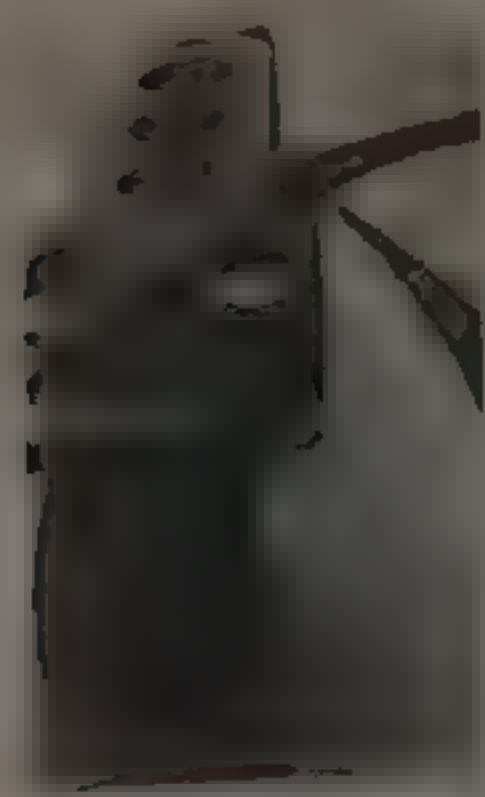
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bpm

By DAVID STONE

Miss your Majestik

It's no secret that dance music hit a rough patch. Even the big-name DJs are admitting that things haven't been easy for them or the industry. That's not news around here—we've already had the triple punch.

Last weekend, **Majestik** announced that they would be closing their doors on June 15, and they didn't really need to explain why. The club has seen its share of setbacks over the past year, including dwindling attendance for its club nights, with the exception of the wild Thursday house night anchored by the talented couple **Tripswitch** and **Sweetz**. There have been spectacular nights—the recent appearance of U.K. drum 'n' bass legend **Aphrodite** comes immediately to mind—but many other guests have had to endure less-than-favourable crowds. The turnout at the recent **Freestylers** gig last Friday was probably the nail that broke the board, so to speak.

All of this comes a week after we discovered that **DV8 Records** quietly cleared out of its 124 St location over the Victoria long weekend. After four years of serving Edmonton with quality dance music and becoming a hub of activity for the scene, not to mention one of the favoured haunts for scene gossip and dealmaking, the shop took the decline of club nights, local events and disinterested punters as a cue to exit the field. During its heyday, you could expect to find the rarest white labels and greatest club hits sitting side by side, imported from centres of dance culture like London and New York. Like **Majestik**, it didn't patronize its clientele—if you were there, then

you knew what was going on.

The local underground got off to a bad start this year with the closure of the **Rev/Lush** complex in January. It wasn't just the clubbers who lost out on a historic venue—local bands lost a crucial stage and fans of live music were forced to bid farewell to a key Canadian roadhouse that provided the city with the exactly kind of ass-kicking it occasionally needed. Then **Pure** left its Whyte Avenue home in the old **Rebar** space. In the case of the **Rev**, it was simply time that did it in. After 14 years of slogging out in the trenches, fatigue eventually set in and everything began to slide into the pits. With weary hearts, the staff closed up the bar, slugged one back and walked away. It was time.

The club didn't go out with a whimper, though—three solid days of live music and DJs meant the building was rammed with spirits desperate to grab one last memory out of the brick and concrete monolith. It was the kind of funeral you'd wish for yourself, and the most joyful funeral you could have ever hoped to attend.

Perhaps inspired by that event, **Majestik** management is gearing up to close the club in wild style beginning on June 12, when **Tripswitch** and **Sweetz** will play their last set in the place. The following night, the boys behind the breakbeat night **Society** have invited San Francisco break queen **Madam Mercury** to help wrap up their residency. Finally, on Saturday, the club will be set free with one final bash. As one of the club's kingpins, DJ **Crunchie**, says, "All booze must go." In other words, bring cab fare. Advance tickets for all three nights will be available in the next few days.

Dance music as we know it is dead all over the world. We will not see anything like it again. But how is this a bad thing? Already our city is populated with a new generation of players who have their own ideas about what should come next. Punk and dance are already finding each other again in New York, house and hip hop are beginning to reunite, and techno is revisiting its roots. And here in Edmonton, there are more than a few decent little club nights and radio shows fighting out on the fringes, waiting to be

discovered. As well, new venues are coming—the old **Rev** space will be reborn as an event venue called the **Starlite Room**, and even **Majestik** is hinting that they may follow in the footsteps of **Pure** and become a mobile concept.

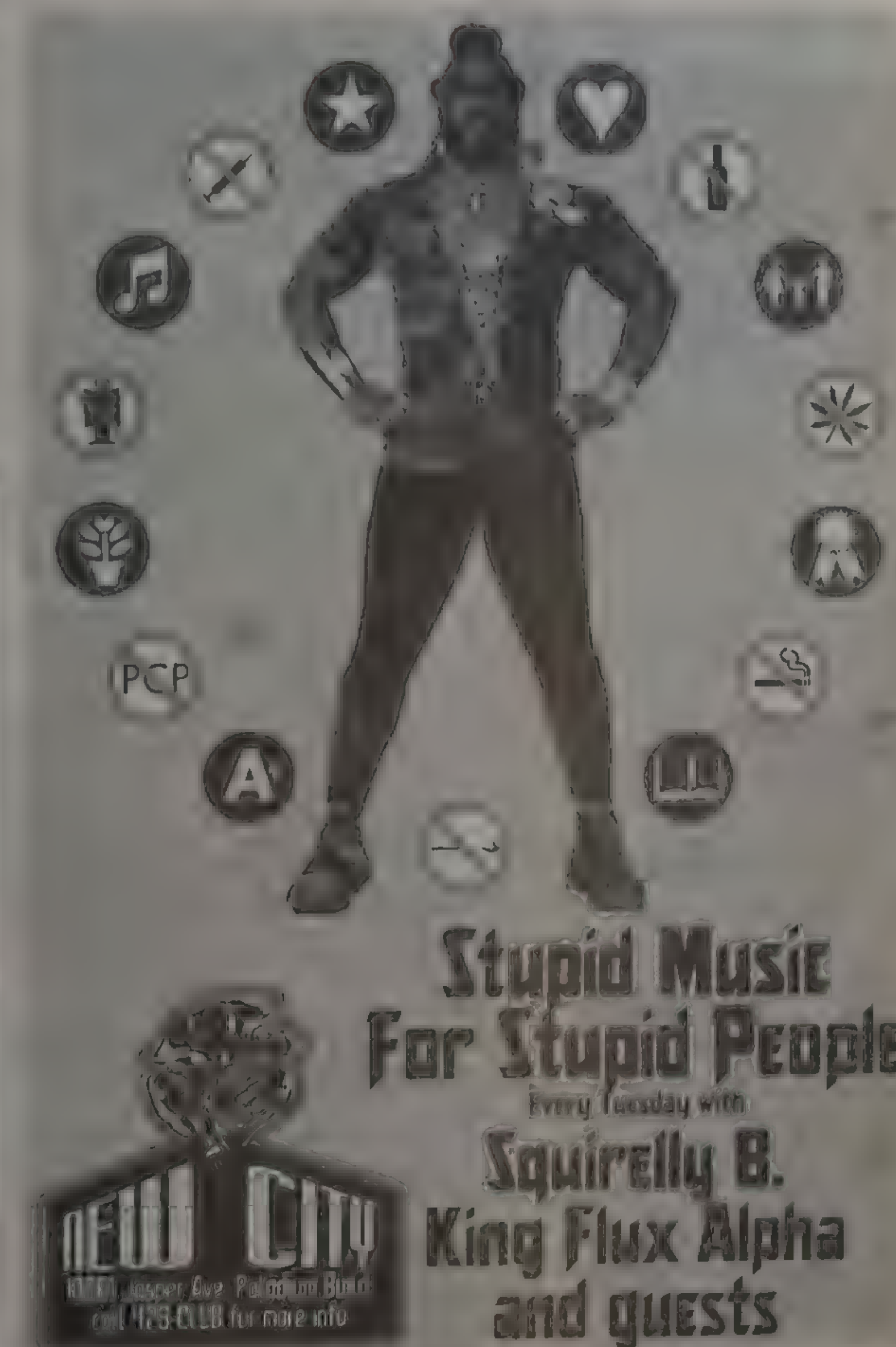
Is there another revolution coming? I'd say it's here already—it's up to you to find it and figure out what you're going to do with it.

Mark my words

If you're looking for an idea of where dance music is headed, tonight (Thursday) is a good time to hear it. Over at the **Standard** (nice room, by the way), San Francisco native **Mark Farina** is joining **Halo** resident **Junior Brown** for a night of smooth, deep house in a jazzy style. Last year, when **Farina** was playing over at the **Joint**, the crowd was well up for it, grooving along with a masterful selection of chugging funk from the **Om Recordings** archives. The word is that this time around, **Farina** is bringing a taste of his legendary **Mushroom Jazz** to mix into the bumping rhythm of his **Smirnoff Experience** show.

On the other end of the scale, **Red's** is presenting Italian producer and DJ **Mauro Picotto** for the first time, as part of **Gold Club's** **Jet to Ibiza** event series. **Picotto** made his name in hard house and trance circles a few years ago with the anthemic "Lizard" single, but the Italian has moved on, pushing together trance and techno in a hook-laden style that is finding favour in both camps. His forthcoming album on **Popular/EMI**, *The Others*, has already dropped in Europe, causing fans and critics alike to foam over about how his music is helping redefine the sound of high-energy club music.

Then, on June 5, the king of the DJs makes a return engagement in Edmonton at the **Joint**. **Tiesto** is riding high on the advance praise of his new mixed disc, *Nyana*, and it's well-deserved—it's one of the most fluid and diverse collections he's put together, suitable to get you riled up for any night out on the town. But if you've heard him live, you'll already understand the effect he can have on people. He's also quite tall. ☺



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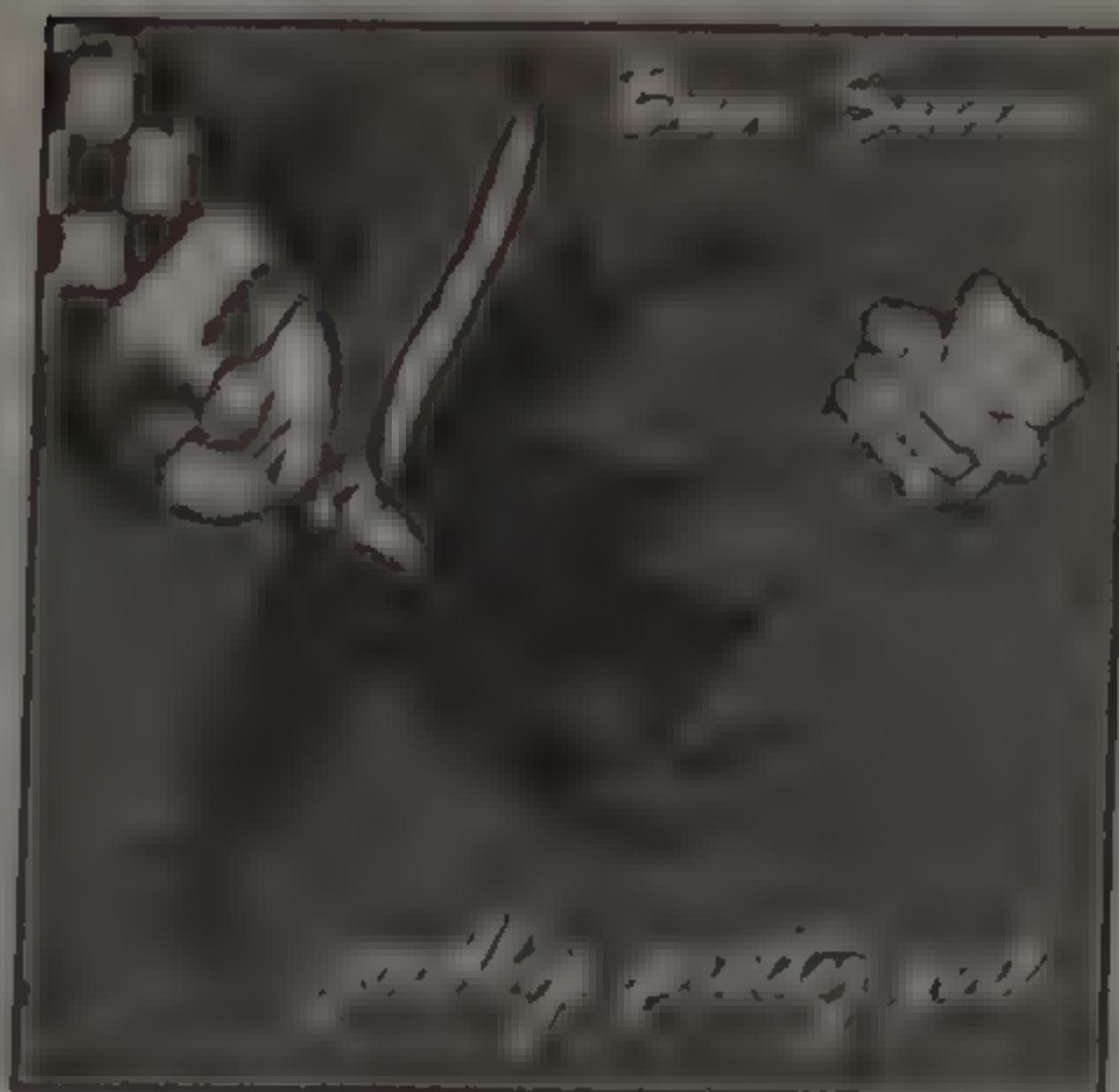
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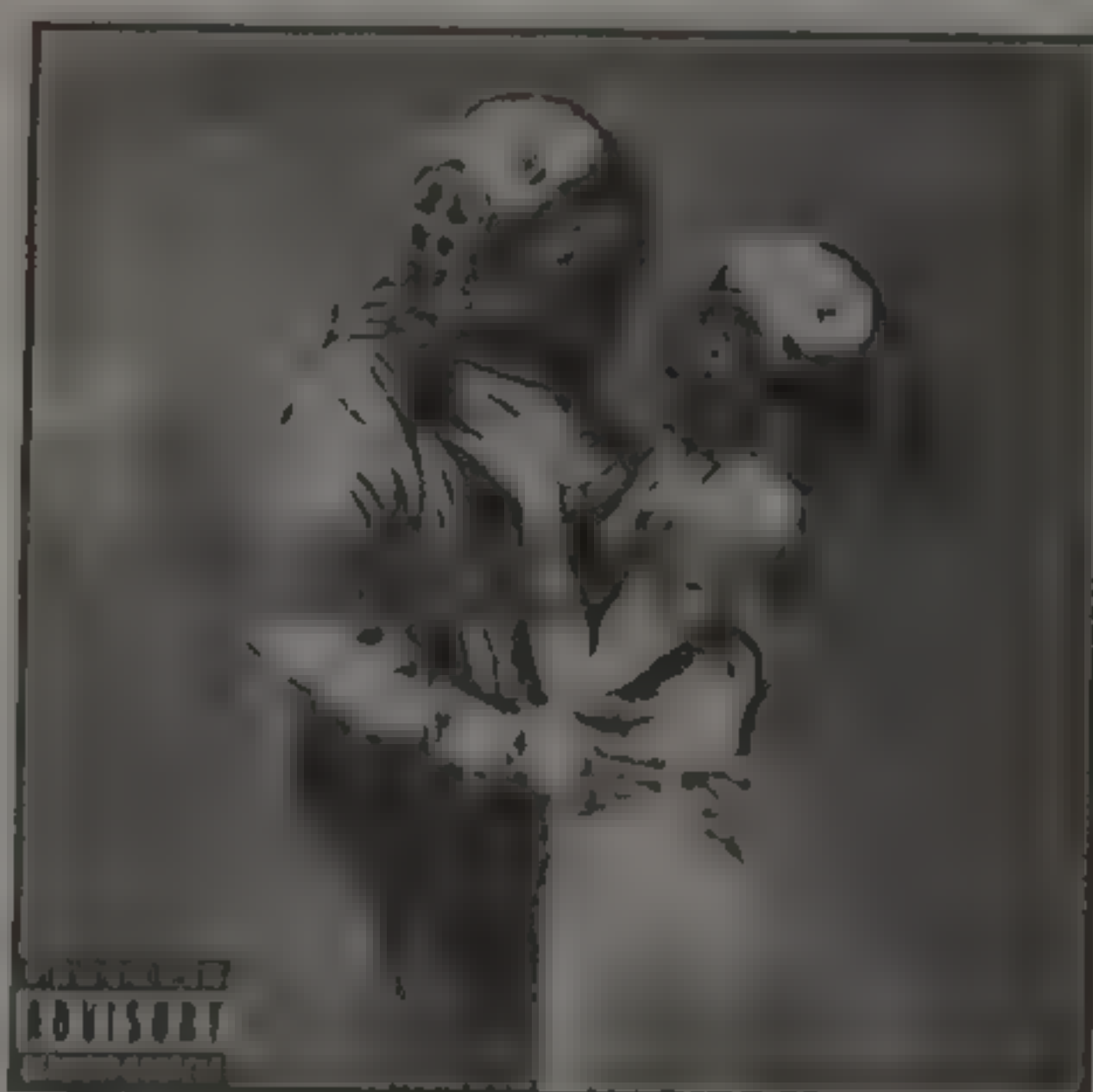
NEW SOUNDS



BEN SURES
GOODBYE PRETTY GIRL
(INDEPENDENT)

Ben Sures is perhaps the greatest gift Winnipeg has ever bestowed upon Edmonton. In the past few years, the rootsy singer/songwriter has raised the bar for his local contemporaries by effortlessly intertwining lilting melodies with sharp, evocative lyricism that combines folk, blues and a bit of pop—he's an ingratiating, iconoclastic storyteller. On *Goodbye Pretty Girl*, the familiar themes of longing hearts and lonely souls are present, yet Sures delivers these 10 songs with a greater sophistication than he's ever revealed before. Under the guiding hand of co-producer Mike Lent, Sures sounds playful and assured, whether he's singing the kind of junkyard blues you wish Tom Waits were still making ("Holes") or etching a tangible portrait of intro-

spection ("Water"). Perhaps the weakest link in Sures's otherwise genius creation is the melodramatic "No One Understands," which falls back on unsurprising singer/songwriter canon fodder, albeit dressed in competent musicianship. Happily, the rest of the album is ridiculously entertaining and inspired and should either launch Sures to a deserved audience beyond our local field, or inspire Winnipeg to reclaim its prodigal son. ★★★★★ —DAVE JOHNSTON

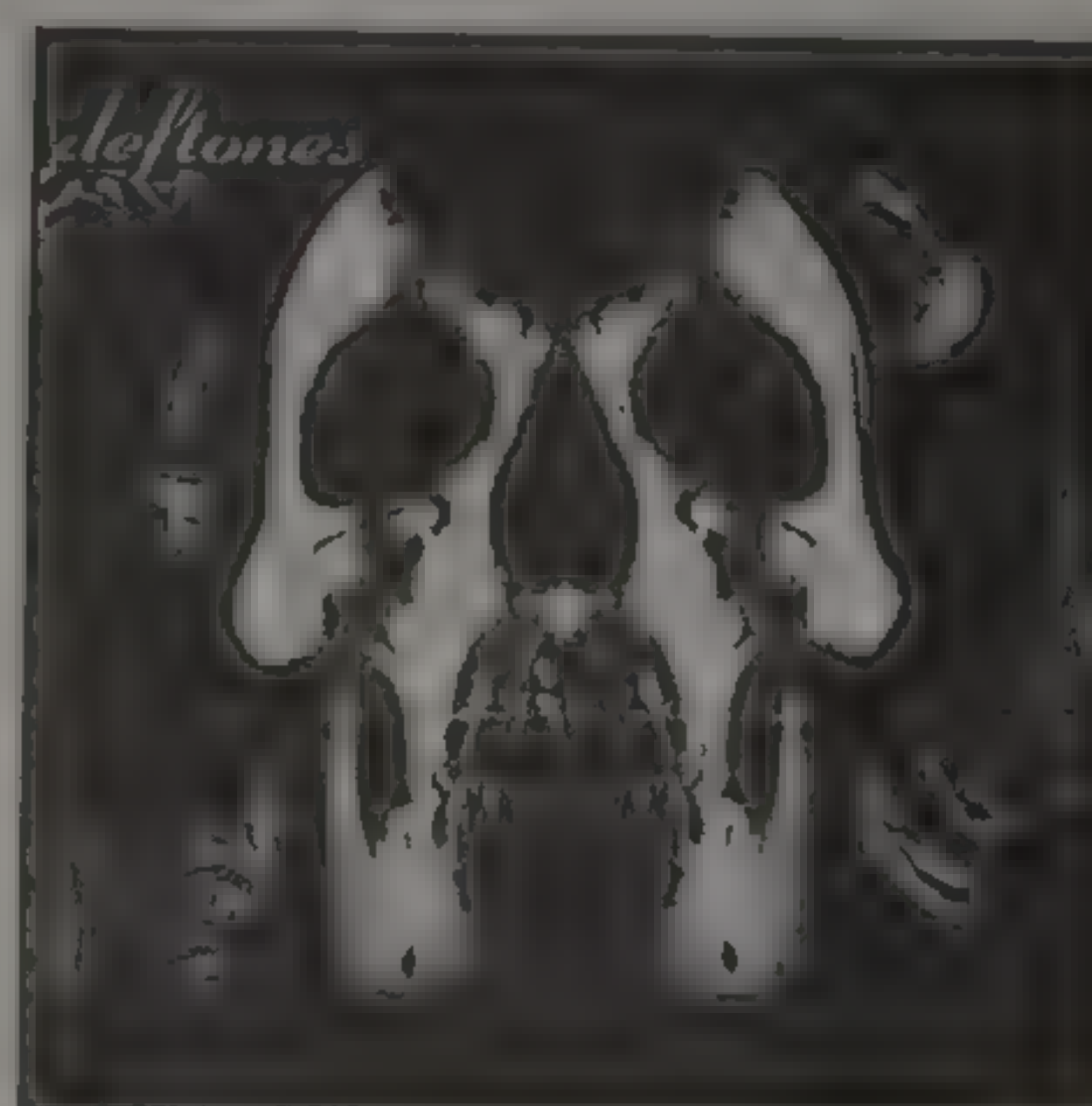


BLUR
THINK TANK
(EMI)

Over the past 12 years, Blur has changed their musical direction more times than an Italian politician changes his shoes. As their transformations from beat-happy shoegazers to punky mods to Britpop superstars to indie rock experimentalists proves, Albarn

and Co. have managed to stay vital and outlast their peers by keeping things interesting. (Noel Gallagher, take note.) And *Think Tank*, their latest, offers up yet another switcheroo.

Considerably less dark and claustrophobic than 13, the emphasis this time around is on the grooves, with drum machines and Alex James's bass filling the void left by the departure of guitarist Graham Coxon. Although Albarn has a reputation for being more than a little bit contrived and opportunistic (see: Gorillaz), he proves he's still got an ear for melody on cuts like "Out of Time" and "Sweet Song"—the former being as good a song as he's ever written. It's a pity that Coxon had to split partway through the making of the record, though, because his only contribution ("Battery in Your Leg") features some of the best guitar work you'll hear all year. *Blur*: hear them again for the very first time. ★★★★★ —JERED STUFFCO

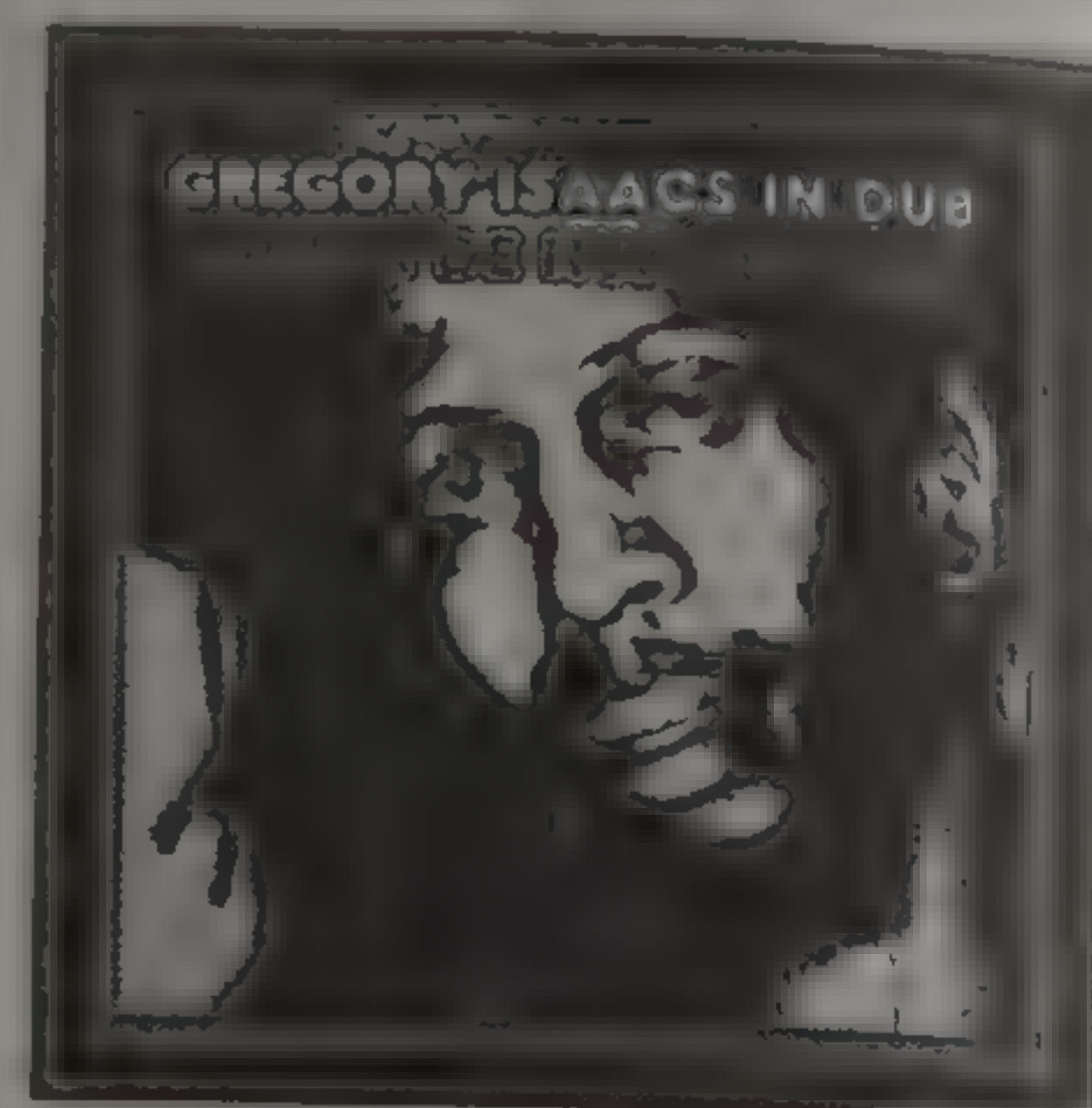


DEFTONES
DEFTONES
(MAVERICK/WARNER)

Their previous album, *White Pony*, won them a Grammy and widespread acceptance—what do you do after that? The Deftones could have easily delivered a slightly altered version of where they've been and still had a surefire success, since their patented sound of gloomy metal has become the template for hundreds of imitations. Instead, though, the band has flattered longtime fans who appreciate the band for their true merits as opposed to their chart success by coming out with what they hope is a redefinition of their sound—hence the album's eponymous title.

From the satirical opener, "Hexagram" (its refrain, "It's the same, same sound," says it all), the album lurches into familiar dark waters, occasionally breaking from the hammering assault of "When Girls Telephone Boys" to brood slowly on songs like "Lucky You" and "Bat-

tleaxe." What's crucial about this album is the band's willingness to shift away from just playing the scary monsters that might chase the bad things away—there's a growing maturity to the music and lyrics that gives you so much more to climb inside and discover. It's not their masterpiece, but it sounds like it's on the way. ★★★★★ —DAVE JOHNSTON



GREGORY ISAACS
IN DUB: DUB A DE NUMBER ONE
(G.G.'S/HEARTBEAT)

Gregory Isaacs's career spans more than three decades of hit singles, packed concerts and all-round star status. That you've probably never heard of the guy is only due to the fact that, unlike Bob Marley (who was reggae's first and still biggest international success), Isaacs' popularity grew mainly in and around Jamaica.

Maybe Isaacs just needs to be patient; judging by the immense popularity of New City's Thursday night reggae party, he and other artists working the genre might well be due for a renaissance in the twilight of their careers. *In Dub* is a collection of (duh!) dub versions of tracks taken from Isaacs's latest release on Heartbeat (*I Found Love*) along with the dubs to many of his hits from throughout his long career including "My Number One," "Tumbling Tears" and his very first hit, "Love Is Overdue."

These dubs come from the vault of G.G.'s Records in Jamaica and most are previously unreleased. Featuring Isaacs backed by either the Revolutionaries, the Soul Syndicate Band or the G.G. All Stars, *In Dub* reflects reggae's first generation of dub, a time before electronic drums and sappy keyboards, before long winded, coked-up "toasters" such as Shabba Ranks drove a spike through the heart of reggae's "golden age" (roughly 1972 to 1982, when nearly ever single record to come out seemed indispensable). And if you're a fan of this old-school style, when

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Staind
6. **COLDPLAY**
Rush Of Blood To The Head
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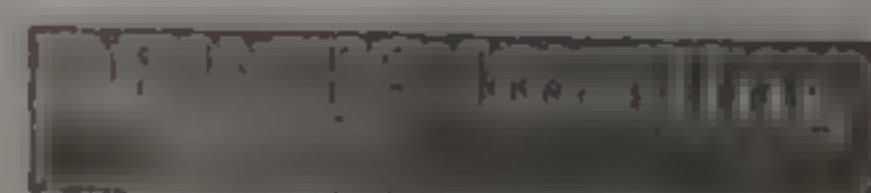
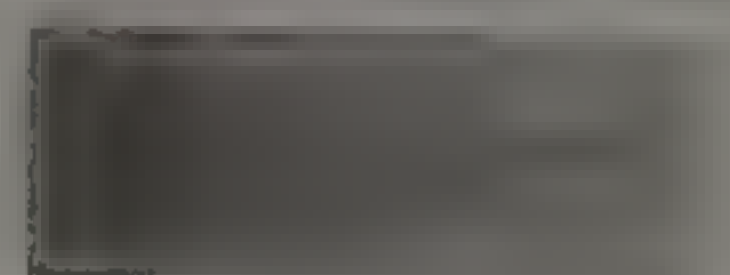
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mere weed was the thinking *mon's* drug of choice and nobody except Johnny Too Bad carried a gun, "indispensable" is the perfect description of this disc. ★★★★★ —T.C. SHAW



MORNING STAR
MY PLACE IN THE DUST
(D7)

My Place in the Dust is the kind of album critics like to describe as the perfect thing to listen to when you feel like putting on your shades and your rumpiest turtleneck, smoking cigarettes and drinking black coffee as you gaze out your apartment window at the late evening sky. Maybe Anna Karina is lying half-dressed in the bed-sheets somewhere in the background.

I hate descriptions like that—they make it sound as though liking Morning Star's music is one more easily-dismissed pseudo-bohemian affectation. *My Place in the Dust* is definitely moody, but there's nothing affected at all about these 10 delicate, atmospheric songs written by Jesse D. Vernon, who co-founded the group with Portishead bassist Jim Barr. The best songs on the disc ("Hereafter," "Morning Star") strongly recall those glorious, narcotized Velvet Underground ballads like "Oh! Sweet Nothing" and "I'll Be Your Mirror," except Vernon and Barr dispel the druggy gloom of the Velvets with unexpected snatches of cello and saxophone. Is there such a thing as an optimistic dirge? If there is, "Morning Star" is a perfect example of one. Despite its title, *My Place in the Dust* sparkles with life and invention. ★★★★★ —PAUL MATWYCHUK

LIZZ WRIGHT
SALT
(VERVE)

Jazzbos like to grouse about the stunning success of Norah Jones and her Grammy-winning debut album *Come Away With Me*, even though she's the first jazz vocalist to make an impression on mainstream record-buyers since the days of Astrud Gilberto. "She's just a pretty face," they complain. "And her music is more pop than jazz, anyway! Why aren't these people spending their money on a few Cassandra Wilson records instead?" Well, Jones may not be the most incendiary jazz artist to ever climb behind a piano—she makes Holly Cole seem like Nina Simone by comparison—but she's a terrific songwriter with a genuine gift for wistful, easygoing melodies and simple but eloquent lyrics.

Which brings me to *Salt*, the debut disc from Lizz Wright, a young jazz singer/songwriter in the Nnenna Freelon mold, who's every bit as beautiful as Jones is and has a truer "jazz" voice to boot, but whose lyrics and

delivery seldom rise above the pedestrian. Wright's voice has warmth but not a shred of personality—no matter whether it's a love ballad ("Soon As I Get Home"), a spiritual ("Walk With Me, Lord") or an inspirational call to action (Chick Corea's "Open Your Eyes, You Can Fly") she's singing, she gives every line of every song the same shading, the same inflection, without any irony, sexual suggestiveness or energy to liven things up. It's the kind of slick, tasteful, earnest, dull, safe recording that's rapidly killing off public interest in jazz. Adding a touch of pop to a jazz album doesn't necessarily mean watering it down; paradoxically enough, a lot of the time it can spice it up—and spice, ironically, is something *Salt* has in short supply. ★★ —PAUL MATWYCHUK



FOG
ETHER TEETH
(NINJA TUNE)

Don't let the fact that this CD is put out by Ninja Tune fool you—this is not music to dance to. While Minneapolis's Andrew Broder (a.k.a. Fog) is an accomplished DJ and contributes the odd scratch here and there on *Ether Teeth*, this is a laid-back work of experimentation, where horn bleats interrupt guitar strains in a style that melds quiet lounge jazz and lo-fi country.

In fact, Broder goes out of his way to give his music an organic feel. Bird songs are used throughout the production, making the album sound as though it were recorded outdoors. Horns imitate living creatures; on "See It? See It?" they come off like late-night coyote howls on the range; on "No Boys Allowed," they sustain as if they were the muted moos of cows. It's as if Broder wanted to write songs for the end of the campfire party—those sleepy moments as the fire dies and the embers glow. But instead of arming himself with an acoustic guitar, he's brought a turntable and a small horn section. This is music the Crocodile Hunter would love. ★★ —STEVEN SANDOR

PRINCE PAUL
POLITICS OF THE BUSINESS
(RAZOR AND TIE)

Prince Paul's résumé reads like a Who's Who of old-school acts—Big Daddy Kane, Stetsasonic, 3rd Bass and Boogie Down Productions have all benefited from his work as a DJ, MC and producer. And when Paul produced De La Soul's *3 Feet High and Rising*—still considered by many to be the greatest hip-hop album of all time—his name was branded on the rump of music history. His less well-known 1999 music/film hybrid *A Prince Among Thieves* was an equally revolutionary lis-

tening experience, boasting the most impressive list of guest appearances in hip-hop history.

Why am I wasting so much time talking about Prince Paul's past accomplishments? Simply put, his new album, *Politics of the Business*, doesn't hold water. The necessary elements of success are all present: guest appearances by some of hip-hop's heavy hitters (Trugoy, the Beatnuts, Guru), skits by some of the world's top comedians (Chris Rock, Dave Chappelle) and honest lyrics, including a conversation on the title track between Chuck D and Ice-T about the ills of the business and the naïveté of young artists and the hard-hitting sentiments of Kardinall Offishall's "What I Need." Surprisingly, it's Prince Paul's lacklustre production, full of simplistic, watered-down beats, that brings the disc down.

Paul's work looks especially wan when you get to the tribute to De La Soul's "Peas Porridge Hot" by Chubb Rock, Wordsworth and MF Doom. Though the beat is 12 years old, it's still the kind of high-level effort Prince Paul fans expect. If only he had remade the entire *De La Soul Is Dead* album. ★★ —SEAN AUSTIN-JOYNER



STANLEY CLARKE
1, 2 TO THE BASS
(EPIC/SONY)

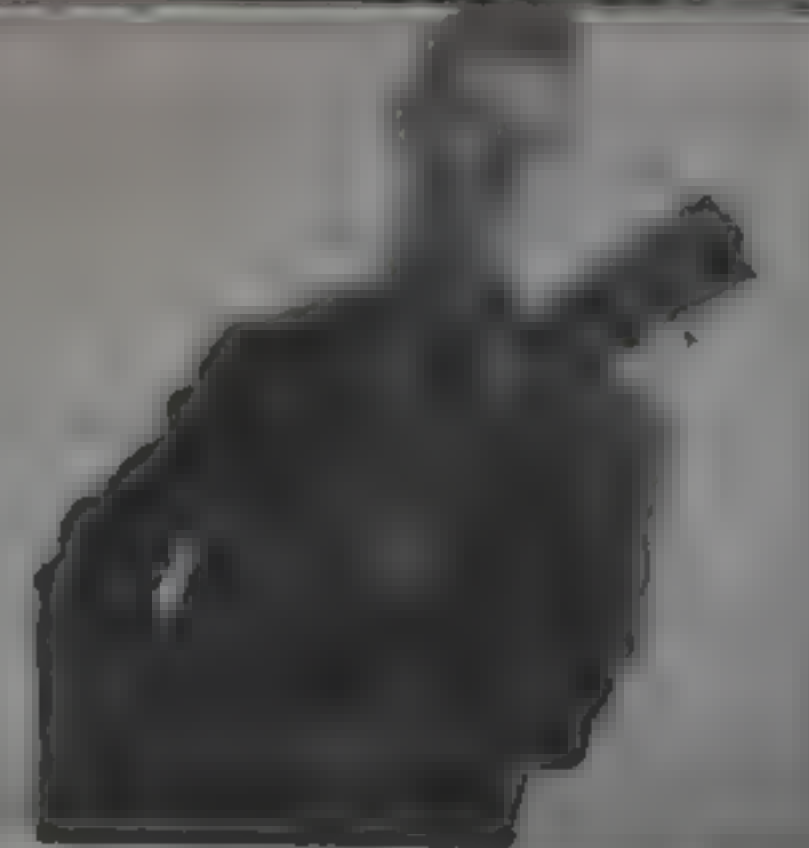
When hip-hop acts began sampling jazz records in the '80s for bass, horn and drum sections, it was quite possibly the high point in the evolution of hip hop. Groups like Black Moon, A Tribe Called Quest and Gang Starr all made wise use of jazz licks, but sadly, those smooth harmonies and creative, offbeat loops gave way in the early '90s to the harder edge of gangsta music and the path of jazz was rarely explored again.

That's why it's so refreshing to hear bassist Stanley Clarke's *1, 2 to the Bass*, a mixture of hip-hop, soul and jazz comparable to those great rap albums of the past. As a 30-year veteran of the music scene, Clarke's romantic, down-tempo grooves and upbeat jams do more than provide a pleasurable listening experience; they stand as a musical bridge between yesterday and today.

Unfortunately, some of the vocal appearances cause that bridge to wobble. Glenn Lewis and Amil Larrieux's remake of "Where Is the Love" is a particular low point, as these two phenomenal singers battle gratingly for supremacy. The song is cluttered and effortfully noisy—like a clog dancer stomping to bagpipes. Otherwise, *1, 2 to the Bass* is an enjoyable album for music fans of all ages. With additional production by both Q-Tip and Quincy Jones, you really can't go wrong. ★★★★★ —SEAN AUSTIN-JOYNER

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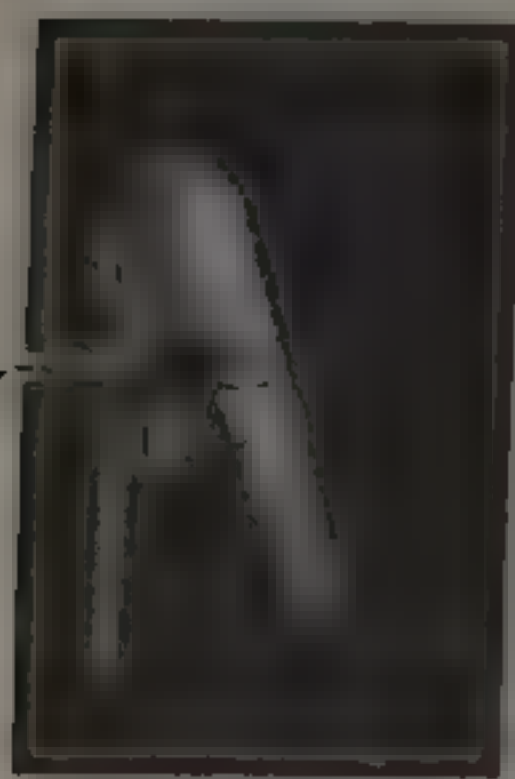
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BY SEAN AUSTIN-JOYNER

I just checked in to see what condition my Ignition was in

Ignition • Featuring Politic Live, Darkson Tribe and DJ Instigate • Velvet Lounge (10041-170 St) • Wed, June 4 Local rap group Politic Live may soon want to change its name to "Live, Politically."

Last year, the three MCs set the standard for community service by hosting the charity event Hip-Hop 4 Hunger. After collecting a substantial amount of food for the Edmonton Food Bank, promoter Marlon (Arlo Maverick) Wilson knew he was onto something. Other charities the group has worked with include Poetry 4 Hunger, and they're currently trying to establish a fund to financially assist international students of Caribbean and African heritage.

"One of the things that bothers me is that it's rare that donations are given," Wilson says. "It usually only happens at certain times of the year. I think that there's a lot of money in this city, but it's not going where it needs to be going. There are a lot of charities that more attention needs to be directed towards, but that all comes down to public relations."

Always down for a good cause, the group will try to repeat its success with Ignition on June 4. A portion of the show's proceeds will go towards Edmonton's YESS (Youth Emergency Shelter Society), an organization devoted to housing homeless youth. "When we approached YESS, they were quite happy with the fact that we were trying to help them out—same



Politic Live

with the Edmonton Food Bank," says Wilson, who's also an MC in Politic Live. "They were surprised that a hip-hop group would actually be interested in doing something for them."

Wilson believes members of Edmonton's urban community often ignore charitable causes. He had hoped other groups would follow the lead of Politic Live but hasn't seen any serious efforts so far. "I haven't seen anybody doing anything as far as charities go, which I thought we'd see after Hip-Hop 4 Hunger," says the 22-year-old MC who, along with Ms. Trish, hosts CJSR's Saturday night programme *Urban Hang Suite*. "We're not major stars like Jay-Z or Nas yet, but at the same time, if you start giving back to the community from the get-go, it's easier for the community to support you."

He says members of the urban community are often reluctant to offer their services for free. Wilson, on the other hand, feels it's his duty to help out those less fortunate in Edmonton—money or no money. "A lot of the time, people in the hip-hop community feel there has to be something in it for them. With Hip-Hop 4 Hunger, we ended up taking a loss, but at the same time, we were able to raise 170 kilograms of food.

What you get out of it is the knowledge that you helped somebody, and you know that you're not being selfish."

Also being promoted at Ignition is Politic Live's newest album, *Notoriety*. Already boasting an up-and-coming club hit, "Slingshot," *Notoriety* is on its way to becoming Edmonton's first local urban hit CD, despite the lack of any serious cash to promote it. "One of the things that has been a step back is that we don't have the mass media to push it," Wilson says. "CJSR has been there, and certain clubs have adopted to play some of the songs, but a lot of it is just word of mouth. We're not a major company like Bad Boy or Roc-a-fella, so our promotional budget is usually the sales we make off the album going back into promotion."

Notoriety showcases Edmonton's bubbling urban community with guest appearances by Theo Gully, Singin' D and Reason. Wilson says live shows, not airplay or ads, are what really sell the album. "Our shows are where we sell the majority of our CDs," he explains, "[due to] the fact that people are able to see our performance. We don't have the mass media of a music video playing every single day, so our shows are what catch people." ♡

Salteen angst

Vancouver popsters deliver another crackerjack CD with *Let Go of Your Bad Days*

BY DAVE JOHNSTON

It's nice to be at a point in my life where I can live with my obsessions," laughs Scott Walker of the Vancouver-based band the Salteens. Music is that obsession, and its liberating, confessional nature. And you do what you can to feed that obsession.

During the recording of the band's sophomore album, *Let Go of Your Bad Days*, Walker devoted himself exclusively to writing and recording. "It's a necessity," he says plainly. "If it has to happen, then

you make it happen. My life would certainly be more comfortable if I were making more money, working at a day job. I never knew what people meant when they were talking about making sacrifices, because it's not like you're offering up a limb. But there is a slow erosion of your lifestyle week after week."

You suffer with touring, lugging your gear and your fragile selves from gig to gig, accepting the risks, bad food and homesickness. Walker loves touring regardless. "I love playing," he says. "It's great. On our last tour, we played Australia and Japan—I don't think I could travel any other way. I'm not the kind of person who would go to Europe to find themselves. I like the fact that I can do this with my friends, and make it part of my job."

Still, the band's experiences on the road influenced the darker tone of the new Salteens record. Although the records' melodies

have the same rich pop abandon *Let Go* is a far cry from the happier aura of their 2000 debut, *Short-Term Memories*. "I react to how things are at the time," Walker explains. "The first album was about getting up and having fun—not so much for the crowd but for the band as well. As I was mulling through ideas for the new album, I came onto a rhyme about sleeping on a cold floor in Japan, which was [bassist] Megan [Bradfield]'s worst memory of our tour there."

Scant days after the release of the Kevin Kane (Grapes of Wrath)-produced album, Bradfield said she couldn't face another day on the road and resigned. Walker says he had to take it in stride. "I was reading this book called *Powder*, which is about this fictional English rock band," he says. "It left me in this

frame of mind that led me to believe that [Megan leaving] didn't change

anything. If I'm going to succeed, I've got to be focused on that. I can't really help it if people want to go and do other things. It was coming for a while too—she was worn down by the touring and it's not a lifestyle she enjoys."

The band will survive, though. Old friend Kevin Cooper has taken up the bass, while Erin Jane will provide keyboard support. The world will have the bittersweet pop of the Salteens to enrich their lives in their town soon, assures Walker, and they will continue to get it for as long as he can keep making it. "There will be a point where I will make orchestral pop or weird noise-guitar crap one day," Walker laughs. "It will come to that. But I'm not going to do that before I get bored of this." ♡

THE SALTEENS

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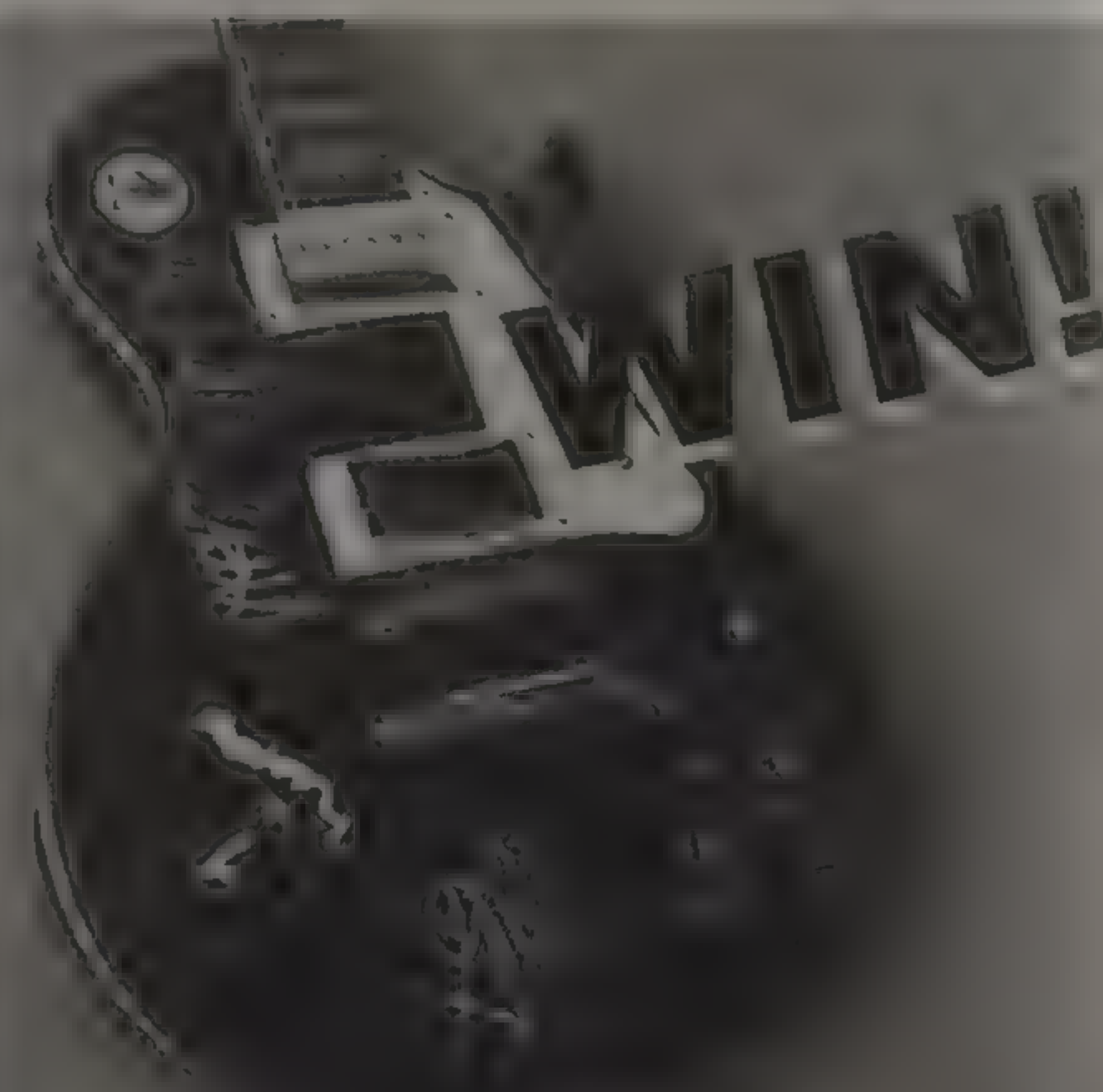
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Guy Maddin's turn at bat



Winnipeg auteur
combines blood
and ballet in
*Dracula: Pages
From a Virgin's Diary*

By PAUL MATWYCHUK

The *New York Times* recently (and hilariously) dubbed Winnipeg auteur Guy Maddin "undoubtedly the finest black-and-white silent filmmaker in all of Canada." Faint praise, perhaps, but indisputable. Starting in 1988 with *Tales From the Gimli Hospital*, Maddin's eccentric, stylized melodramas (full of overblown performances, florid intertitles, cheap sets and dreamy photography designed to look as though the film has been sitting, neglected, in an East German warehouse since the early '30s) have earned him a reputation as Canada's master film antiquarian—equal parts Carl Dreyer, Jack Smith and John Waters. In his subsequent features, *Archangel*, *Careful* and *Twilight of the Ice Nymphs*, Maddin deployed his campy storytelling techniques in ever more potent, suggestive and mesmerizing ways, but with the "midnight movie" circuit drying up, his unique but completely unmarketable films never quite connected with the wide cult audience they deserved.

Then came a breakthrough: *The Heart of the World*, a breathlessly compressed silent melodrama originally shown as a "prelude" to screenings at the 2000 Toronto Film Festival. The film was a perfect, compact apotheosis of Maddin's style and pet themes—and it instantly captured the imagination of critics around the world, many of whom didn't let the fact that it was only six minutes long prevent them from placing it on their year-end top 10 lists. Maddin was still a fringe figure as far as the general public was concerned and he still had

to scrounge around for funding, but *Heart* kickstarted an astonishing wave of critical adulation: "It may well be," wrote *Newsday's* John Anderson, "that the only authentic genius under 50 currently making film is Canada's Guy Maddin."

Maddin's latest creation, *Dracula: Pages From a Virgin's Diary*, debuted in 2002 on Canadian television as an episode of *Opening Night* (sort of the CBC equivalent of PBS's *Great Performances*), but the response has been favourable enough for it to graduate to a full-scale run in movie theatres. Unexpectedly, *Dracula*—a film version of a 1998 stage production created by Mark Godden for the Royal Winnipeg Ballet—is giving Maddin his biggest audience yet. It opened in New York to rave reviews in mid-May, and this weekend it appears on Edmonton movie screens as well. Maddin moves onto even bigger things this fall with the release of *The Saddest Music in the World*, a musical starring Isabella Rossellini and co-scripted by *The Remains of the Day* author Kazuo Ishiguro.

Even though *Dracula* is adapted from the work of two other men (Bram Stoker's novel and Godden's ballet), the finished product bears Maddin's unmistakable imprint. The pace is swift, the imagery is feverish and fetishistic (especially when Lucy gets a transfusion from her suitors to cure her "polluted blood") and the gorgeously murky photography has the feel of an artifact from another era. As well, this charismatic cast of dancers (especially the lithe Zhang Wei-Qiang, who plays Dracula, and Tara Birtwhistle, who plays his first victim, Lucy) gives the film a level of glamour, sensual appeal and technically polished performances that Maddin's previous work has often lacked.

I spoke with Guy Maddin over the phone from Winnipeg last week. Here's our conversation.

Vue Weekly: So tell me the story of how you got involved with making a film version of this ballet. Who approached who?

Guy Maddin: Well, I was approached by the producer, Vonnice Von Helmolt. She had seen the ballet three years before and really loved it and I guess had started all this in motion with *Opening Night* before I was ever involved. I was sort of tacked on at the last second. And actually, I was very, very reluctant to accept the job because I had no experience shooting dance and I was really frightened that I'd make a big, unholy mess of it. I kept telling her over several weeks that I had better not, but the combination of being broke and my deciding to be tougher with myself and plunge into frightening waters sort of led me to say, "Yeah, I'll do it."

PREVIEW INDIE

[Laughs.] I'll have to learn about camera movement, but I'll do it." And I'm really glad I took it on—not only did I learn a lot, but I wound up making something I'm really proud of.

VW: What appealed to you more—the idea of doing a ballet film or doing a *Dracula* story?

GM: I defy you to make this sound interesting to your readers, but it was the ballet, especially the challenge of making a ballet film interesting. Even the dancers themselves said that dance films were all boring because they failed to represent dance as they knew it. I didn't know what they meant by that, though, until they performed the ballet privately for me and my Super-8 camera, and the choreographer came up onstage with me and held onto the scruff of my neck and sort of pushed me around into the areas he wanted me to see. And it was great—I got to see the dancers' musculature and the asymmetry of the corps, and I got to hear the sweat running off their faces

and dropping onto the dancefloor. I got to feel the dancefloor give a little bit each time the dancers landed; I got to hear tendons straining, dancers grunting, nostrils flaring, tutus ripping... [Laughs.] Panties tearing! Muscles bulging! It was a real privilege. So when I watched that footage with the choreographer, we knew this was the way to film ballet—to get right in amongst the dancers, the way the camera gets in amongst the characters on *CSI* or *Friends*. So the proscenium arch was obliterated.

VW: You know, you always hear directors say that when you film dance, the rule is, you're supposed to show the dancer's entire body.

GM: Yeah, that was the very first rule we expunged from our constitution.

VW: What does *Dracula* symbolize for you? In the film, he comes across more as a free-floating symbol than a fully-fledged character.

GM: Well, I hate to use the word "symbol," because that word traumatized me in high school English. But maybe that is kind of what he is. I see him as something that precipitates out of the air, exhaled by jealous men and horny women. [Laughs.] There's this old Djuna Barnes quote that goes something like "Only the jealous man knows perfect love, and it's in the bed of his rival." I think that when the female characters start sleepwalking at the start of the novel, the men see that as them having some kind of subconscious dreams or wishes for unattached sexual desire in the women who are theirs. And when they imagine this rival, he's perfect—he's rich, he's all-powerful and he's alien, and therefore despicable.... It's interesting how Stoker, writing in the 19th century, managed to create a horror story that's as durable as anything written centuries before it. I think there's something pretty timeless about the way it portrays men and women when they're, uh, rutting. Men get pretty ugly. It seemed as

though Bram Stoker had been reading my mail, actually, because as a young man, I'd gone through some pretty uncontrollable agonies of jealousy myself and I thought, "God, this is what the novel's really about." I think other movie adaptations tend to literalize *Dracula* too much or make it about a bunch of other stuff—in fact, I think I've made the most faithful adaptation of the novel of all the versions I've seen. Then again, I haven't seen *Blacula* and I haven't caught up with *Deafula* yet, so maybe I shouldn't speak so fast.

VW: I was kind of surprised at the end of a Guy Maddin film to see a couple of credits for CGI work. Was that the colour tinting? Or was it the bat?

GM: No, actually the bat was just a hunk of vinyl on a clotheswire.

VW: See, now *that's* the Guy Maddin I know.

GM: [Laughs.] Yeah, exactly. What it was, I wanted there to be some colour bits in it, but since it was made for television, it really only existed on videotape, so I couldn't hand-colour the blood and the red of the cape. It had to be digitally painted on. But I made sure it was sloppy enough so that it looked like it was hand-painted. And also, there was one dancer, who shall remain nameless, who had a booger in her nostril which was very distracting in the close-up and had to be digitally removed. Sort of a digital Kleenex wipe.

VW: Do you ever feel alienated by these slick, big-budget Hollywood films with lots of CGI effects? Do you enjoy them or do you think of them as, you know, "the enemy"?

GM: Oh, I enjoy them, some of them. And some of them, of course, I don't enjoy at all.

VW: But I take it it's not out of some moral opposition to computer effects.

GM: No. I mean, I'm not interested in science fiction that much, so I don't even check out *Star Wars* and movies like that. But I enjoyed *Little Nicky*, the Adam Sandler picture, which had a lot of computer effects in it. And I just finished watching a 1980s video production of *Medea* by Lars von Trier that looks really cool—it's the best-looking video movie I've seen in a while.

VW: I enjoyed your recent article in *Film Comment* about your "guilty pleasures," which was full of descriptions of oddball '30s films that were your little personal favourites. Are there any other movies you've discovered recently—either obscure old curiosities or mainstream Hollywood films—that you could share?

GM: Let's see. Well, lately, I really liked *Old School*, with Will Ferrell. It's a great movie. And I've got digital cable, so I watch the Game Show Network from the States a lot, and these days I'm really into *Match Game '74*. It's unbelievable—Nipsey Russell and Gene Rayburn and Charles Nelson Reilly. So those are my two highs right now. ☺

DRACULA: PAGES FROM A VIRGIN'S DIARY

Directed by Guy Maddin • Choreographed by Mark Godden • Starring Zhang Wei-Qiang, Tara Birtwhistle and David Moroni • Opens Fri, May 30

My least favourite *Things*

Neil LaBute concocts his most misanthropic film yet with *The Shape of Things*

BY PAUL MATWYCHUK

your head; it takes months of superhuman effort spent willfully ignoring the real world and the way actual people talk and behave. But LaBute's task didn't end there—he still had to weave *The Shape of Things'* spectacularly far-fetched plot, which seems specifically tailored to force its puny, pathetic char-

REVUE DRAMA

acters into behaving as selfishly and wormily as possible. And there's no escape from them! There are literally only four speaking parts in the entire movie, so there's not a single funny bit player or sexy cameo to distract you from LaBute's leaden dialogue and crabbed worldview. Not even the music gives you a break—the entire

soundtrack consists of the 11 most rancid love songs in Elvis Costello's entire back catalogue. Watching this 90-minute movie is like spending four hours in a sensitivity-deprivation tank.

The film strikes a false note right from its very first scene, in which Adam (Paul Rudd), a nerdy security guard, ineffectually tries to prevent a sexy provocateur named Evelyn (Rachel Weisz) from defacing a statue on display at a campus art gallery. Her initial plan is to spray-paint a cock over the statue's fig-leaved genitals, but after talking to Adam, a more ambitious project occurs to her. She takes Adam up on his offer of a date, and under Evelyn's influence, Adam's entire self begins to change. He replaces his glasses with contact lenses; he exchanges his dorky wardrobe (including a brown corduroy jacket so shapeless and ugly it had to have been created specially for the film) for a more stylish set of Hilfiger-esque duds; he starts exercising and watching his weight; he even agrees to undergo plastic surgery to lop off the little bulb on the tip of his nose. Adam gets so hunky, in fact, that Jenny (Gretchen Mol), an old friend of his, begins to have second thoughts about her impending marriage to her asshole boyfriend Phil (Frederick Weller).

LABUTE'S SCREENPLAY underlines every single one of these plot points in the most tedious, overexplicit man-



Rachel Weisz and Paul Rudd in *The Shape of Things*

ner possible—he's barely altered the script of his play to take advantage of film's ability to express characters' feelings through simple, silent gestures or telling cutaways. (But LaBute tends to prefer broad strokes anyway; not satisfied merely to name his lead characters Adam and Evelyn, he dresses Evelyn in a T-shirt with an apple on it and has them meet in front of a fig leaf.) It was probably a bad idea to use the show's theatrical cast in the film—these four actors don't have any spontaneity left in them and, except for Gretchen Mol, they all give tedious, one-note performances, especially the two men. But these aren't characters, anyway; they're more like rats scuttling down their memorized paths to the end of a maze.

And the scientist watching them, of course, is LaBute himself. It takes a special kind of smugness to create a labyrinth like this one—the events of

The Shape of Things are so artificial that they could only take place in the hermetically sealed fictional universe LaBute has so lovingly designed, and yet LaBute himself floats high above his characters, serenely passing judgment on them, as if he had nothing to do with any of it. Unlike Todd Solondz (the director of *Happiness* and *Storytelling*, whose work frequently gets compared to LaBute's), you never feel as though LaBute is implicating himself in the sour little stories he invents. The film ends on an epigram by Chinese author Han Suyin: "Moralists have no place in an art gallery." *The Shape of Things* suggests they might want to avoid directing movies, too. ☹

THE SHAPE OF THINGS

Written and directed by Neil LaBute •
Starring Rachel Weisz, Paul Rudd,
Gretchen Mol and Frederick Weller •
Opens Fri, May 30

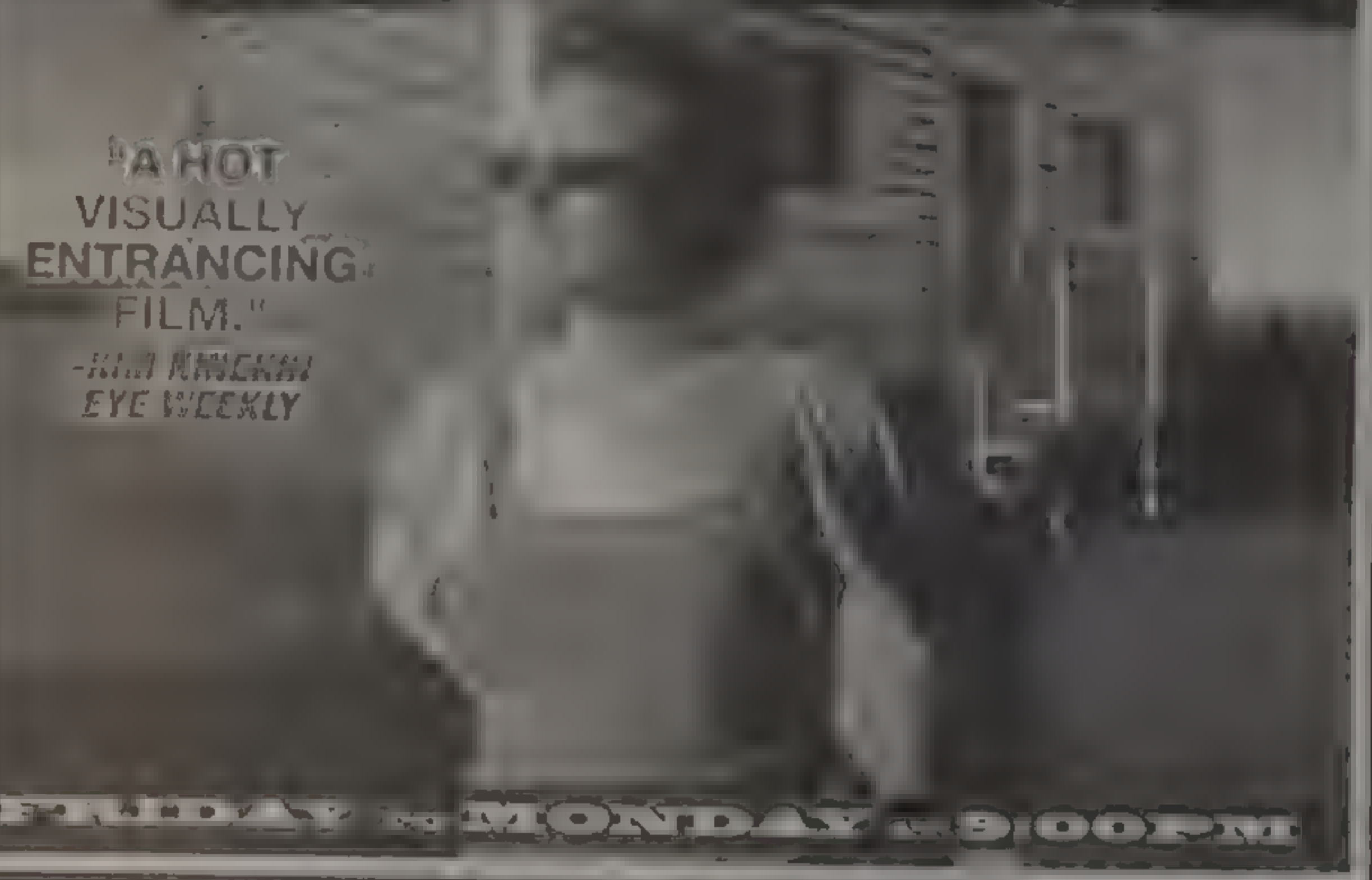
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SWING

FROM THE DIRECTOR OF
GADJO DILO, VENGO AND LATCHO DROM



CHAOS & DESIRE



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Who gives a flying flock?

Documentarian Jacques Perrin does, with the eye-popping *Winged Migration*

BY CHRIS BOUTET

Unless you're some sort of avid bird fetishist, chances are you've never paid a whole lot of attention to the flocks of fowl that occasionally fly by overhead. And hey, who could blame you? It's not like they're doing anything totally amazing. They're just flying. You know, south. I could think of at least five things off the top of my head that are more interesting than that. Laser fights, for example. Way more interesting. Or, uh, monkey circuses—those are pretty neat sometimes. Okay, so that's only two things I can think of right now, but the fact remains that you'd have to admit making a documentary about the migratory patterns of birds seems to be a pretty potent recipe for piping-hot, oven-fresh boredom. You'd think that, but you'd be wrong. Laser-fight-dead wrong.

Directed by acclaimed French documentarian Jacques Perrin (*Microcosmos*, *Himalaya*), the Oscar-nominated *Winged Migration* is a breathtaking

cinematic achievement that follows more than 70 different species of birds on their migratory paths around the world. Filmed over three years on all seven continents, Perrin co-ordinated five teams of filmmakers (more than 450 people, including 17 pilots and 14 cinematographers) to create the most fascinating nature documentary money can buy. And it was a lot of money—*Winged Migration* cost a very un-documentary-like \$24 million to make, making it the second-most expensive film shot in France in 2001 (just behind *Brotherhood of the Wolf*,

REVUE DOCUMENTARY

which Perrin also starred in, if you're interested). Utilizing helicopters, gliders, hot air balloons, ultra-lights and an ingenious little remote-controlled flying camera that allowed Perrin's crew to capture shots from within the birds' flight formations, Perrin gives the audience the unique perspective of being right alongside our fine feathered friends as those highly focused, wing-flapping little troopers fly to all kinds of different places for some reason.

I SAY "FOR SOME REASON" because, for a film that purports to be about migratory patterns, *Winged Migration* offers surprisingly little educational

insight into why all these birds do this at all. I mean, sure, they're flying—I can understand that. But why do some live in France most of the time and then fly to the southernmost tip of Africa to lay their eggs? Good question. Maybe they actually hate France. Maybe they just can't make up their minds. All I know is that Philippe Labro's pseudo-poetic narration fails to offer any insight into the matter, and instead contents itself with reading trite little statements in a syrupy French accent explaining that "Zee Arctic Tern, she quits ze lands of ze north to make her journée to ze frozen ice fields of l'Antarctic. She is a flight of over 5,000 miles." Great. Yeah. The Arctic and the Antarctic are far away from one another. Merci, Monsieur Perrin.

But I suppose there's really no law stating that documentaries have to be informative. So let's just suffice it to say that even though 85 minutes is probably 20 minutes longer than anyone should be expected to spend watching birds fly, *Winged Migration* makes up for its shortcomings with cinematography so surreal and beautiful that you'll almost forget that there isn't a single laser fight in the whole movie. ☹

WINGED MIGRATION

Directed by Jacques Perrin • Narrated by
Philippe Labro • Opens Fri, May 30

Italian for beginners

Remake of *The Italian Job* falls far short of blowing audiences' doors off

by CHRIS WANGLER

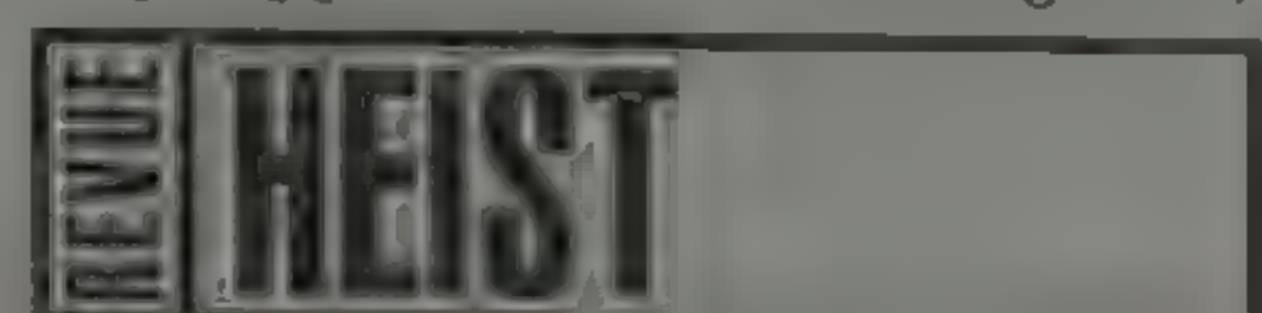
Just like the original *Four-Star Daydream* with Pink Floyd, "Money"

During preparations for a major heist in Turin, Italy, an unseasoned thief blows up an entire van. His exacting boss, played with inimitable Cockney style by Michael Caine, exclaims, "You were only supposed to blow the bloody doors off!" Even today, this line from *The Italian Job* (1969) remains one of the most memorable in British cinema. So revered is it, in fact, that British film fans recently voted it the greatest line in a movie ever, well ahead of "You talkin' to me?" and even "Frankly, my dear, I don't give a damn." Alas, could a big-budget Hollywood remake be far behind?

Token beefcake Mark Wahlberg plays Charlie Croker, a charming thief. With the help of his team and an aging safecracker (Donald Sutherland), he pulls off a major Venice gold heist. But after a premature celebration in the Italian Alps, Steve Rezelli (Edward Norton), double-crosses the gang, killing the old man and making off with the bullion.

To exact revenge, Charlie reunites the gang to reclaim the \$35 million

score from Steve's posh L.A. home. But his team needs a replacement safecracker. In due course he recruits the dead guy's straitlaced daughter Stella (Charlize Theron), herself a master safecracker, who decides to switch sides to avenge the daddy she never knew. Their cohorts appear to corner every conceivable demographic: Seth Green, the grownup teenager; Jason Statham, the stubbly British hunk; Mos Def, the perfunctory rapper/actor. The casting here,



and much else, is eerily reminiscent of the updated *Ocean's Eleven*, another stylish (though vacuous) remake with a jazzy score and a noticeable lack of genuine camaraderie.

Still, director F. Gary Gray (*The Negotiator*) hasn't entirely jettisoned the original structure. Following the incredibly clever heist, he ably recreates the legendary getaway with three nimble Minis that careen through slick subterranean tunnels and sewers. And the confusion caused by malfunctioning traffic grids may be even more telling now than it was in the late '60s—especially in sweaty, smoggy L.A.

THE IRONY, SADLY, is that the whole thing lacks the style in just one of Michael Caine's Carnaby Street neckties. The first version was called *The Italian Job* because the goal of the heist was not so much

the haul as exposing the incompetence of Italians at pretty much everything, and on their own soil no less. While the British squad hammers the Italians on the football pitch, Caine and his "chinless wonders" wreak havoc on the bumbling military, the traffic planners, the honk-happy Turin locals—everyone. Even the slick Mafia, prone to sending flaming English sports cars plunging end-over-end down Alpine slopes, can only watch in disbelief. All this, plus one of the best endings ever, in every sense a cliffhanger.

Each guy in the remake, by contrast, distinguishes himself by what he will buy with his share of the take. The driver wants a new car, the computer geek a new stereo, another guy a remote villa. Collectively they ridicule the bad guy, whose Italian-ness consists of a last name and a pencilled-on mustache, for stealing their ideas for super-cool toys—the ultimate rookie move in the high-tech world of sophisticated shopper-thieves. In the predictable final sequence, each vindicated thief is shown enjoying his dream possession at long last. Except, of course, Charlie and Stella, now a pair on a Venetian holiday, who don't need possessions. Their satisfaction consists in having resolved their complicated father-figure issues together.

This generic *Job* is just so much new wine in old skins. No, it's not even that. This is Evian in an old wineskin. Worse, there's no bona fide reason for it to exist—no anniversary or trend or even cameo.

Hunter gathering

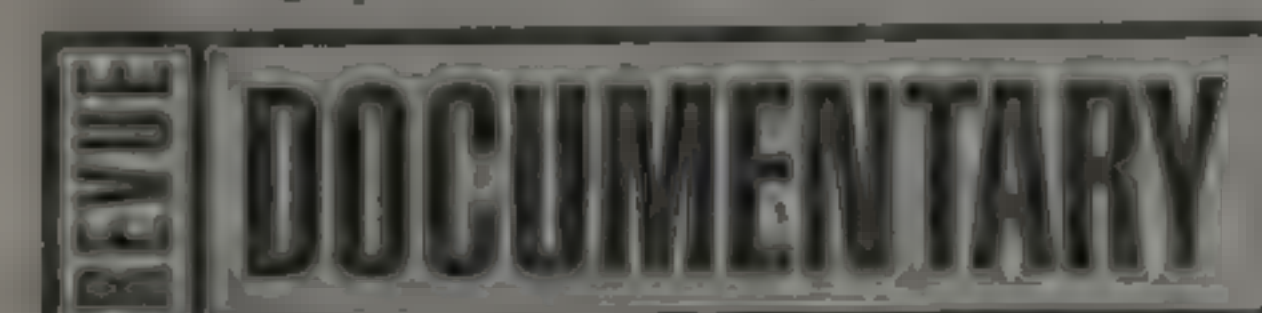
The Great Dance is a lyrical but melancholy portrait of the Kalahari bushmen

by BRIAN GIBSON

A special, one-night presentation of the Global Visions Festival Society, *The Great Dance* (A Hunter's Story) is a crisply shot documentary of Kalahari bushmen hunting animals. But what resonates as much as the images of gemsbok antelopes springing along or the men recreating the death of an animal is the sad note that closes the film: "Since these scenes were filmed, the !Xo people's individual hunting licenses have been revoked." Craig and Damon Foster's Discovery Channel-like film looks at the threatened lives of people who have been hunting for 30,000 years on ancestral lands.

The Great Dance follows !Nqate Xqamxebe (whose "original field recordings" were the basis for the script by Jeremy Evans and the narration by the deep-voiced Sello Maake Ka-Ncube) and his two hunting com-

panions, Karoha "Pro" Langwane and X!honshe X!hokne, who are hunting in the middle of a long drought. The trio speak in silence, using hand gestures and symbols to communicate as they track animals (usually antelope-like elands, gemsbok or kudu). One man hunts with a bow and poison-tipped arrow, while another runs after his prey for hours, finally spearing the tired beast. These pursuits and captures make up the "great dance" of the title; as one of the hunters explains, "When you are dancing and tracking, you are talking with God."



Miniature cameras capture animals from oblique, candid angles: the underbelly of a cheetah padding along, or a vulture craning its neck into a carcass, ripping out its entrails. There are vivid shots of clouds rippling through the sky and millipedes circling in the sand in spiral patterns. Reading such traces and prints of animals, the three lean, sleek men pursue their quarry or recreate how a creature died. (The bushmen are not above taking home animals killed by other predators, or even rotting

food.) These scenes all immerse the viewer in the world of these hunters, who spend days tracking, hunting, skinning and carrying home a single animal to feed their village.

Little is shown of village life, whether it be women preparing food and cooking or children playing. The dancing and ceremonies of the !Xo are also neglected; only the role of the people's god, Bihisabalo, in bringing fire to the !Xo and overseeing their hunt, is discussed.

If your only celluloid experience of Kalahari tribes came with that 1980s slapstick cult flick *The Gods Must Be Crazy*, the Fosters offer a much-needed bitter pill of reality. As the people and animals are threatened by game hunters, poachers, expanding cattle farms and encroaching wildlife parks, their nomadic lives are becoming penned in and their traditions are fading into the horizon of modern life. As one of the hunters asks, "But what will become of our sons?"

THE GREAT DANCE

Directed by Craig and Damon Foster • Written by Jeremy Evans • Narrated by Sello Maake ka-Ncube • Zeidler Hall, The Citadel • Thu, May 29 (7pm) • Metro Cinema • 425-9212/414-1052



Mark Wahlberg and Charlize Theron in *The Italian Job*

To quote culture critic George W.S. Trow, this is "the context of no-context," emptied of authority, history, relevance. The impetus for its arrival, apart from angering legions of British film cultists, must be to peddle the new Mini Coopers, now available at a dealership near you. Or, worse, to hook a new generation

on a watery cover of Floyd's "Money," a song about the banality of capital. How fitting. ♡

THE ITALIAN JOB

Directed by F. Gary Gray • Written by Donna Powers and Wayne Powers • Starring Mark Wahlberg, Charlize Theron and Edward Norton • Opens Fri, May 30

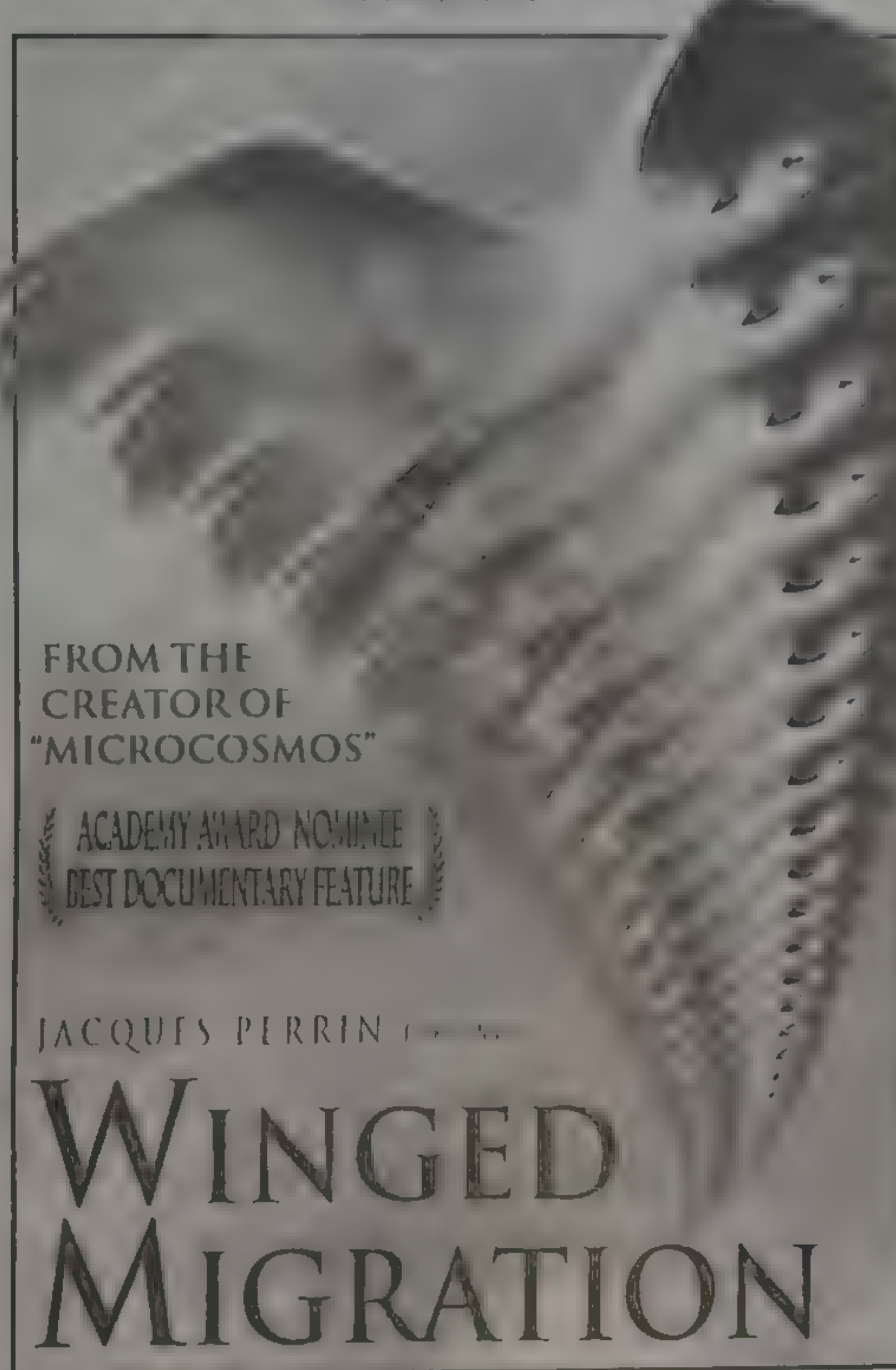


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Almighty, then!

It's a miracle: even with Steve Oedekerk directing, *Bruce Almighty* doesn't completely suck

By CHRIS BOUTET

In the past few weeks, there have been warning bells everywhere, crashing with all the relentless fury and intensity of a Grade Seven field trip to the percussion section of Hell's music store, prophesying that *Bruce Almighty* would turn out to be a stupid movie. It doesn't take a genius to figure that one out; after all, the movie's trailer showcases such comic

tidbits as a dog pooping in a toilet and Jim Carrey strutting around doing inane God-related things to the tune of SNAP's "I've Got the Power." We all know what we're getting here. Pooping dogs, mugging Carreys and some revamped early '90s club hits? But surely I can handle that all that crap in exchange for a few genuinely

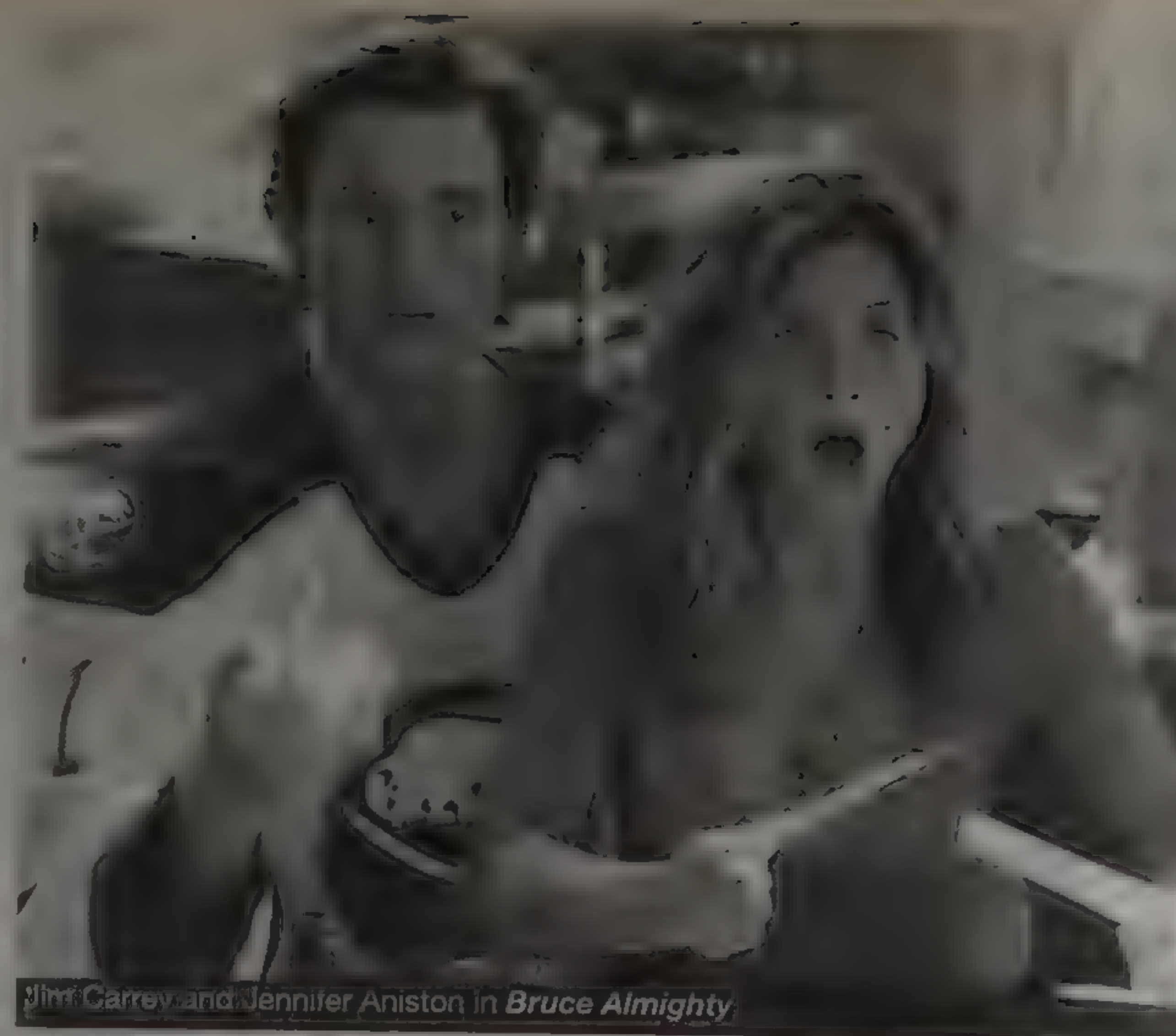
REVUE COMEDY

comic moments, right? Totally. Now put that movie in my eyes.

Still, I had no idea what kind of malignant potential *Bruce Almighty* was concealing until I saw the opening credits. "Huh," I thought to myself. "One of the screenplay co-authors is Steve Oedekerk. Man, that

guy sounds familiar. I wonder what else he's done?" Then suddenly, I remembered. Oedekerk, the man who wrote *Patch Adams*. Oedekerk, the mastermind behind *Nutty Professor II*. Oedekerk, the unapologetic, mouth-breathing crap factory that gave the world *Kung Pow: Enter the Fist* and all those "thumb" movies that inexplicably choke the shelves of rental stores everywhere. *BatThumb? The Godthumb? The Blair Thumb?* God I hate you, Steve Oedekerk. And by the time that I also discovered *Bruce Almighty* was directed by Jim Carrey's old-time partner-in-suck Tom Shadyac (*Ace Ventura, Liar Liar*), I had abandoned all hope and buckled up for the impending shit tempest looming before me. Thankfully, however, everything turned out fine.

Now, I'm not saying *Bruce Almighty* is a great movie, just that it's pretty passable summer comedy fare. The plot revolves around the frenetic physical humour of Jim Carrey as Bruce Nolan, a local television reporter in Buffalo who feels trapped by his position on the "human interest" beat, covering such banal tripe as a local bakery making the world's largest cookie. When he's passed over for a promotion to the evening news desk and eventually fired for the resulting on-screen tantrum, Bruce blames God for allowing his life to suck so badly, prompting God (Morgan Freeman) to bestow Bruce with all His powers to see if he could do any better. What ensues is the typical period spent abusing said power, followed by that oft-repeated and smarmy moment in which Bruce learns that with great power comes great responsibility as his



Jim Carrey and Jennifer Aniston in *Bruce Almighty*

behaviour eventually drives his girlfriend (Jennifer Aniston) away. In between all this, the dog goes to the bathroom a lot.

THE STORY IS RIFE with potential—too much to be fully explored in such a light film. While we do dip our big toes into the waters of free will versus divine intervention, this is about as close as you're going to get to exploring the nature of deity-like power instead of just watching Jim Carrey flop around, repeatedly spouting what is obviously intended to be this summer's "catchphrase." ("B-E-A-utiful"? Boo.) And speaking of Jim Carrey, man, what happened to him? Just five years ago, he won a Golden Globe and was touted for an Academy Award nomination for his role in 1998's *The Truman Show*, which he played with a rare sincerity and conviction that was only matched by his equally impressive performance as Andy Kaufman in 1999's *Man On the Moon*. But since then, Carrey seems to

have made every attempt to tank his credibility as an actor by starring in such mediocre strolls as *The Majestic*. Ron Howard's disastrous *How the Grinch Stole Christmas* and now the harmless yet vacant humour of *Bruce Almighty*. I guess it's possible that Carrey has already peaked as an actor, but he's certainly not helping his case out any by going back to the same vapid comedic formula that made him famous instead of the intelligent drama that made him respectable.

Bruce Almighty's primary saving grace is that it's not half as bad as the opening credits seemed to betray, which is hardly a reason to go see it. Unless, of course, you really like Steve Oedekerk, in which case you should stop by my house on the way to the theatre so I can punch you. ☹

BRUCE ALMIGHTY

Directed by Tom Shadyac • Written by Steve Koren, Mark O'Keefe and Steve Oedekerk • Starring Jim Carrey, Jennifer Aniston and Morgan Freeman • Now playing

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You're soaking in it

Waterlogged *Chaos and Desire* isn't exactly dripping with insight

By CHRIS BOUTET

From the wave-bobbing opening shot of *Chaos and Desire* (*La Turbulence des Fluides*) to its various images of drowning, submersion, ripples and aqua-blue surfaces, this new film by Quebec director Manon Briand overflows with so much water imagery that you'll want to pee several times before it's over. A little too slick and self-aware, *Chaos and Desire* never sinks under the weight of its themes, but this artsy craft of a picture does creak and list en route to its safe, soppy ending.

Alice (Pascale Bussi res), a woman who has only had casual relationships with men ever since a bad break-up, is a seismologist working in Japan. When her research centre is notified

of a strange occurrence in Alice's hometown of Baie-Comeau, they send her to see if the sudden stop in tidal activity there is a precursor of an earthquake. Once she arrives and begins to investigate the freakish phenomenon with the help of old college friend Catherine (Julie Gayet), Alice's scientific mind rebels at the notion that the suddenly still water could be related to strange human behaviour around the town, sweltering in a September heat wave. Why, for instance, does an adopted Chinese girl sleepwalk when high tide is supposed to arrive? And could the disappearance

accompanies many of the scenes. Town, beach and forest are always so awash in colour or light that they seem like digital landscapes, giving little sense of Baie-Comeau as a specific place. Instead, the town serves as a near-empty *X-Files* set, with Alice talking to a waitress (G n vieve Bujold) in a quiet caf  in the middle of the night, or to the girl Camille on the cleared dunes, or to Marc in front of an unoccupied swimming pool.

Alice figures out very little in this odd wonderland, and the mystery seems to mainly serve to bring her and Marc together and force her to see that people require faith and belief in their lives, not just hard-headed scientific reasoning. (There's talk of "emotional hallucination," people needing "disasters to know that God exists" and "desire, disorder and danger" as the three basic elements of life.) If Marc weren't so dopey and Alice were less of a cipher herself, I might have felt more for them, but unfortunately my critical reasoning took over and I

REVUE INDIE

of waterbombing pilot Marc Vandal's (Jean-Nicolas Verreault) wife be related to the lack of tides?

Shot by David Franco, his camera lens apparently smeared with Vaseline, Briand's film has the stylish patina of a music video, but its luminous sheen lacks substance. An electro-Muzak score incongruously

SEE NEXT PAGE

Swing has zing

Commentary on Gypsy persecution cloaked in great music and a charming love story

By BRIAN GIBSON

From the moment its simple yet funky opening credits appear on the screen, the musical romance *Swing* establishes itself as a deceptively straightforward film with enough grooves and riffs to charm even the most tone-deaf viewer. The story of a young boy who falls in love with the "Manouche" guitar playing of Gypsies (as well as a Gypsy beauty named Swing), Tony Gatlif's film has a brisk energy and bracing passion that carries it along to a surprisingly downbeat climax.

Max (Oscar Copp) is an open-eyed, ginger-haired boy staying with his grandmother in a rich area of town (in the Elzas region of France) until his mother takes him with her to Greece. There he goes across town to a Gypsy trailer park, where he's heard he can procure a guitar. Swing (Lou Rech), a raven-haired, wolf-faced girl, trades Max a poor acoustic guitar for his Discman, and soon Max is learning from the superb strummer Miraldo Reinhardt (Tchavolo Schmitt) how to play in the Manouche style in exchange for writing letters to Social Services on Miraldo's behalf demanding the entirety of his welfare payments. Max becomes enamoured with the Gypsies' music and besotted with Swing, but his carefree time at the caravan park is nearing an end, for soon his mother will take him away.

The sadly ironic switch between the once-roving, lower-class Gypsies and the now-roaming, bourgeois Max

is emphasized when, midway through the film, Puri Dai, an elderly woman who constantly looks out her trailer window, tells Max of her memories of the Gypsies' horrific persecution by the Germans during the Holocaust. But this sobering reflection, foreshadowed by one man's dark comment ("Every time I see barbed wire, it turns my stomach") comes after 45 minutes of frolicking children, a slapdash narrative and jaunty music.

The camera shots go from close-up, handheld shots of people in the trailer park to soaring takes of Max and Swing playing in the river or the



Oscar Copp in *Swing*

woods, the lens slicing away from the odd couple to take in the lush scenery. (There's a nice moment when Max paddles Swing along the river while his grandmother's gramophone plays.) The unadorned zest of the children's performances, from the moment when Max washes off his muddy pants in the automated sprinklers of a lumberyard to Max and Swing's cousin getting drunk on beer, add to the film's whimsical spirit.

REVUE FOREIGN

woods, the lens slicing away from the odd couple to take in the lush scenery. (There's a nice moment when Max paddles Swing along the river while his grandmother's gramophone plays.) The unadorned zest of the children's performances, from the moment when Max washes off his muddy pants in the automated sprinklers of a lumberyard to Max and Swing's cousin getting drunk on beer, add to the film's whimsical spirit.

BUT IT'S THE MUSIC (the skimpy plot sometimes seems to be an excuse to showcase the Manouche tunes) that carries *Swing*. At a party in the trailer park, men and women play violin, cello, guitar, clarinet and trombone as a dancer swings her hips and the music rolls along. The rambling, vibrant rhythms bounce through the rest of the film, culminating in a grand fusion of classical

instruments and Manouche melodies in a jangling, melancholic ode to lost love that hints at the ending of *Swing*. For as much as Gatlif's film is a tribute to the Gypsy (often called Roma) people of Europe and their haunting music, it is also a recognition of their long, shameful exclusion from mainstream society. The music, play and laughter surrounding Swing and Max unites them for a time, but there's a sense that the Eden of their existence can't last much longer, since Max must climb the high, barred fence of his disapproving grandmother's house and cross fields and industrial lands to enter the Gypsies' world. So the sad, quiet ending to *Swing* doesn't, in fact, jar with the tone of the film, but merely adds to this colourful, resonant aria of Gypsy life.

Gatlif's snappy, short film has some of the up-close, personal politics of a Dardenne Brothers movie mixed with the ragged comic charm of Jean-Pierre Jeunet's *Delicatessen*. But in the end, *Swing* sticks to its own beat, creating a catchy, lingering medley. **V**

SWING

Written and directed by Tony Gatlif • Starring Oscar Copp, Lou Rech and Tchavolo Schmitt • Zeidler Hall, The Citadel • Fri-Mon, May 30-June 2 (7pm) • Metro Cinema • 425-9212

Chaos and Desire

Continued from previous page

began to wonder why such a cold, clinically shot film was suffused with so little of the warmth and emotion of its message.

THE QUICK ZOOMS and self-conscious direction make more sense in the Japan scenes, where Briand is presumably trying to capture the high-tech, fast-paced world of Tokyo. But this slickness is replicated in Baie-Comeau, and the addition of some diluted content only makes *Chaos and Desire* a murkier wash onscreen. Immersing the viewer in water imagery up to the gills, Briand vaguely links human loss to tidal absence, magnetism to intuition, and even the earth's electrical pulses to human heartbeats. And all of these pathetic fallacies in capital-N Nature are, apparently, related to humans' sympathy for phalluses (or lack of them). The tideless town reeks of sex, Alice and Catherine notice, and the lesbian Catherine finds herself attracted to



both Alice and a local policewoman, while Alice yearns for Marc. Predictably, once these unions are consummated, the tide will return and everyone will drift back to their lives, happily ever after.

As pretty as some of the water motifs are, and as interesting a conceit as Briand's script initially possesses, the film skims along, never

plunging beneath its shallow surface and style. Dramatically, *Chaos and Desire* is no Risk and Depth. **V**

CHAOS AND DESIRE

Written and directed by Manon Briand • Starring Pascale Bussi res, Julie Gayet and Jean-Nicolas Verreault • Zeidler Hall, The Citadel Fri-Mon, May 30-June 2 (9pm) • Metro Cinema • 425-9212

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The Great Dance - A Hunter's story

A multi-award-winning documentary feature by Craig & Damon Foster South Africa, 2000, 35mm, 85 minutes

An astonishing tale about the Kalahari Bushmen's magical relationship to the Earth.

Thursday, May 29th, 2003 @ 7pm

Metro Cinema in Zeidler Hall, Citadel Theatre

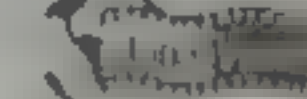
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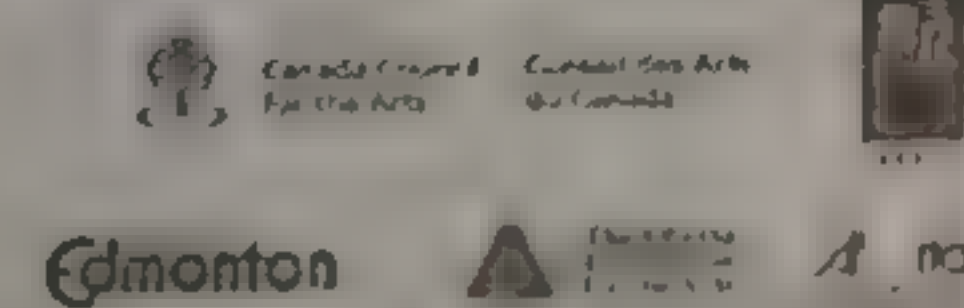
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NEW THIS WEEK

Chaos and Desire (M) Pascale Bussi res, Julie Gayet and Jean-Nicolas Verreault star in director Manon Briand's offbeat puzzler about a seismologist who is hired to investigate a small town in northern Quebec where the tides have stopped and the citizens have begun behaving in a variety of bizarre, inexplicable ways. *Zeidler Hall, The Citadel; Fri-Mon, May 30-June 2 (9pm)*

Dracula: Pages From a Virgin's Diary (CO) Zhang Wei-Qiang, Tara Birtwhistle and David Moroni star in *Careful* director Guy Maddin's eccentric, stylized film version of the Royal Winnipeg Ballet's dance adaptation of Bram Stoker's *Dracula*. With music by Gustav Mahler.

Finding Nemo (CO, FP) The voices of Albert Brooks, Ellen DeGeneres, Willem Dafoe, Geoffrey Rush and Allison Janney are featured in *A Bug's Life* writer/director Andrew Stanton's computer-animated comedy about a clownfish who embarks on a dangerous trek to be reunited with his son after they are separated near Australia's Great Barrier Reef.

The Great Dance (M) Directors Craig and Damon Foster's intimate documentary portrait of the Kalahari Bushmen, their close relationship with nature and the centuries-old hunting and survival techniques that continue to sustain them. *Zeidler Hall, The Citadel; Thu, May 29 (7pm)*

The Italian Job (CO, FP) Mark Wahlberg, Edward Norton and Charlize Theron star in *The Negotiator* director F. Gary Gray's remake of the classic 1969 caper comedy, in which a band of thieves commits a daring gold heist as part of an elaborate revenge scheme against their crooked former partner.

Samson and Delilah (EFS) Victor Mature and Hedy Lamarr star in *The Ten Commandments* director Cecil B. DeMille's giddy 1949 Biblical epic about the legendary warrior who is brought to ruin by a beautiful but vindictive temptress. *Provincial Museum Auditorium (102 Ave & 128 St); Mon, June 2 (8pm)*

The Shape of Things (P) Paul Rudd, Rachel Weisz, Gretchen Mol and Frederick Weller star in *In the Company of Men* writer/director Neil LaBute's film version of his misanthropic stage play about a woman who makes it her personal project to transform a nebbishy, pudgy museum guard into a fitter, more handsome and confident version of himself.

Swing (M) Oscar Copp, Lou Rech and Tchavolo Schmitt star in *Latcho Drom* writer/director Tony Gatlif's music-filled romance about a young boy whose love of jazz leads him to explore his small town's Manouche neighbourhood,

where he falls in love with a charismatic, free-spirited young gypsy girl. *Zeidler Hall, The Citadel; Fri-Mon, May 30-June 2 (7pm)*

Winged Migration (GA) *Microcosmos* director Jacques Perrin's visually spectacular, technologically innovative documentary about migratory birds, which traces the arduous annual journeys of several species of birds through 40 countries and all seven continents.

Wrong Turn (CO) Eliza Dushku, Jeremy Sisto, Emmanuelle Chriqui and Desmond Harrington star in *Crime and Punishment in Suburbia* director Rob Schmidt's horror flick about a group of young people who get stranded by a car crash in the woods of West Virginia, where they are hunted down by a gang of inbred hillbilly cannibals.

FIRST-RUN MOVIES

Agent Cody Banks (CO) Frankie Muniz, Hilary Duff and Angie Harmon star in *One Night at McCool's* director Harald Zwart's kidpic about a teenaged boy who, unbeknownst to his parents or classmates, lives a secret life as a highly trained special agent for the United States government.

Anger Management (CO, FP) Adam Sandler, Jack Nicholson and Marisa Tomei star in *Tommy Boy* director Peter Segal's comedy about a mild-mannered businessman who enrolls in a court-mandated anger-management program, only to be paired up with a psychotic instructor whose insane behaviour makes his life a living hell.

Armaan (FP) Amitabh Bachchan, Anil Kapoor and Preity Zinta star in director Honey Irani's drama about a man who is determined to realize his doctor father's dream of raising funds to build a state-of-the-art hospital, even after his father's death. In Hindi with English subtitles.

Bend It Like Beckham (CO) Parminder Nagra, Keira Knightley and Jonathan Rhys-Meyers star in *Bhaji on the Beach* director Gurinder Chadha's ethnic comedy about a soccer-crazy British teenager who defies her traditional-minded Sikh parents by secretly joining a women's football league.

Bruce Almighty (CO, FP) Jim Carrey, Jennifer Aniston and Morgan Freeman star in *Liar Liar* director Tom Shadyac's comedy about a constantly complaining local TV reporter whom God endows with all His powers for one week and challenges to make the world a better place.

Chicago (CO, FP) Ren e Zellweger, Catherine Zeta-Jones and Richard Gere star in director Rob Marshall's flashy film version of the classic Bob Fosse stage musical about a pair of publicity-hungry murderesses manipulating the

courts and the media in 1930s Chicago. Songs by John Kander and Fred Ebb.

Daddy Day Care (CO, FP) Eddie Murphy, Jeff Garlin, Regina Hall and Anjelica Huston star in *Dr. Dolittle 2* director Steve Carr's domestic comedy about a downsized dot-com worker who convinces his buddies to help him set up a new business: a "guy-run" daycare centre.

The Dancer Upstairs (P) Javier Bardem, Laura Morante and Juan Diego Botto star in director John Malkovich's murky political thriller, adapted by Nicholas Shakespeare from his novel, about a police officer in a turbulent South American country who becomes embroiled in a romantic triangle while tracking down the leader of a Marxist guerrilla group.

Down With Love (CO) Ren e Zellweger, Ewan McGregor and David Hyde Pierce star in *Bring It On* director Peyton Reed's campy tribute to the Rock Hudson/Doris Day comedies of the '50s, about a cocky, womanizing journalist who concocts a scheme to make a man-hating best-selling authoress fall in love with him.

Ghosts of the Abyss (FP) *Titanic* director James Cameron's 3-D IMAX documentary depicts the efforts of a team of historians and scientists to venture 2.5 miles beneath the North Atlantic and explore the wreck of the doomed *Titanic* luxury cruise ship.

The Good Thief (CO) Nick Nolte, Nutsa Kukhianidze and Tch ky Karyo star in *The Crying Game* writer/director Neil Jordan's moody heist picture, a remake of Jean-Pierre Melville's 1956 classic *Bob le Flambeur*, about an aging gambler and heroin addict who can't resist tempting fate by agreeing to participate in a daring casino robbery.

Holes (CO) Shia La Beouf, Sigourney Weaver, Jon Voight and Tim Blake Nelson star in *The Fugitive* director Andrew Davis's film version of Louis Sachar's children's novel about a teenager who is sent to a juvenile detention camp where the warden forces her young charges to spend their days digging hole after hole in a dry lake bed.

Identity (CO) John Cusack, Amanda Peet, Clea DuVall, Alfred Molina and John C. McKinley star in *Copland* director James Mangold's atmospheric thriller about 10 strangers who get stranded at an isolated motel during a violent rainstorm, and desperately try to figure out who is killing them off one by one.

The In-Laws (CO, FP) Michael Douglas, Albert Brooks, Robin Tunney and Candice Bergen star in *Dick* director Andrew Fleming's remake of the 1979 comedy about a mild-mannered podiatrist who is taken on a wild espionage adventure on the eve of his daughter's wedding by his new in-law, a

Finding Nemo is the new comedy from Pixar that's the same team who made *Toy Story* and *Monsters Inc.* Their new feature seems poised to duplicate that success, and, according to a recent article in the *LA Times*, that makes fish importers very nervous. Albert Brooks voices Marlin, a clownfish whose son is plucked from the Great Barrier Reef and winds up trapped in an aquarium in a dentist's office. "[Disney] wants kids to feel sorry for something that might or might not have a concept of mortality," complains pet-store owner Burton Patrick. But while animal-rights groups hope the film may call attention to illegal fish harvesting practices, others, like an underpoliced industry, others, like Mitch Gibbs, another pet-store proprietor interviewed by the *Times*, notes "Bambi" did not stop deer hunting.

crazed CIA agent.

It Runs in the Family (CO) Kirk Douglas, Michael Douglas, Cameron Douglas, Rory Culkin and Bernadette Peters star in *Last Orders* director Fred Schepisi's ensemble comedy about a dysfunctional multi-generational family and their mostly unsuccessful attempts to reconcile their many differences.

The Lizzie McGuire Movie (CO, FP) Hilary Duff, Yani Gellman, Adam Lamberg and Robert Carradine star in *Trick* director Jim Fall's tween-friendly comedy, based on the popular TV series, in which a cute but clumsy American teen falls in love with an Italian pop star during a trip to Rome.

The Lord of the Rings: The Two Towers (CO, FP) Elijah Wood, Ian McKellen, Viggo Mortensen, Sean Astin, Christopher Lee and Andy Serkis star in the much-anticipated second installment of director Peter Jackson's epic film adaptation of J.R.R. Tolkien's trilogy of fantasy novels about a quest to destroy an all-powerful ring.

The Matrix: Reloaded (CO, FP) Keanu Reeves, Carrie-Anne Moss, Laurence Fishburne and 100 Hugo Weaving's star in the Wachowski Brothers' hotly anticipated sequel to their 1999 sci-fi/action blockbuster about a team of rebels who must enter a virtual-reality environment in order to battle the soulless machines that have enslaved humanity.

A Mighty Wind (CO) Christopher Guest (who also directed), Michael McKean, Harry

Shearer, Eugene Levy, Catherine O'Hara and Parker Posey star in this quirky, improvisational "mockumentary" in the vein of *Waiting for Guffman* and *Best in Show*, about three '60s folk acts who reunite for a memorial concert in honour of a legendary folk-music promoter.

Nowhere in Africa (P) Juliane Kohler, Regine Zimmermann and Merab Ninidze star in director Caroline Link's Oscar-winning drama about a Jewish family in 1938 who must adapt to radical new surroundings when they move from Nazi Germany to Kenya. Based on the memoir by Stefanie Zweig. In German and Swahili with English subtitles.

X2: X-Men United (CO, FP) Hugh Jackman, Patrick Stewart, Ian McKellen, Halle Berry, Rebecca Romijn-Stamos, Alan Cumming, Famke Janssen and Brian Cox star in director Bryan Singer's sequel to his 2000 adaptation of the Marvel comic book, set in a world where the growing population of mutants with fantastic powers are looked on with suspicion and fear by "normal" humans.

LEGEND

CO: Cineplex Odeon, 444-5468
EFS: Edmonton Film Society, 439-5285
FP: Famous Players
GA: Garneau Theatre, 433-0728
L: Leduc Cinema, 986-2728
M: Metro Cinema, 425-9212
P: Princess Theatre, 433-0728

GARNEAU theatre
8712 - 109 Street - 433-0728

I FOUND MYSELF BLOWN AWAY

WINGED MIGRATION

WINGED MIGRATION
Nightly 7:00 & 9:00 pm
Sat & Sun Matinee 2:00 pm
•G•

PRINCESS THEATRE
10337 - Whyte Ave - 433-0728

NO WHERE IN AFRICA
Nightly 6:50 pm
Sat & Sun Matinee 1:00 pm
•14A• (sexually suggestive scenes)

TIME

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DANCER UPSTAIRS
Nightly 9:30 pm
Sat & Sun Matinee 3:40 pm
•14A• (violent scenes)

PRINCESS THEATRE
10337 - Whyte Ave. - 433-0728

ALL NEW FILM WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY NEIL LA BUTE

THE SHAPE OF THINGS

THE SHAPE OF THINGS
Nightly 7:00 & 9:00 pm
Sat & Sun Matinee 2:00 pm
•14A• (Coarse Language)

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Edmonton Journal

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VUE WEEKLY

FILM LISTINGS

Showtimes for Friday, May 30 to Thursday, June 5

are subject to change at any
contact theatre for confirmation.

CARNEAU

8712-109 St. 433-0728

ANGED MIGRATION

G

PRINCESS

10337-82 Ave. 433-0728

THE DANCER UPSTAIRS

14A

NOWHERE IN AFRICA

14A

THE SHAPE OF THINGS

PG

METRO CINEMA

9828-101A Ave.
Citadel Theatre 425-9212

CHAOS AND DESIRE

STC

LEDUC CINEMAS

4762-50 St. 986-2728

THE MATRIX: RELOADED

14A

FINDING NEMO

G

BRUCE ALMIGHTY

PG

THE IN-LAWS

PG

METASKWIN CINEMAS

117-351-1111

DADDY DAY CARE

G

GRANDIN THEATRE

Grandin Mall, Sir Winston Churchill Ave.
St. Albert 458-9822

FINDING NEMO

G

THE ITALIAN JOB

14A

DADDY DAY CARE

G

THE MATRIX: RELOADED

PG

THE IN-LAWS

PG

BRUCE ALMIGHTY

PG

CINEMA GUIDE

CITY CENTRE

10200-102 Ave. 421-7020

FINDING NEMO

G

WRONG TURN

18A

THE ITALIAN JOB

14A

BRUCE ALMIGHTY

PG

X2

May frighten younger children.
Daily 12.50 3.50 6.50 10.05

DADDY DAY CARE

Daily 12.40 4.10 6.40

THE MATRIX: RELOADED

Violent scenes.
Daily 12.00 3.00 6.30 9.40
THX Daily 12.30 3.30 7.00 10.00

DOWN WITH LOVE

Daily 9.20

WEST MALL 3

8882-170 St. 444-1829

DRACULA: PAGES FROM A VIRGIN'S DIARY

Violent scenes. Fri Mon-Thu 6.50 9.10
Sat-Sun 1.05 3.00 5.00 6.50 9.10

DOWN WITH LOVE

Fri Mon-Thu 7.10 9.40
Sat-Sun 1.40 4.30 7.10 9.40

CHICAGO

Fri Mon-Thu 6.45 9.20
Sat-Sun 4.10 6.45 9.20

BEND IT LIKE BECKHAM

Fri Mon-Thu 7.00 9.25
Sat-Sun 1.10 3.50 7.00 9.25

THE LIZZIE McGUIRE MOVIE

Fri Mon-Thu 7.20
Sat-Sun 2.00 4.40 7.20

THE GOOD THIEF

Coarse language.
Daily 9.30

HOLES

Sat-Sun 1.20

IDENTITY

Gory violence.
Fri Mon-Thu 6.40 9.00
Sat-Sun 1.30 3.40 6.40 9.00

A MIGHTY WIND

Fri Mon-Thu 7.30 9.55
Sat-Sun 1.50 4.20 7.30 9.55

WRONG TURN

Gory violence throughout.
Fri Mon-Thu 7.40 9.50
Sat-Sun 1.00 3.10 5.10 7.40 9.50

CLAREVIEW

4211-139 Ave. 472-7600

FINDING NEMO

Fri Sun-Thu 12.00 1.30 2.30
4.00 5.00 7.00 7.30 9.30 9.50
Sat 1.30 2.30 4.00 5.00 7.00 7.30 9.30 9.50

THE ITALIAN JOB

Daily 12.15 2.45 5.15 7.40 10.10

WRONG TURN

Gory violence throughout.
Daily 1.40 4.10 8.00 10.30

BRUCE ALMIGHTY

Coarse language. Daily 12.30 1.50 3.00 4.30
5.30 6.50 7.50 9.10 10.20

X2

May frighten younger children.
Daily 12.45 3.45 7.15 10.00

DADDY DAY CARE

Daily 1.10

THE MATRIX: RELOADED

Violent scenes.
Daily 1.00 3.30 4.15 6.45 7.20 9.40 10.15

THE IN-LAWS

Suggestive language.
Daily 1.20 3.40 6.30 9.00

SOUTH EDMONTON COMMON

1525-99 St. 436-8585

FINDING NEMO

Daily 12.00 12.30 2.00 2.45 3.15
4.45 5.30 6.00 7.30 8.15 10.15
THX Daily 1.00 3.45 7.00 9.20

WRONG TURN

Gory violence throughout.
Daily 12.40 3.00 5.20 7.50 10.20

BRUCE ALMIGHTY

Coarse language.
Fri Sun-Thu 1.10 2.10 3.10 3.40 4.40 5.40
6.40 7.10 8.10 9.10 9.40 10.45
Sat 12.10 2.40 10.10
THX Daily 12.10 2.40 5.10 7.40 10.10

THE MATRIX: RELOADED

Violent scenes.
Daily 2.30 5.45 9.00 10.30 THX Daily 12.15
1.15 3.30 4.30 6.45 8.00 10.00

PG

BEND IT LIKE BECKHAM

Daily 12.50 4.15 6.50 9.30

X2

May frighten younger children

Daily 12.20 1.50 3.20 5.15 6.30 8.30 9.50

DADDY DAY CARE

Daily 1.30 4.00 7.20

IDENTITY

Gory violence. Daily 9.45

DOWN WITH LOVE

Daily 8.20 10.40

WEST MALL 6

8882-170 St. 444-1331

DAVE DEVIL

Violent scenes.
Fri Mon-Thu 6.50 9.20
Sat-Sun 1.15 4.00 6.50 9.20

SHANGHAI KNIGHTS

Fri Mon-Thu 6.40
Sat-Sun 1.00 3.50 6.40

OLD SCHOOL

Crude sexual content.
Fri Mon-Thu 7.30 10.00
Sat-Sun 2.15 5.00 7.30 10.00

HOW TO LOSE A GUY IN 10 DAYS

Suggestive language.
Fri Mon-Thu 7.00 9.30
Sat-Sun 1.30 4.30 7.00 9.30

WHAT A GIRL WANTS

Fri Mon-Thu 6.30 8.50
Sat-Sun 1.45 4.15 6.30 8.50

BRINGING DOWN THE HOUSE

Suggestive language, not suitable for
younger children.
Fri Mon-Thu 7.15 9.45
Sat-Sun 2.00 4.45 7.15 9.45

HEAD OF STATE

Coarse language.
Daily 9.10

VILLAGE TREE

1 Gervais Rd. St. Albert 459-1212

BRUCE ALMIGHTY

Coarse language. No passes.
Fri 7.15 9.45 Sat-Sun 1.45 4.15 7.15 9.45
Mon-Thu 7.15

AGENT CODY BANKS

Fri 7.15 9.30 Sat-Sun 2.15 4.30 7.15 9.30
Mon-Thu 7.15

THE LORD OF THE RINGS: THE TWO TOWERS

Violent scenes, frightening scenes.
Fri 8.45 Sat-Sun 1.00 4.45 8.45
Mon-Thu 6.30

HOLES

Fri 7.00 9.45 Sat-Sun 1.00 4.00 7.00 9.45
Mon-Thu 7.00

IT RUNS IN THE FAMILY

Fri 6.45 9.30 Sat-Sun 1.15 3.45 6.45 9.30
Mon-Thu 6.45

THE LIZZIE McGUIRE MOVIE

Fri 7.00 9.15 Sat-Sun 2.00 4.15 7.00 9.15
Mon-Thu 7.00

DOWN WITH LOVE

Fri 7.30 9.45 Sat-Sun 2.00 4.45 7.30 9.45
Mon-Thu 7.30

IDENTITY

Gory violence.
Fri 6.30 8.45 Sat-Sun 1.30 3.45 6.30 8.45
Mon-Thu 6.30

THE IN-LAWS

Suggestive language.
Fri 7.30 10.00 Sat-Sun 2.15 4.30 7.30 10.00
Mon-Thu 7.30

THE GOOD THIEF

Coarse language.
Fri 6.30 9.00 Sat-Sun 1.00 3.45 6.30 9.00
Mon-Thu 6.30

ANGER MANAGEMENT

Fri 6.45 9.15 Sat-Sun 1.15 4.00 6.45 9.15
Mon-Thu 6.45

GALAXY CINEMAS @ SHERWOOD PARK

2020 Sherwood Drive
Edmonton 780-416-0150

FINDING NEMO

Fri 3.45 7.00 9.10 Sat-Sun 1.00 3.45 7.00 9.10
Mon-Thu 7.00 9.10

THE ITALIAN JOB

Fri 3.25 7.20 10.05
Sat-Sun 12.50 3.25 7.20 10.05
Mon-Thu 7.20 10.05

PG

BRUCE ALMIGHTY

Coarse language. Fri 4.05 7.10 9.40
Sat-Sun 1.30 4.05 7.10 9.40
Mon-Thu 7.10 9.40

ANGER MANAGEMENT

Fri Sun 3.50 9.05
Mon-Thu 9.05

X2

May frighten younger children.
Fri 3.55 7.05 10.00 Sat-Sun 12.30 3.55 7.05
10.00 Mon-Thu 7.05 10.00

THE LIZZIE McGUIRE MOVIE

Fri 3.35 Sat-Sun 1.20 3.35

DADDY DAY CARE

Fri 4.05 6.30 9.00 Sat-Sun 1.15 4.05 6.30 9.00
Mon-Thu 6.30 9.00

THE MATRIX: RELOADED

Violent scenes. No passes.
Fri 3.30 4.00 6.45 7.15 9.50 10.15
Sat-Sun 12.15 12.45 3.30 4.00 6.45 7.15 9.50
10.15 Mon-Thu 6.45 7.15 9.50 10.15

DOWN WITH LOVE

Fri 3.50 6.50 9.05 Sat-Sun 1.25 3.50 6.50 9.05
Mon-Thu 6.50 9.05

THE IN-LAWS

Suggestive language.
Daily 6.40 9.25

DOWN WITH LOVE

Fri Mon-Thu 6.50
Sat-Sun 1.25 6.50

FAMOUS PLAYERS

GATEWAY 8

29 Ave. Calgary Trail 436-6977

THE LIZZIE McGUIRE MOVIE

Fri Sat-Sun 1.20 3.50 7.10 9.20
Mon-Tue Wed-Thu 7.10 9.20

AMMAH

Subtitled. Fri Sat-Sun 1.15 4.20 7.45
Mon-Tue Wed-Thu 7.45

CHICAGO

Fri Sat-Sun 12.50 3.40 6.50 9.40
Mon-Tue Wed-Thu 6.50 9.40

THE LORD OF THE RINGS: THE TWO TOWERS

Violence, frightening scenes.
Fri Sat-Sun 1.00 4.30 8.15
Mon-Tue Wed-Thu 8.15

THE IN-LAWS

Suggestive language.
Fri Sat-Sun 1.10 3.30 7.15 9.35
Mon-Tue Wed-Thu 7.15 9.35

THE ITALIAN JOB

Fri Sat-Sun 12.45 1.30 3.15
4.15 7.00 7.30 9.30 10.00
Mon-Tue Wed-Thu 7.00 7.30 9.30 10.00

ANGER MANAGEMENT

Fri Sat-Sun 1.40 4.10 7.20 9.50
Mon-Tue Wed-Thu 7.20 9.50

PARAMOUNT JMK

10233 Jasper Ave. 428-1307

THE IN-LAWS

Suggestive language.
Fri Mon-Tue Wed-Thu 7.00 9.15
Sat-Sun 4.30 7.00 9.15

SILVERCITY WEST EDMONTON MALL

WEM, 8882-170 St. 444-2400

ANGER MANAGEMENT

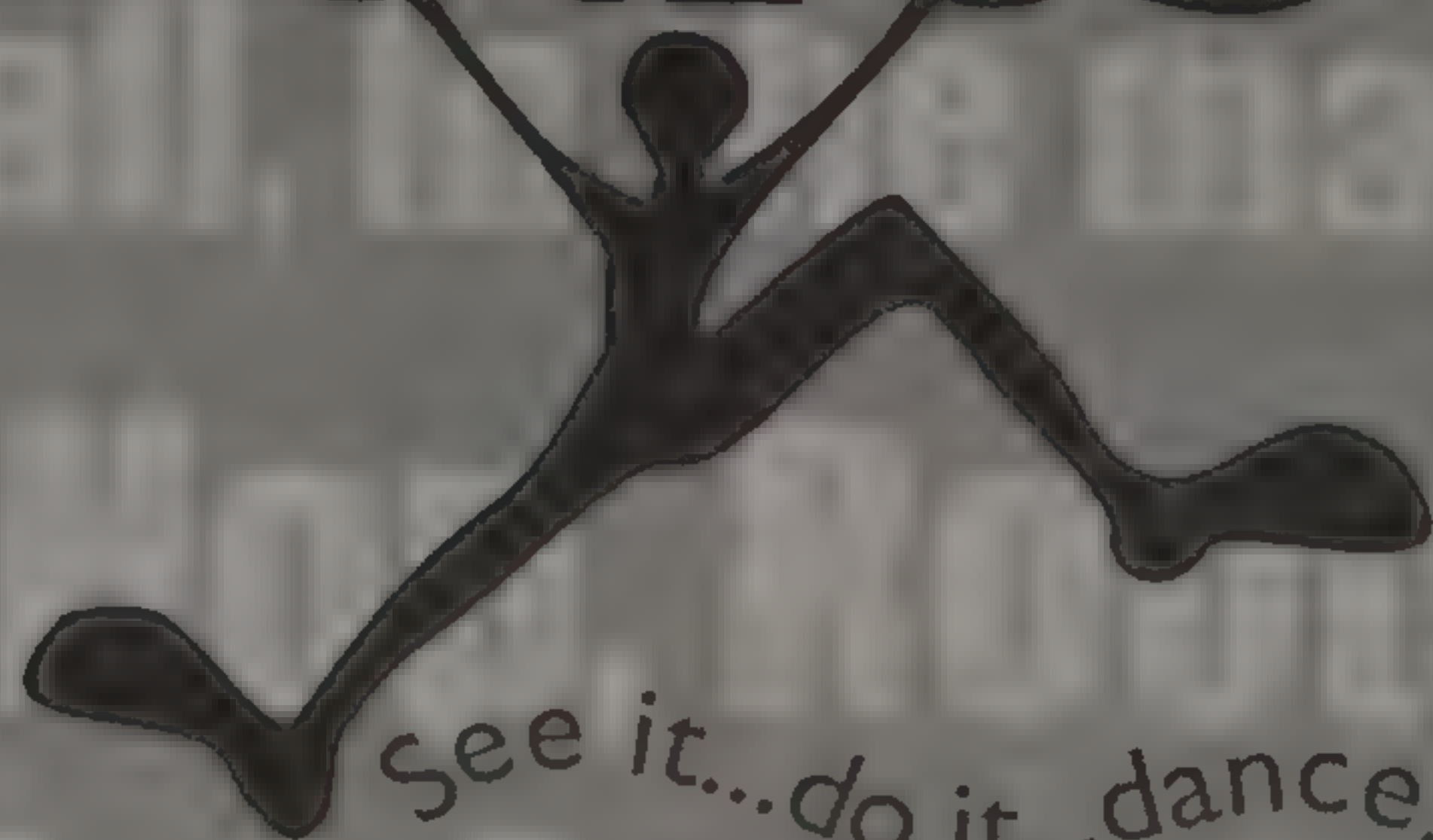
9.50

BRUCE ALMIGHTY

No passes. Coarse language.
Fri Sat-Sun Tue 12.30 1.40 3.15 3.45 4.30 6.45
7.40 8.00 9.40 10.20 10.40 Mon 12.30 1.40
3.15 3.45 4.30 6.00 6.45 8.00 9.40 10.20
1

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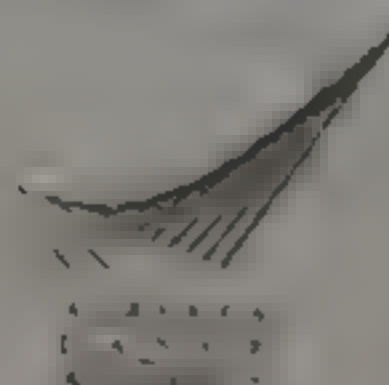
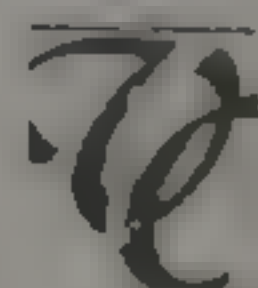


BOTTOM LINE
Productions Inc.
Good@Graphics

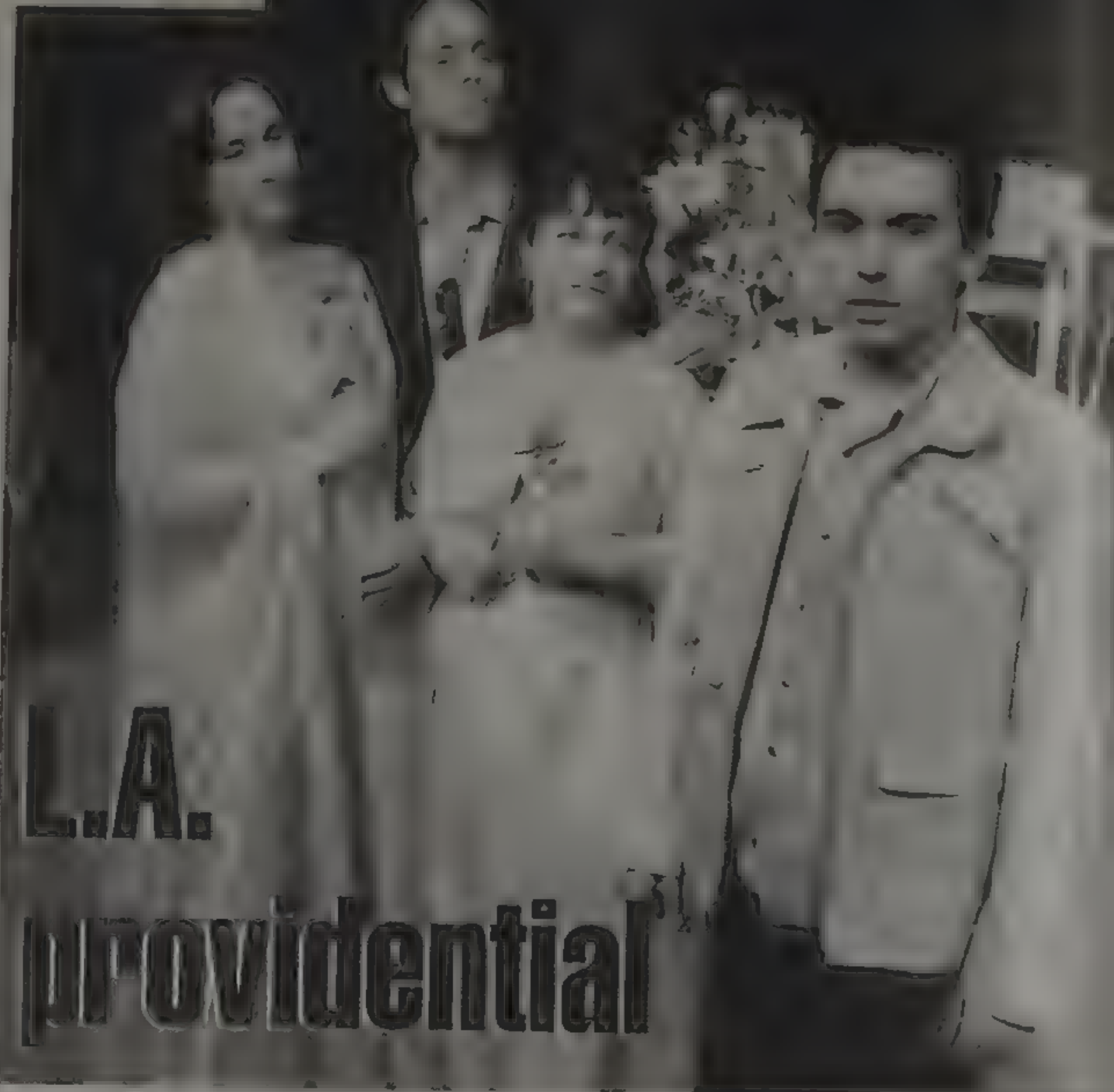


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ARTS



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Stewart Lemoine
concocts another
heavenly play with
*The Margin
of the Sky*

By PAUL MATWYCHUK

Near the end of Stewart Lemoine's new play *The Margin of the Sky*, the four characters gather on a Santa Monica patio overlooking the Pacific Ocean drinking margaritas out of plastic glasses with stems shaped like cacti. "Look," announces Leo (Ron Pederson), a Canadian playwright who's come to Los Angeles to write a screenplay for his brother-in-law Spence, a semi-famous soap opera star. "Here are serious drinks in whimsical vessels."

You could call *The Margin of the Sky* a serious drink in a whimsical vessel, too. After the first scene (during which Spence offers several charmingly boneheaded suggestions for improving Leo's proposed script), the two men split up and agree to reconvene a few hours later. But within those few hours, something miraculous occurs: Leo and Spence both have chance encounters with women who they impulsively decide they want to spend the rest of the day with. Leo hooks up with a bookkeeper named Alice (Leona Brausen)—they bond after he Heimlichs her when she starts choking on a bone in her homemade chicken salad sandwich, and soon he's telling her everything about his ongoing project to rank the world's top 10 mezzo-sopranos according to his own exhaustive four-point system. ("Leo, you're just a marvelous person," she says. "You'll never marry.") Spence, meanwhile, strikes up a conversation in the waiting room of his chiropractor with an intriguing woman named Sheila (Cathy Derkach). She lets him listen to the

recording of Arnold Schoenberg's *Gurrelieder* she's enjoying on her Discman, and Spence is unexpectedly overwhelmed by the power and passion of the music—so much so that he ditches his doctor's appointment and whisks her out of the office with him.

Soon, the two couples hook up and spend a marvelous day together doing fun L.A. activities—the women try on glamorous gowns at Sheila's store, they go to the beach, they all try on sunglasses, they drink rum-laced smoothies, they hold a mock awards ceremony during which Alice is voted "Best Lady"... and through it all, the throbbing chords of Schoenberg's *Gurrelieder* keep the character in a heightened, giddy, almost

enchanted state of mind that makes everything they do seem like an adventure.

(My favourite exchange in the entire play occurs when Leo asks Alice if she wants to come with him to Santa Monica and meet his brother. "We get to take the bus!" he says. "Yay!" replies Alice. End of scene!)

FOR A VERY LONG TIME, it appears as though the play will consist of nothing but charming getting-to-know-you conversations—a big L.A. traffic jam of witty Lemoine banter. And while Lemoine writes this kind of stuff better than just about anyone, there are a few moments in the play where the cleverness of the dialogue becomes a little bit precious, as when Sheila asks Leo to explain whether "the margin of the sky" (a phrase from the libretto of *Gurrelieder*) refers to the horizon. "I'm asking you," she says, "because you're verbally astute whereupon Leo replies, "But your question involves nouns." Or the moment where Alice apologizes for acting so "silly" after her near-death experience; when she says she didn't mean "silly" in a critical way, Leo quips, "I get ya—more like the putty than the goose." But then, late in the

SEE NEXT PAGE

Some enchanted evening

Daniel Bagan burns the midnight oil (and charcoal) in *The Bituminous Night*

BY AGNIESZKA MATEJKO

Something happens when night falls. I mean something more than the eerie silence that slowly descends upon once noisy streets or the fading of the brilliant colours of day into deep blue-black tones. At night, the mundane order of things reverses; perfectly ordinary, practical-minded people like accountants and bank managers fall irrationally in love or dream about flying, while the imaginations of the ready-impractical people like artists and writers seem catapulted to even greater heights (and depths). It's a mystery, then, why virtually no painters explore the inscrutable beauty of the night? None, that is, except artist and businessman Daniel Bagan, who has been painting it for more than 20 years. In fact, you may have seen him on a dark Edmonton evening sitting on a sidewalk with a large 3' by 4' drawing board and a stack of charcoal nearby. The most recent series of his night streetscapes, *The Bituminous Night*, will be on display at the Upstairs Gallery, adjoining Bagan's framing business.

"The night transforms the way the city looks," Bagan says. "Things are no longer bland. I start to look at things three times instead of a passing glance." With the summer nights in Edmonton so short, it was only during Bagan's two-year stay in Toronto that he began in earnest to draw the night. "I was sitting on the sidewalk [drawing] in the middle of Toronto and witnessed some domestic difficulties," Bagan recalls with a note of wistful humour. "Somebody

would get into a car and leave. Then someone would turn on the light and my whole drawing would be gone. A small change of light will change the whole landscape."

Despite the incessant interruptions in lighting that Bagan so stoically puts up with, his art transfixes the city into a tranquil stillness. City life has come to a close, Bagan's streets are empty except for the streaming lights of streetlamps, an abandoned chair standing seemingly pensively beside a doorway, and the shadows of tree branches dancing against a stucco wall, weaving an elaborate Islamic motif. "[At night] you have a quiet atmosphere that is at odds with modern society," Bagan

PREVIEW VISUAL ARTS

says, "especially urban life—it is all helter-skelter. That seems to change at

night. It is a much more interesting visual landscape at night than it is during the day." As the rush of street life subsides, it is up far above the city where life and activity begin. Bagan's sprawling skies are filled with clouds that billow with the grace of dancers moving across a navy blue stage, stars dimming city lights with their brilliance while meteor showers swoop across like speeding cars. "[A shooting star] is very difficult to put into a painting," Bagan says, "because you get a split-second of activity."

TO PLACE BAGAN'S PORTRAITS of the urban sky under the usual bright floodlights of a gallery would detract from their gentle ambience and shifting grays. Fortunately, since Bagan is the owner, curator and installation technician of his own gallery, he can transform the space according to the show's unique needs. He has determined that the best way to create soft, controlled lighting is to cover the large windows with panels onto which his works will be placed. The drawings are placed adjacent to each

well. (Take the scene where Spence mentions an embarrassing charity event he once participated in, and Pederson has Leo pause momentarily before his next line to silently mock him.) Like everyone else in the cast, Pederson handles Lemoine's quick-witted humour with ease—it must be very difficult, with dialogue this snappy, for actors to avoid looking too pleased with themselves when they say it. I especially enjoyed Leona Brausen's performance as Alice; her hearty cry of "Well, yeah!" whenever anyone invites her if she'd like to do something with them seems to encapsulate the life-affirming mood of the entire play in two cheerful syllables. To use Alice's phrase, what happens onstage at *The Margin of the Sky* is more than lovely—it's absurdly lovely. ☺

THE MARGIN OF THE SKY

Written and directed by Stewart Lemoine • Starring Ron Pederson, Jeff Haslam, Cathy Derkach and Leona Brausen • Varscona Theatre • To June 7 • 433-3399 (ext. #2)

other to form a continuous series. The viewer can virtually walk into Bagan's drawings and experience what it's like to sit on an empty street at night with the shadows of activity stirring behind closed curtains and the sky shifting continually up above.

While so many artists regularly work from photographs, Bagan insists on lugging around drawing boards the size of a small person and risking the end of the entire drawing when some hapless neighbour turns off a light. But Bagan feels nothing can replace the textures of the night and the feeling of being under the sky. "You sit down and work [outdoors]," he says. "Through that you become a part of the landscape. That's true if you are out in the city or if you are Tom Thomson sitting



on the Northern Shield."

One of the titles of Bagan's works quotes a poem by Jorge Luis Borges, (a writer the artist admires and one whose blindness enabled him to write with unusual evocativeness about the night). "Nights," Borges wrote, "have a habit of mysterious

gifts and refusals." Perhaps it is only outdoors, as Bagan sits on some quiet streetcorner, that the poetry of the sky can speak to him. ☺

THE BITUMINOUS NIGHT

By Daniel Bagan • Upstairs Gallery/ Great Bear Framing • June 7-July 15

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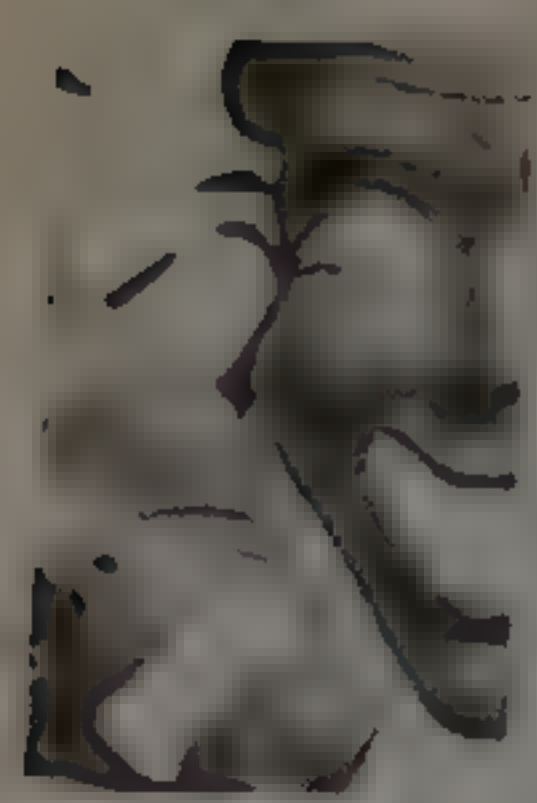


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theatre notes

BY PAUL MATWYCHUK

What a predictable column!

Booth space at the Next Act Pub on the corner of 104 Street and 83 Avenue in Old Strathcona will be at a premium on Monday, June 2 at 4:30 p.m.; that's when the list of nominees for the **16th Annual Elizabeth Sterling Haynes Awards** will struggle to make itself heard over the sizzle of burgers and the din of clinking beer glasses. The doors will open for cocktails half an hour earlier; wise people

will make a point of grabbing a seat while they can.

Foolish people, on the other hand, will be too busy gossiping and trying to predict which shows were lucky enough to find favour with the Sterling jury. I've always identified with fools myself, so here's my forecast of what might happen on Monday.

In all likelihood, this year's Sterlings will be much more evenly distributed compared to last year's Citadel-dominated list of nominations and winners. I'm guessing that the Citadel's *Einstein's Gift* and *Grease* will nab their fair share of nods and *Servant of Two Masters* and *Proof* may get a couple of high-profile acting and design nominations, but it'll be nothing like 2002, when the stunning Citadel production of *Cabaret* pretty much wiped out the competition. Also look for a big comeback from Theatre Network, which received only a handful of nominations last year but mounted a very strong 2002-2003 season chock-full of contenders like *Excavations*, *Perfect Pie* and the show I predict will lead the list of

nominees, *Hedwig and the Angry Inch*. All right, let's see how much I'm psychic I really am and start talking specifics. I'm going to speculate that the four Best Play nominees will be *Einstein's Gift*, *Mary's Wedding*, *Perfect Pie* and *Proof*. (Then again, *The Red Priest*, *The Margin of the Sky* and *Servant of Two Masters* strike me as possible finalists as well—how's that for hedging my bets?) And there is going to be some very exciting competition in two categories that in the past have tended to be fairly ho-hum races: in fact, Outstanding Musical may be the most exciting race of them all, with the likely contenders being *Hedwig*, *Grease*, Catalyst Theatre's *The Blue Orphan* and *Boy Groove* (although a Mayfield show like *Gypsy* make squeak into the final four instead). The race for Outstanding New Work is even tougher to handicap, but I'm guessing *Einstein's Gift*, *The Margin of the Sky*, *The Red Priest* and *The Blue Orphan* will edge out *Excavations*, *Servant of Two Masters*, *Hump!* and *Boy Groove*.

The nominees for Outstanding Fringe Production are a little easier to narrow down—Stewart Lemoine's *The Exquisite Hour* has a nomination pretty much locked up (as does pretty much everyone connected with that beautiful show), and the competition will probably consist of *Featuring Loretta*, *Metis Mutt* and... hmmm... I'm gonna say *The Maids*.

The Sterling ceremony itself takes place June 30 at the Mayfield Dinner Theatre. Will I try predicting the winners too? Well... let's wait until Monday and see how well I did in Round One first.

Hangar management

Two Fringe-related fundraisers are vying for your attention on Friday night. The blockbuster of the two is the **Attack of the Killer Fringe Cabaret**, which begins at 7 p.m. at the Blatchford Field Air Hangar at Fort Edmonton Park (just off Fox Drive and Whitemud Drive, the press release tells me). This annual event is where audiences have traditionally gotten their first glimpse of some of the Fringe's most eagerly anticipated plays—and this year's slate of acts is especially stellar, with scenes and sneak previews of new work by David Belke, Ken Brown, Marty Chan, Chris Craddock, Gerald Osborn and Trevor Schmidt. Food and a silent auction round out the evening. The individual admission price is \$35; a table for eight will cost you \$260. Call 448-9000 to buy tickets.

Fringe-boosters on a budget, however, may be more attracted to the Friday-night fundraising performance of *IncoherentANT*, one of the sleeper hits of last year's Fringe, at 8 p.m. at the Walterdale Playhouse. Director Barbara French and actors Aaron Talbot and Geoffrey Ewert will be taking their funny, physical and philosophical show on tour this summer to Saskatoon, Winnipeg, Toronto and my donut-crazy home town of Hamilton, which I'm proud to say is mounting its very first Fringe next weekend. But the *IncoherentANT* team needs gas money to get there! (And money for drinks at the Gown and Gavel once they arrive.) Help them out, won't you? Tickets are \$10 and are available at the door or by calling 920-3049. ☐

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free will astrology

By ROB BREZSNY

ARIES Mar 21 - Apr 19

Matrix Reloaded, but I hope you won't find it as exciting a film like it this week. It was loud, bombastic, sprawling, bewildering and epic: the exact opposite of what you need right now. You don't thrive instead on intimate, subtle pleasures, do you? You will come alive in the presence of the subtle, the understated, soulful influences that are full of grace. The experiences that will lead you to your best destiny will awaken your sensitivity and move you to meditate on lyrical truths.

TAURUS Apr 20 - May 20

In the series finale of the long-running TV show, *Touched by an Angel*, the Madonna-like angel Monica is offered a promotion. All these years she has struggled to help one stumbling human after another climb up out of the gutter; now she has a chance to move up to the cushy job of supervisor, where she won't have to wrestle with so much chaos. But she turns down the gig and chooses instead to stay at her job of redeeming the ragtag multitudes. I believe you'll come to a comparable juncture in your own life during the coming months, Taurus. One path will lead to more comfort and prestige; the other will bring more interesting challenges and inspiring surprises. I'm not sure what the

right decision is, but the sooner you start ruminating about it, the more likely it is you'll do what's wisest for the long term.

GEMINI May 21 - June 20

You're in a phase when you may be tempted to start food fights at fancy dinner parties, wrap toilet paper around the trees in front of your adversaries' houses, and regard the juvenile delinquents of *South Park* as worthy role models. I hate to discourage you from indulging this instinct for uproar, since so much of it could be fun and liberating. Therefore, I'm going to authorize you to go right ahead. But please keep a fraction of your adult brain working in the background, ready to step in and halt the proceedings if you're ever about to, say, imitate the *South Park* kids' "How to eat with your butt" routine for your boss.

CANCER June 21 - July 22

If you're swallowed whole by a whale or a dragon this week, don't panic. It's much better than being chewed into little pieces before being swallowed, which is definitely not going to happen. And according to my reading of the astrological omens, while you may spend a few days in the belly of the beast, you will eventually be... uh... *expelled* intact out the other end. Then it'll just be a matter of navigating the winding path back home. The entire experience will no doubt be humbling, Cancerian, but it will also have the salubrious effect of scouring you clean of a whole mess of karma.

LEO July 23 - Aug 22

"Can you find an imperfection on Halle Berry? We can't." So writes Hollywood.com's Scott Huver about the Oscar-winning beauty born under the sign of Leo. Huver also notes that *People* magazine has five times named Berry one of the 50 Most Beautiful People and that

Playboy called her one of the 100 sexiest women of the 20th century. And how does Berry herself feel about her looks? "To be totally honest," she told the German magazine *Journal für die Frau*, "most of the time I think I'm ugly." I absolutely forbid you to exhibit this kind of self-abasement in the coming week, Leo. You may not, under any circumstances, denigrate your own gorgeous radiance. It's crucial for both yourself and everyone you encounter that you celebrate your magnificence.

VIRGO Aug 23 - Sept 22

"Nothing worse could happen to one than to be completely understood." So said pioneer psychologist Carl Jung. If you think what he said is true, you should take action immediately, because you're in imminent danger of being well understood by at least two people. If on the other hand you're confident you can handle the odd sensation of being seen for exactly who you are, do nothing other than what you're already doing.

LIBRA Sept 23 - Oct 22

Marriages in India are usually arranged by relatives of the bride and groom, and most couples who wed come from the same religion or caste. There *are* daring rebels who ignore those customs, though, and choose to marry for love. One of their champions is a social worker named Biswanath Ramachandra Champa Swapnaji Taslima Voltaire. He has launched a new political party for lovers called the Lovers' Green-Globalist Godfree-Humanist Party. "Only those who love can effectively change society," he says, "and my new party will be their platform." I bring this up, Libra, because it's a perfect astrological moment for you to launch your own Lovers' Party. You have a growing knack for bringing intimacy and tenderness into political struggles. When helping your tribe deal with its dilemmas in the coming weeks, you'll be able to summon ingenious expressions of compassion.

SCORPIO Oct 23 - Nov 21

My dream last night informed me that if I hoped to compose an accurate horoscope for you, I'd have to go to the Outback Steakhouse near my home. Since I don't eat red meat, I initially felt a bit irked. But I've learned over the years that it's dumb to ignore a direct order from my dreams. I know, furthermore, that it's not enough just to go through the motions: My dream wanted me to have the full Outback immersion experience. So I obeyed with an open heart, dropping all my vegetarian sensitivities as I devoured the Mad Max, described by the menu as "a serious burger for warriors only." By the end of the meal, with my astrological charts spread before me, I'd intuited the advice you need: you should seek out encounters that are as unlike your usual inclinations as this one was for me.

SAGITTARIUS Nov 22 - Dec 21

In the generic science fiction movie I watched on cable TV last night, the hero's spacecraft happened upon the interplanetary equivalent of a junkyard. Aging shuttle pods and out-of-commission satellites floated around a decrepit space station. Soon a salesman appeared on the ship's view screen, trying to convince the hero to browse through his extensive collection of valuables gathered from more than 100 different planets. "Take a look," the huckster chirped brightly. "You may find something you never knew you wanted!" Those words or something similar will be coming your way from the entire universe this week, Sagittarius.

CAPRICORN Dec 22 - Jan 19

"History is made out of the failures and heroism of each insignificant moment." Franz Kafka's observation has special signif-

icance for you right now, Capricorn. Every little action you take will have unimaginable weight, and the cumulative effect of your many little actions may alter conditions you'd assumed were impervious to change. Even your passing thoughts and idle fantasies will have more influence than usual to shape your future. Until June 29, there will be no such thing as a trivial detail for you. My advice? Act as if each moment were a promise of the life you want to be living next October.

AQUARIUS Jan 20 - Feb 18

"The universe is full of magical things," said British novelist Eden Phillpotts, "patiently waiting for our wits to grow sharper." It's another way to express my belief that life is a conspiracy to shower us with blessings, but most of us have developed ingenious strategies for eluding those blessings. The good news, Aquarius, is that your wits have recently grown sharp enough to detect magical things that were previously invisible to you. You will soon rise up and divest yourself of one of your main methods for avoiding joy and success.

PISCES Feb 19 - Mar 20

I'm of the opinion that the psychological problem known as Multiple Personality Disorder is merely the pathological version of a normal phenomenon. Most well-integrated people have a variety of selves, any one of which may reign supreme at a given moment. The difference between the healthy folks and the unfortunates who suffer from MPD: each of their many selves is in pretty good shape and on friendly terms with all the others. With these thoughts as an introduction, Pisces, I encourage you to celebrate your own flourishing multiplicity in the coming week. The astrological omens suggest it's time to throw a party for your entire community of selves! ☺

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BEARCLAW GALLERY 10403-124 St (482-1204) • 24 SONGS: Paintings by Jim Logan; until May 31 • *TIME AND LIFE*: Paintings by Woodland artist Roy Thomas; June 7-20; artist in attendance: Sat, June 7 (1-4pm)
BUZZY'S Lower level, 10416-82 Ave (437-3707) • Artworks by Sirkka Kadatz
CENTRE D'ARTS VISUELS DE L'ALBERTA 9103-95 Ave (461-3427) • Artworks by Francine Droum (Vancouver) and members; May 29-June 4 • Opening reception: Fri, May 29 (7-8:30pm)
CHRISTL BERGSTROM'S RED GALLERY 9621-82 Ave (439-8210) • Open Mon-Fri 11am-5pm; Sat by appointment • *ON BEING DIDACTIC (BUT NOT NECESSARILY PEDANTIC)*: Paintings by Christl Bergstrom
CITY ARTS CENTRE 10943-84 Ave (426-1757) • *ARTISTIC DISCOVERIES* • 103 Artworks by students and instructors • Sat-Sun, May 31-June 1 (Noon-5pm) • Opening reception: Fri,

May 30 (6-9pm)
DOUGLAS UDELL GALLERY 10332-124 St (488-4445) • New artworks by Robert Lemay • Until June 7
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EXTENSION CENTRE GALLERY 2nd Fl University Extension Centre, 8303-112 St (492-3034) • Open Mon-Thu 8:30am-8pm; Fri, 8:30am-4:30pm; Sat 9am-noon • *NATURESCAPES*: Artworks by Sylvia Lange • Until June 4
FAB GALLERY 1-1 Fine Arts Building, U of A Campus, 112 St, 89 Ave (492-2081) • Open Tue-Fri 10am-5pm; Sun 2-5pm • *SACCADE*: Prints by Briana Palmer; until May 31 • *PRINTCIPLES*: Senior printmaking exhibition; until May 31
FORT DOOR 10308-81 Ave (432-7535) • Open Mon-Wed 10am-6pm; Thu and Fri 10am-9pm; Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 12-5pm • Eskimo soapstone carvings by M. Iyaituk. West Coast Native and Eskimo silver and gold jewellery by J. Gilbert • Until June 30
FRINGE GALLERY Bsmt 10516 Whyte Ave (432-0240) • Open Mon-Sat 9:30am-6pm • *A TRIBUTE TO GLORIA*: Sculptures, paintings and mixed media works by Joseph Kozmenuik; until May 31 • *CLEAR CONFUSION*: Mixed media installation by Myken Woods and Liu Landing; through June
FRONT GALLERY 12312 Jasper Ave (488-2952) • Open Tue-Sat 10am-5pm • *WILDERNESS TRAIL*: Watercolour paintings by Suzanne Sandboe • Until June 5
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MUDDY WATERS CAFÉ 8211-111 St • *MANUFACTURED*: A display of original clothing art • Until May 30 • Closing reception: May 30 (7-11pm)
MURUNGO AND PENG AFRICAN

ART GALLERY 12505-102 Ave, Below Starbucks, (433-5504) • *SPRING SHOW*: Artworks from Africa, music by the Okoto Drummers, poetry by Kenya Kondo • Fri, May 30 (6-11pm) • \$20/couple • Proceeds to the Harare Street Kids Association
MUSÉE HÉRITAGE MUSEUM 5 St. Anne Street, St. Albert (459-1528) • Open Mon-Sat 10am-5pm; Sun 1-5pm • *FACES OF ST. ALBERT*: Until Aug. 24 • \$2 (suggested donation)
PROFILES PUBLIC ART GALLERY 19 Perron Street, St. Albert (460-4310) • Open Mon-Sat 10-5pm; Thu 10am-8pm • *HIGH ENERGY VIII*: Artworks by high school students • Until May 31
PROVINCIAL MUSEUM OF ALBERTA 12845-102 Ave (453-9100) • Open weekdays 9am-9pm; weekends 9am-5pm • *SYNCRUDE CANADA ABORIGINAL PEOPLES GALLERY*: Spans 11,000 years and 500 generations, people of the past and present, recordings, film, lights, artifacts and more. Permanent exhibit • *SPOTLIGHT GALLERY: GO FISH!* Featuring the research and collections of the Museum's ichthyology program. Until July 20 • *THE NATURAL HISTORY GALLERY*: • *BUG ROOM*: Live invertebrate display. Permanent exhibit • *THE BIRD GALLERY*: Mounted birds. Permanent exhibit • *THE WILD ALBERTA PREVIEW GALLERY*: Sneak peek at the new gallery's layout • *TREASURES OF THE EARTH* Geology collection. Permanent exhibit • *A TO Z AT THE MUSEUM*: Every Sat (9am-11am): family-fun drop-in program • *EVENINGS AT ALICE'S*: At the Museum Café, last Fri evening of each month • Canadian premiere of 2002's best wildlife photographs; June 5-Sept. 28
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St (444-1024) • Work by J. Yardley-Jones and Gregg Johnson, acrylics by Jim Vest, pottery by Noburo Kubo and Jacqueline Stenberg
SOSA (SOCIETY OF STUDENT ARTISTS) GALLERY See What's Happening Downtown
SPECTRUM ART GALLERY AND STUDIO 11745 Jasper Ave (482-6677) • Open daily 10am-6pm • Paintings by Christopher Lucas, Patricia Young, Bridgit Turner, Deanna Larson and David Phillips
STANLEY A. MILNER LIBRARY See What's Happening Downtown
STONY PLAIN CENTENNIAL ARENA 5300-52 St, Stony Plain (963-2777/987-2071) • *ANTIQUES AND COLLECTIBLES SHOW AND SALE*: Exhibit including arts and crafts, furniture, glass, tools and more; demonstration by Century Model Railway Club • Fri, May 30 (5-9pm); Sat, May 31 (9am-5pm); Sun, June 1 (9am-5pm) • \$3 (children 12 and under free)
STUDIO 321 See What's Happening Downtown
STUDIO GALLERY 143 Grandin Park Plaza, St. Albert (460-5990) • Open Tue-Fri 10am-5pm; Sat 10am-4pm or by appointment • *INSTINCTS AND INTUITION*: Paintings by various artists • Until June 28
SWEETWATER CAFÉ 102 Ave, 124 St (907-1454) • *FLORAL AND FIGURE FUSION*: Group show of figurative and floral artworks, landscapes and still lifes • Until June 10
UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA Human Ecology Building, 116 St, 89 Ave (492-2528) • Open Mon-Fri 8am-9pm, Sat 8am-4pm, Sun noon-4pm • *1950s RETROSPECTIVE*: Selected items from the U of A clothing and textiles collection • Until Oct
UPSTAIRS GALLERY 11631-105 Ave • *LANDED IMMIGRANT*: Paintings by Paddy Lamb • Until May 31
VAAA GALLERY 3rd Fl, Harcourt House,

SEE NEXT PAGE

10215-112 St (421-1731) • **PLACES IN TIME:** Watercolours by Michelle Leavitt-Djonlic • Until June 14

VANDERLEELIE GALLERY 10183-112 St (452-0286) • **SOUVENIRS:** Paintings of tulips by Bobbie Burgers • Until June 3

WORKS GALLERY See What's Happening Downtown

LITERARY

AUDREY'S BOOKS See What's Happening Downtown

BACKROOM VODKA BAR 10324-82 Ave, upstairs • Every Tue (8pm): A Raving Poets presentation

GREENWOODS' BOOKSHOPPE 7925-109 St (439-2005) • Launch of *Journey to Wholeness* by Thomas D. Maddix and Ian C. Soles • Tue, June 3 (7:30pm)

NAKED CYBER CAFÉ See What's Happening Downtown

LIVE COMEDY

THE COMEDY FACTORY 3414 Gateway Boulevard (469-4999) • Fri, May 30 (8:30pm); Sat, May 31 (8pm and 10:30pm); Nelson Giles • Fri, June 6 (8:30pm); Sat, June 7 (8pm and 10:30pm): Rob Pue

FARGO'S 10307-82 Ave (433-4526) • Fargo's Laugh-a-Lot Comedy • Every Sun

SIDETRACK CAFÉ 10333-112 St (421-1326) • Comedy improv show • Every

Thu (7:30-9:30pm) • \$3

THEATRE

BETWITCHED Jubilations Dinner Theatre, Upper Level, Phase III, WEM (484-2424) • A freewheeling parody of the supernatural '60s sitcom *Bewitched*, in which the imperious witch Endora transports Samantha, Darrin and Tabitha back in time to the swinging London of the 1960s in order to show them how much fun witchcraft can be • Until June 15 • Wed, Thu, Sun: \$45.95; Fri-Sat: \$55.95

CARMEN ANGEL Catalyst Theatre, 8529 Gateway Boulevard (431-1750/420-1757) • Jonathan Christenson directs actor/playright Joey Tremblay in this multi-character one-man show about a mournful crime-scene photographer who revisits his memories of his childhood sweetheart and her creepy undertaker uncle • Until June 1 • \$20/\$15 (senior/student) • Tickets available at TIX on the Square

CHIMPROV! The New Varscona Theatre, 10329-83 Ave (420-1757/448-0695) • Long-form improvisational sketches performed by Rapid Fire Theatre's top improvisers • Every Saturday (11pm)

DIE-NASTY Varscona Theatre, 10329-83 Ave • The 12th season of Edmonton's legendary live improvised soap opera takes place in the community of Ridge Valley Mountain Flats, Lemoine County, U.S.A., at the height of the Great Depression. Directed by Dana Andersen, produced by Stewart Lemoine • Every

Monday (8pm)

FIDDLER ON THE ROOF Festival Place, 100 Festival Way, Sherwood Park (449-3378) • Performed by Bev Facey Composite High School • Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick's classic musical (based on the stories of Sholom Aleichem) about a beleaguered milkman in a small Jewish village in turn-of-the-century Russia who attempts to preserve tradition while marrying off his eldest daughter • Until May 30 (7:30pm) • \$14 (adult/\$12 senior/student) • Tickets available at Festival Place box office, TicketMaster

GREASE See What's Happening Downtown

GYPSY Mayfield Dinner Theatre, 16615-109 Ave (483-4051/486-7827) • A revival of the classic musical about the life of Gypsy Rose Lee, from her days as a lowly member of a threadbare travelling vaudeville show managed by her ferociously ambitious mother, to her eventual emergence as a world-famous striptease artist. Book by Arthur Laurents, songs by Jule Styne and Stephen Sondheim • Until July 6

HARLEY'S ANGELS Celebrations Dinner Theatre, 13103 Fort Rd (448-9339) • Playwright Trevor Schmidt's takeoff on *Charlie's Angels* follows three gorgeous undercover special agents who attempt to discover the true identity of their mysterious boss • Until Aug. 2

INCOHERANT Walterdale Playhouse, 10322-83 Ave (439-2845/920-3049) • Presented by Et cCtera Theatre Collective • A fundraising performance by Aaron Talbot and Geoffrey Ewert of

their 2002 Fringe hit, based on the writings of Richard Foreman, about two tramps who are informed by a mysterious, disembodied voice that they are God • May 30 • \$10

THE MARGIN OF THE SKY Varscona Theatre, 10329-83 Ave (420-1757/433-3399 ext. 2) • Ron Pederson, Jeff Haslam, Leona Brausen and Cathy Derkach star in *Eros and the Itchy Ant* writer/director Stewart Lemoine's new comedy about a Canadian writer living in Los Angeles struggling to create a screenplay for his brother-in-law, a successful soap opera star • Until June 7, Tue-Sat 8pm; Sat Mat 2pm • \$15/\$12 (student/senior/Equity) • Tue evening and Sat matinees: Pay-What-You-Can • Tickets available at TIX on the Square

MURDER ON THE WESTERN EXPRESS Celebrations Dinner Theatre, Oasis Entertainment Hotel, 13103 Fort Rd (478-2971) • Jordan Thompson, Jeff Halaby and Erika Hoveland star in this spoof of Agatha Christie whodunits, in which famed detective Inspector Contraire is required once again to use his astonishing crime-solving skills following a murder on board a train travelling through the Rocky Mountains • Until Aug. 2

NEXTFEST: THE SYNCRUDE NEXT GENERATION ARTS FESTIVAL The Roxy, 10708-124 St, and various other venues throughout Edmonton (453-2440) • A wide-ranging festival showcasing the work of emerging young playwrights, musicians, visual artists, poets, dancers, choreographers and film and video artists. Featuring mainstage productions of the following new plays:

Apartment #604 by Alan Reed, *Bohemian Perso* by Ellen Chorley, *God's Favoured Child*. A *Rant* by James Hamilton, *Grimwag* by Ryan Hughes, *Nocturne* by Tanya Marquardt, *Vibrant and Subtle Ways* by Nicole Schafenacker and *My Big Fat Greek Metamorphoses Project* by the Grant MacEwan Theatre Arts Class of 2003 • June 5-15

OH SUSANNA! Varscona Theatre, 10329-83 Ave • Edmonton's live Euro-style talk show, featuring interviews, music, food and high-spirited all-star competition hosted by international glamour gal Susanna Patchouli and her co-host Eros, God of Love • Sat, May 31 (11pm)

THE SECRET GARDEN Kaasa Theatre, Jubilee Auditorium, 11455-87 Ave (420-1757) • Presented by ELOPE • Randy Mueller directs Lucy Simon and Marsha Norman's 1991 musical adaptation of Frances Hodgson Burnett's beloved children's book about an orphan girl who is sent to live with her uncle in his grim Victorian mansion, where she and a sensitive local boy take it upon themselves to restore a magnificent abandoned garden • May 29-June 1, June 5-7 • \$20/\$15 (student/senior) • Tickets available at TIX on the Square

SURVIVAL: THE IMPROVISATION GAME See What's Happening Downtown

THEATRESPORTS New Varscona Theatre, 10329-83 Ave (448-0695) • Teams of improvisers create sketches on the spot based on audience suggestions, and have the results evaluated by a team of heartless judges • Every Friday (11pm)

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What's Happening
Downtown!

GALLERIES/MUSEUMS

ALBERTA CRAFT COUNCIL GALLERY 10186-106 St (488-6611/4808-5900) • Open Mon-Sat, 10am-5pm (closed all hols) • Main Gallery: *ADORN AND PROTECT:* An exhibition of body objects that beautify, nurture or shield; until July 5 • Discovery Gallery: • Wood furniture by Gordon Galenza • May 31-July 5

EDMONTON ART GALLERY 2 Sir Winston Churchill Sq (422-6223) • Open Tue-Wed and Fri 10:30am-5pm; Thu 10:30am-8pm; Sat, Sun 11am-5pm. Closed Mon • **TECHNICOLOUR:** Artworks by Chris Cran, Clay Ellis, Geoffrey Hunter, Angela Leach, Chris Rogers, Arlene Stamp; until June 15 • **THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS:** Artworks from the Gallery's collection examining the various ways in which artists have examined and represented nature; until June 15 • **POST-IMPRESSIONIST MASTERWORKS:** until June 1 • Kitchen Gallery: *GLORY HILLS* Artworks by John Maywood; until June 15 • **ART FOR LUNCH VIDEO SERIES:** Sister Wendy's Story of Painting *Modernism: Cézanne to Warhol*; Thu, May 29 (noon) • **Children's Gallery:** *BECOME:* Created by Don Moar; until July • \$12/\$10 (student/senior), \$5 (children 6-12)/free (member/children 5 and under)

GIORDANO GALLERY Main Fl, Empire Building, 10080 Jasper Ave (429-5066) • Open Wed, Sat (12-4pm) or by appointment • Artworks by David Bolduc • Until June 28

LATITUDE 53 10248-106 St (423-5353) • Tue-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat noon-5pm • **VISUALEYEZ 2003:** • Performance works and artworks based on the theme of misplacement of intimacy. Curated by Todd Janes; Until May 31 • Work by artists who have appeared in *Other Voices Magazine* over the past year; Tue, June 3 (7-10pm)

MANULIFE PLACE 10180-101 St (476-8552) • Artworks by the Edmonton Art Club • Until May 29

SEGHERS STUDIO GALLERY 604A, 10030-107 St, Seventh Street Plaza, North Tower (425-6885) • Open Tue-Thu 5:30-9pm or by appointment • Artworks by David Seghers, Robert von Eschen, Eric Butterworth, Jeff Collins, Pamela How (Vilsec), Neil McClelland and Jacqui Rohac

SNAP GALLERY 10137-104 St (423-1492) • Open Tue-Sat (12-5pm) • **CHILDREN SEE EVERYTHING:** Artworks by Libby Hague (Toronto multi-media artist); May 29-June 28; opening reception: Thu, May 29 (7-9:30pm); artist in attendance • **FRONT SPACE: SELF STORAGE:** Wearable artworks by Mariann Sinkovics; until July 1; closing reception: July 1 (2-5pm)

SOSA (SOCIETY OF STUDENT ARTISTS) GALLERY 10154-103 St, Basement (707-8305) • Art auction and sale • May 31 (7-11pm)

STANLEY A. MILNER LIBRARY 7 Sir Winston Churchill Sq • **CONNECTIONS IMAGES OF THE NORTH:** Artworks by Peggy Arnett • Until June 15

STUDIO 321 Rice-Howard Way, 101689-100A St (424-6746/429-3498) • Open Sat-Sun 1-4pm • **THE FATHER-SON ART EXHIBIT:** Artworks by Marc Munan and Louis Munan • Until June 22

WORKS GALLERY 10155-102 St • Open Mon-Fri noon-4:30pm • **SEEDS:** Artworks by Gregory Swain • Until June 6 • Opening reception: Fri, May 30 (7pm)

CLUBS/LECTURES

A CELEBRATION OF BREASTFEEDING Grant MacEwan City Centre Campus, 10700-104 Ave (497-5169) • Public lecture presented by pediatrician Dr. Jack Newman • Fri, May 30 (7pm) • \$25/\$30 couple

OPPORTUNITIES UNLIMITED NETWORKING GROUP Edmonton Chamber of Commerce, 600, 10123-99 St, west door (426-4620) • Speaker Janis Wiest presents *Perk Up Office Morale With Scheme a Dream* • \$2 • Fri, May 30 (6:45-8:30am)

LITERARY

AUDREY'S BOOKS 10702 Jasper Ave (423-3487) • Reading by Sheri-D Wilson • Tue, June 3 (7:30pm)

LATITUDE 53 10248-106 St (423-5353) • Work by artists who have appeared in *Other Voices Magazine* over the past year and launch of the 15th anniversary issue; Tue, June 3 (7-10pm) • (474-6058/490-1414/453-1763) The Bilingual Neruda (reprise): An evening of poetry and original music with Leo Campos A., Dale Ladouceur, Mark Kozub; Thu, June 5

NAKED CYBER CAFÉ 10354 Jasper Ave • Poetry and music jam and coffee-house hosted by Michael Bionic Amirault and Phil the Robo Cowboy Poet • Wed, June 4 (8pm)

QUEER LISTINGS

ART OF LIVING: A CELEBRATION OF LIFE GALA Hotel MacDonald, Empire Ballroom, 10056-100 St • Dining, music and a silent auction • Sat, June 7 • \$150 • Fundraiser to support the programs and services of HIV Edmonton (488-5742)

BOOTS AND SADDLES 10242-106 St (423-5014) • Large tavern with pool tables, restaurant, shows. Members only

GAY AND LESBIAN COMMUNITY CENTRE OF EDMONTON (GLCCE) Suite 45, 9916-106 St (488-3234) • Open Mon-Fri, 1:30-5:30pm, 7-10pm • Support groups, library, youth group and discussion nights

GAY MEN'S OUTREACH CREW

(GMOC) 45, 9912-106 St (488-0564) • Peer education initiative for gay/bisexual men that works toward preventing the spread of HIV by improving self-esteem

HIV NETWORK OF EDMONTON SOCIETY 105, 10550-102 St (488-5742) • Programs and support services for people affected and infected by HIV/AIDS and related illnesses. Counselling, referrals, support groups, harm reduction, education, advocacy and public awareness campaigns

ICARE 702A, 10242-105 St (448-1768) • www.icarealberta.org • The Interfaith Centre for AIDS/HIV Resources and Education (formerly Interfaith Association on AIDS) provides spiritual support and connections for those affected by HIV/AIDS

ILLUSIONS SOCIAL CLUB GLCCE, Suite 45, 9912-106 St • Meetings every second Thursday each month

PFLAG GLCCE, Suite 45, 9912-106 St (462-5958) • Meetings every third Tuesday of the month at 7:30pm • Support/education for parents, families and friends of lesbians/gays/bisexuals/transgenders

THE ROOST 10345-104 St (426-3150) • Open Sun-Thu 8pm-3am, Fri-Sat 8pm-4am • TUE: Wild and Wet Contest (8-midnight) with female DJ Rhonda • WED: Amateur strip with Weena Luv, Sticky Vicky, DJ Alvaro • THU: Rotating shows: Ladonna's review, Sticky's open stage and the Weakest Link game second and last Thursday with DJ Jazzy • FRI: Euro Blitz: Best new European music with DJ Outtawak Upstairs-DJ Jazzy and female stripper • SAT: Monthly theme parties with DJ Jazzy Upstairs-New music DJ Dan Downstairs-Retro music • SUN: Betty Ford Hangover Clinic Show Beer Bash every long weekend with DJ Jazzy • Tue-Thu \$1 (member)/\$3 (non-member); Fri-Sat \$3 (member)/\$5 (non-member); Sun \$1

SECRETS BAR AND GRILL 10249-107

St (990-1818) • Lesbian and gay bar/restaurant

TRANSSEXUAL/TRANSGENDER SUPPORT GROUP egret@hotmail.com • Meetings every fourth Tuesday of the month • Information and mutual support for transgendered people in an open, friendly and safe environment. Open to transsexuals, transvestites, cross-dressers, drag queens/kings

YOUTH UNDERSTANDING YOUTH Gay and Lesbian Community Centre of Edmonton (GLCCE), 45, 9912-106 St (488-3234) • www.youth.tripod.com/yuy • Every Sat (7-9pm) • A facilitated social/support group for lesbian, gay, bisexual, transgendered, straight and questioning youth under the age of 25

SPECIAL EVENTS

ART OF LIVING: A CELEBRATION OF LIFE GALA Hotel MacDonald, Empire Ballroom, 10056-100 St • Dining, music and a silent auction • Sat, June 7 • \$150 • Fundraiser to support the programs and services of HIV Edmonton (488-5742)

THEATRE

GREASE Shocter Theatre, The Citadel, 9828-101A Ave (425-1820) • Bob Baker directs John Uillyatt, Pamela Gordon, Briana Buckmaster and Bobby Curtola in Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey's ever-popular rock 'n' roll musical about the opposites-attract love affair between "greaser" Danny Zuko and "good girl" Sandy Dumbrowski, both members of Rydell High's class of 1959 • Until June 8

SURVIVAL: THE IMPROVISATION GAME Jagged Edge Theatre, 3rd Floor, City Centre East (479-0323) • Every Friday • \$5

MAY 29 - JUNE 4, 2003



alt sex column

By ANDREA NEMERSON

Vanishing cream

Dear Andrea:

I recently had sex with a condom on and afterwards I couldn't find it anywhere. Can a condom get stuck inside? And what will happen and how can you get it out?

Love, Lost

Dear Lost:

Well, where do you think it went? Your girlfriend may still be a bit mysterious to you at this point, but the topography not that complicated. The vagina is only so deep—say five or six inches—so if it's still in there, it's resting behind the pelvic bone, not swimming upstream like a salmon.

Anything stuck in a body cavity long enough is going to... I don't know how to put this delicately... go bad, so if it's actually lodged itself back there, it'll be pretty obvious by now. One of you will have to fish around for it with your fingers, and then she'd have to bathe very thoroughly to make sure there's no irritation or discharge. But the far, far more likely scenario is that it's still hidden in the covers, lurking somewhere under the bed or stuck on the bottom of your shoe.

A lost condom is no big deal. Condoms that can't be trusted to stay put, though, are a very big deal. From now on, pay attention, which means looking down now and then to make sure that the condom's where it's supposed to be. If it seems to be slipping around, hold it in place with your fingers and then go buy some which fit a little tighter. Just so you know, these are rarely sold as "smaller." "Snugger fit" is usually considered a more salable concept.

Love, Andrea

Wrappers delight

Dear Andrea:

The other day we had sex with a condom, then we wanted to again, but didn't

have any left, so we used Saran Wrap. Is that okay for an emergency, and is it as effective as a condom for a one-time use?

Love, Wrapped Up

Dear Up:

Are you the same guy as "Lost"? You are, aren't you? So the condoms you ran out of were the ones that didn't fit anyway. No great loss.

Of course, plastic wrap doesn't work. It might if you managed to heat-seal it into a snug-fitting sleeve (they sell condoms made of a similar, albeit thicker, material), but that's hardly practical. So there are gaps where the wrap overlaps, aren't there, leaving any number of possible escape routes for the sperm. Sperm are tiny, not to mention wily in their brainless way. Did you know that they navigate by something akin to a sense of smell, not that they have noses? If there's a way to get where they want to go, they will find it.

So, was it too terribly dangerous to do it just this once? Oh, probably not. You'll probably get away with it. It's even likely that you even significantly reduced the likelihood of pregnancy simply by reducing the amount of ejac-

ulate that actually got into your partner. But that is no excuse, do you hear me? You are teenagers! You are not to take silly risks with your futures, just because you were too dumb and too horny to wait until somebody made a drugstore run. As your dumb-and-horny quotients are not likely to change much, at least 'til you're out of college, I recommend buying in bulk.

Love, Andrea

Counter intelligence

Dear Andrea:

My girlfriend and I want to try anal sex. Is there any type of lubrication I can use that can be found around the house? I don't want to look like a perv going to into a drugstore! Would Vaseline work?

Love, Too Shy

Dear Shy:

If you don't want to look like a perv, don't have anal sex. Seems perfectly simple to me.

Actually, I have a better idea. You could grow up, face the fact that you're having sex (whatever kind of sex it is) and go get the stuff you need in order to have it responsibly. I

mean, you've presumably already been having vaginal sex—what were you doing about birth control? And don't tell me Saran Wrap.

No, Vaseline will not work. It's barely slippery and impossible to wash out, but that's not the real problem. The real problem is that it eats condoms for breakfast. If you're going to be having anal sex, vaginal sex without some other kind of birth control or any kind of sex where there might be a risk of disease transmission, you are going to be using condoms. You can get them when you buy the lube. You can buy some other stuff (say, sunscreen and Life-Savers, not adult diapers and an enema kit) at the same time if you're afraid of looking weird. Believe me, the checkout clerks at Walgreen's are not interested in your sex life. On the contrary, they probably go well out of their way to avoid thinking about where you're going to stick your purchases when you get home.

Love, Andrea @

Andrea Nemerson writes and teaches in San Francisco. You can send her a question at andrea@altsexcolumn.com.

artist to artist

Looking for male actor for upcoming Walterdale production *Blood Brothers*. Ability to play age range from 7-21, req. sing solo and chorus. For info ph Neil 913-6407/e-m salsbury@shaw.ca

na0515

Fringe show needs: stage manager and experienced director for collective show. Small cast, some workshoping, musical numbers. Christie 439-9705, primaenterprises@yahoo.ca

na0501

Dancers required: Previous performance experience recommended. Ph Doyle at Vinok Worlddance. (780) 454-3739

na0510

Whyte Ave Art Walk July 11-13. Seeking 120 visual artists. Turn Whyte Ave into an outdoor art studio. Call The Paint Spot 432-0240

na0508

Downtown law firm seeks to promote work of local artists by displaying contemporary and abstract artwork on our walls. Ph. Rod 482-6555

na0510

Looking for musicians for upcoming Walterdale production, *Blood Brothers*. Currently looking for drummer, guitar player, violinist and others. For more info contact Neil at 913-6407 or e-m at salsbury@shaw.ca

na0515

'Got a Song in Your Heart?' Become a Part of Edmonton's Greenwood Singers! Auditions Thu, June 26 for new season (Sept-Apr) by appointment only. Ph Alana at 433-7476 or e-m: alanaesh@shaw.ca. No training requirements or age restrictions.

na0508

musicians

Drummer needed for established country and western band. Call Mike 459-7301.

na0529

Trombone or baritone sax needed to complete horn section project for established parttime classic rock band. Marcel 460-0557.

na0424

Upright bass player wanted for swing jamming group. Phone Paul - 433-0049

na0529

Barkin Spyderys require drummer to play '70s & '80s, and Top 40 rock. Call Dave 465-9799

na0424

musicians

LP Slater forming new band. All instruments considered. Variety of tunes. Immediate work. Pro vox/harmonies an asset. Leave brief message @ 965-8447.

na0510

Recording, touring, professional rock/alt band looking for full time serious guitar player. We have management, 2 CDs. Ph Shawn 438-2265

na0510

Fifth Annual Canadian Aboriginal Music Awards CBC Galaxie Rising Stars Award Call for Entries: submission deadline: June 30, 2003.

Info: www.canab.com or call 519-751-0040.

na0417

musicians

Exposed Roots ? Call to Artists The Canada Council for the Arts calls all professional aboriginal music and world music artists to send in submissions to participate in Exposed Roots, a musical showcase in Montreal, Nov. 21-23. Deadline is Fri, May 30. For info call 1-800-263-5588, ext. 4118, or visit the Canada Council web site <http://www.canadacouncil.ca/grants/outreach/>

na0508

The ChickaDivas (female a-cappella group), looking for a low alto. Must be a good reader and have a trained voice. For info or audition time, please ph Regina at 433-9594.

na0508

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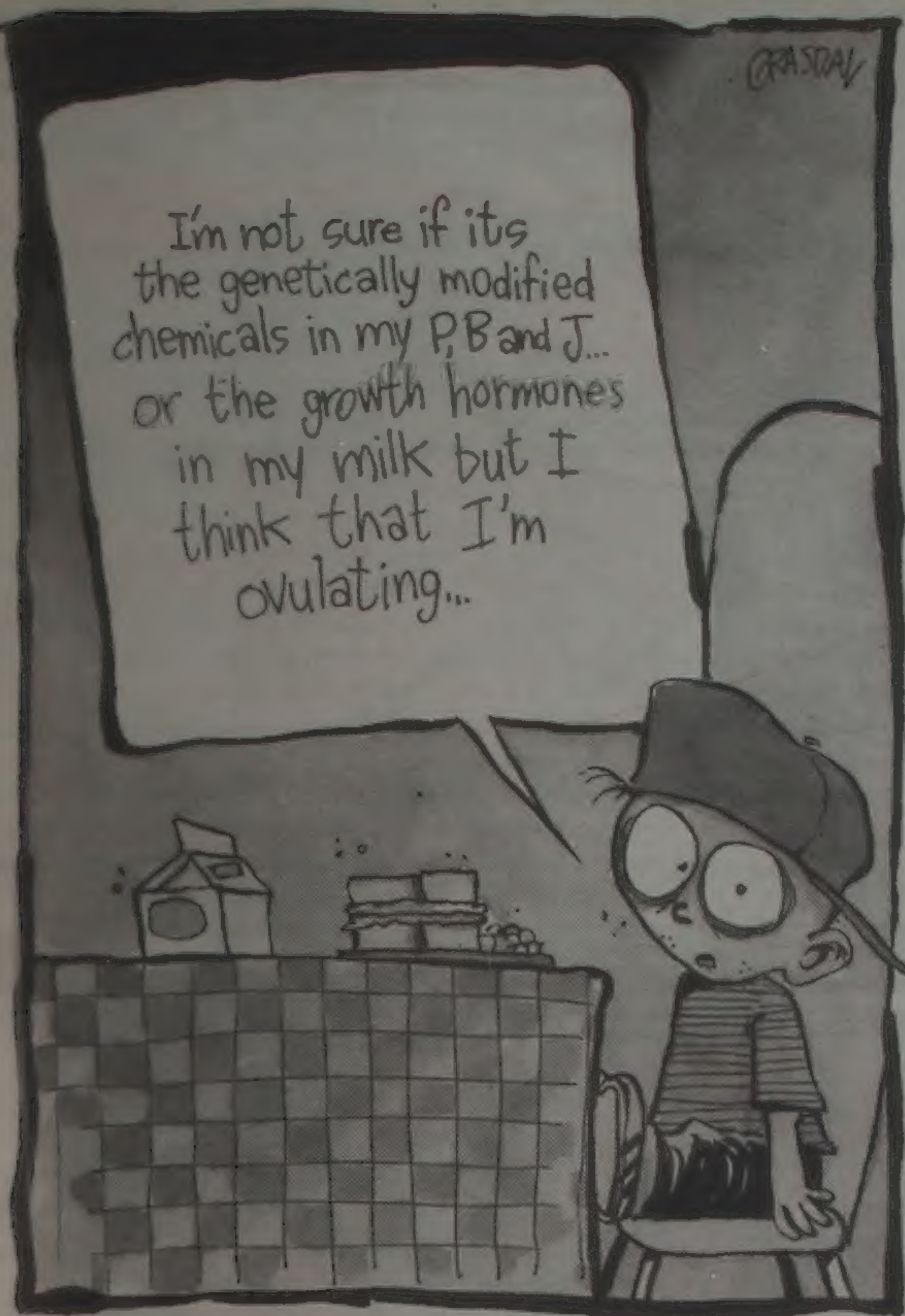
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HEY EDDIE! by GRASDAL



CLASSIFIEDS

Continued from previous page

shared accommodation

MacEwan/downtown upscale house has 1 bedroom \$385.00 front loft w/jacuzzi \$475.00 For resp. + cool people 488-3370 eves
VW0403-0529 (2wks, may 29)

services

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VW 0501-0626, jol 3 (2wks + 1 wk)

psychics

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Thu, May 22: 4-9pm
Fri, May 23-Sat, May 24: noon-8pm
Sun, May 25: noon-6pm
Free door admission

SA 0116 - 0605 (12wks)

volunteers

The JAZZ CITY International Music Festival (June 19-29) needs you! More opportunities for volunteers. Ph Kent at 432-7166 for info.
na0410

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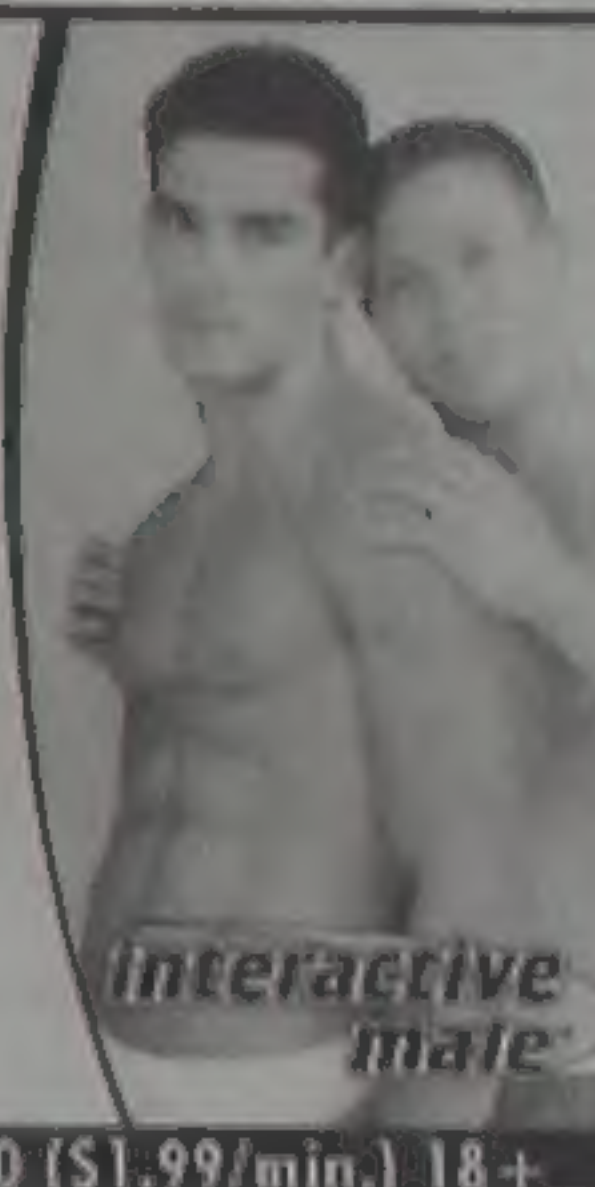
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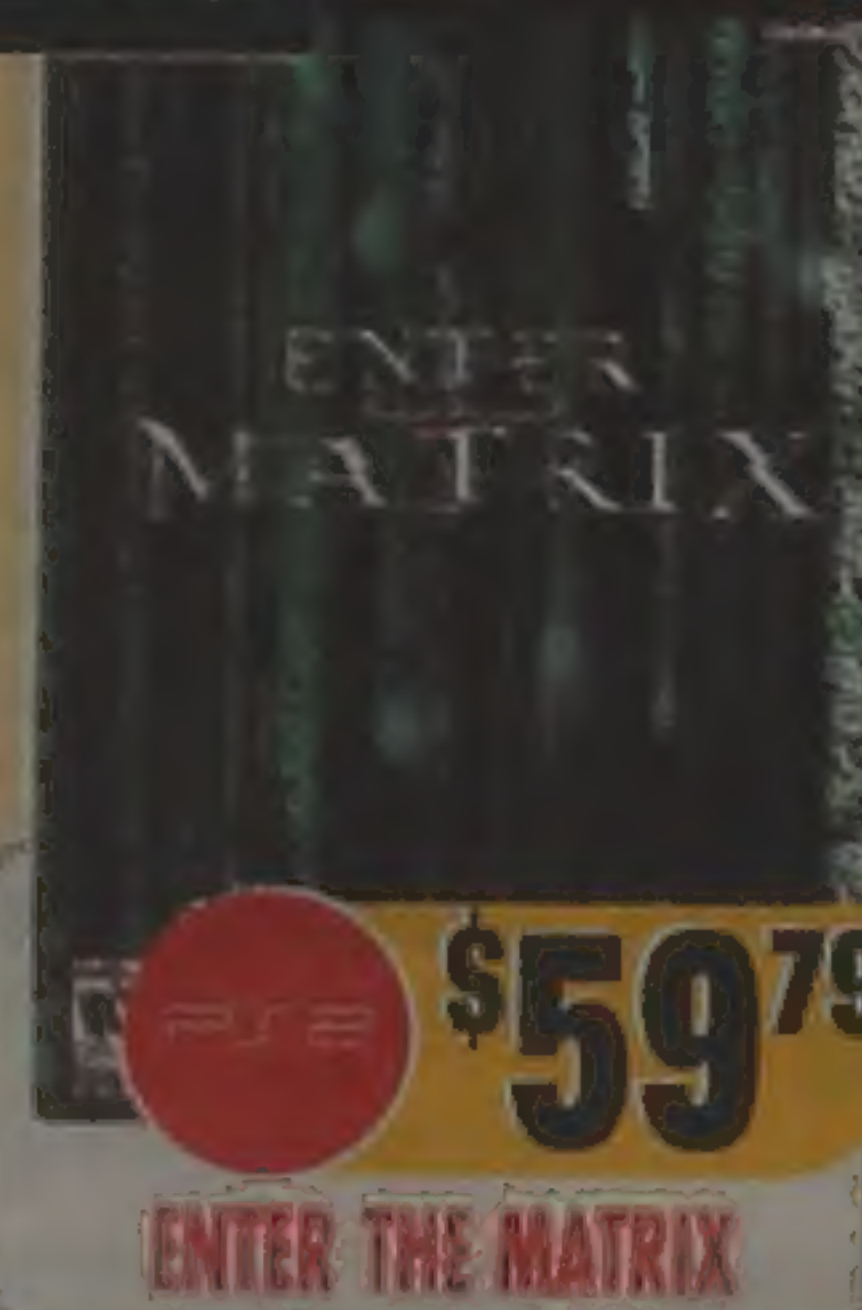
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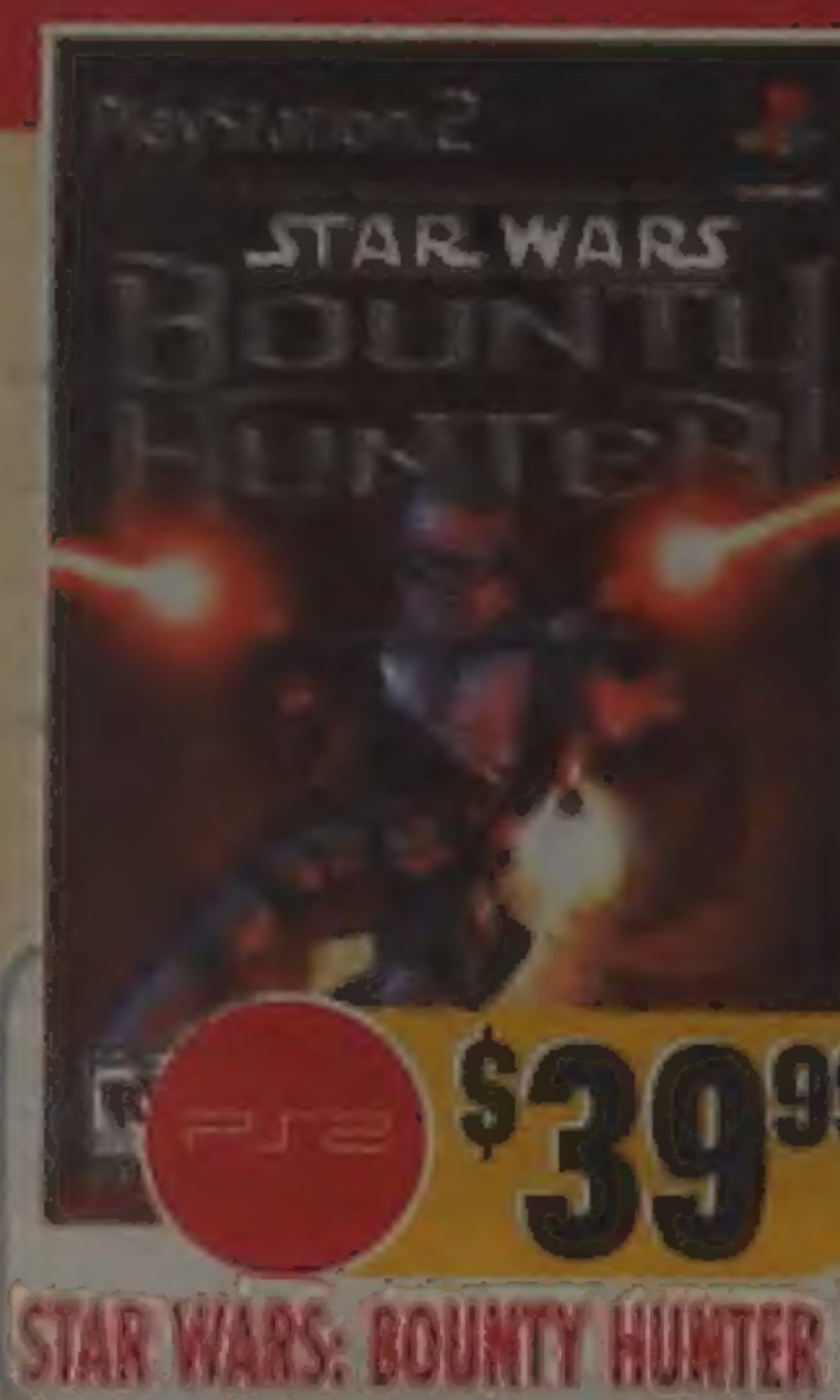
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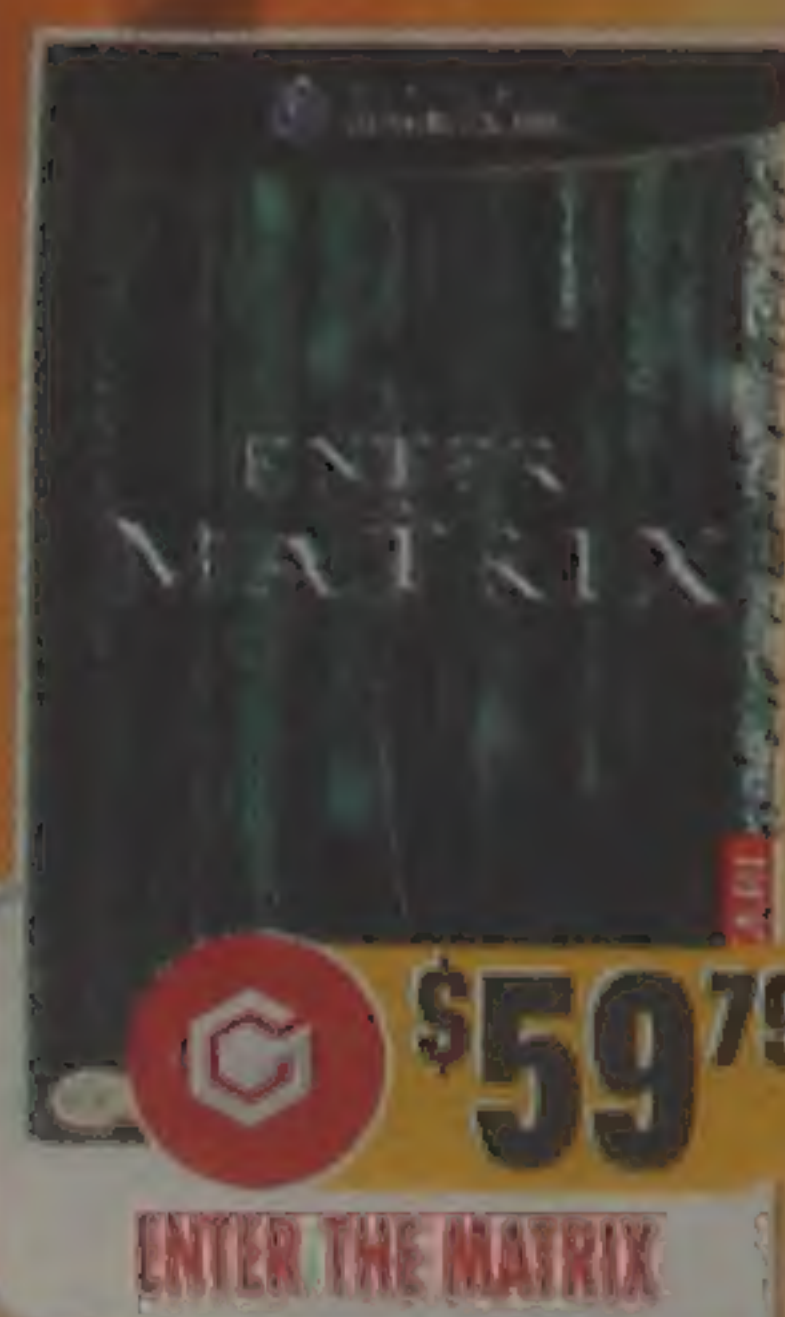
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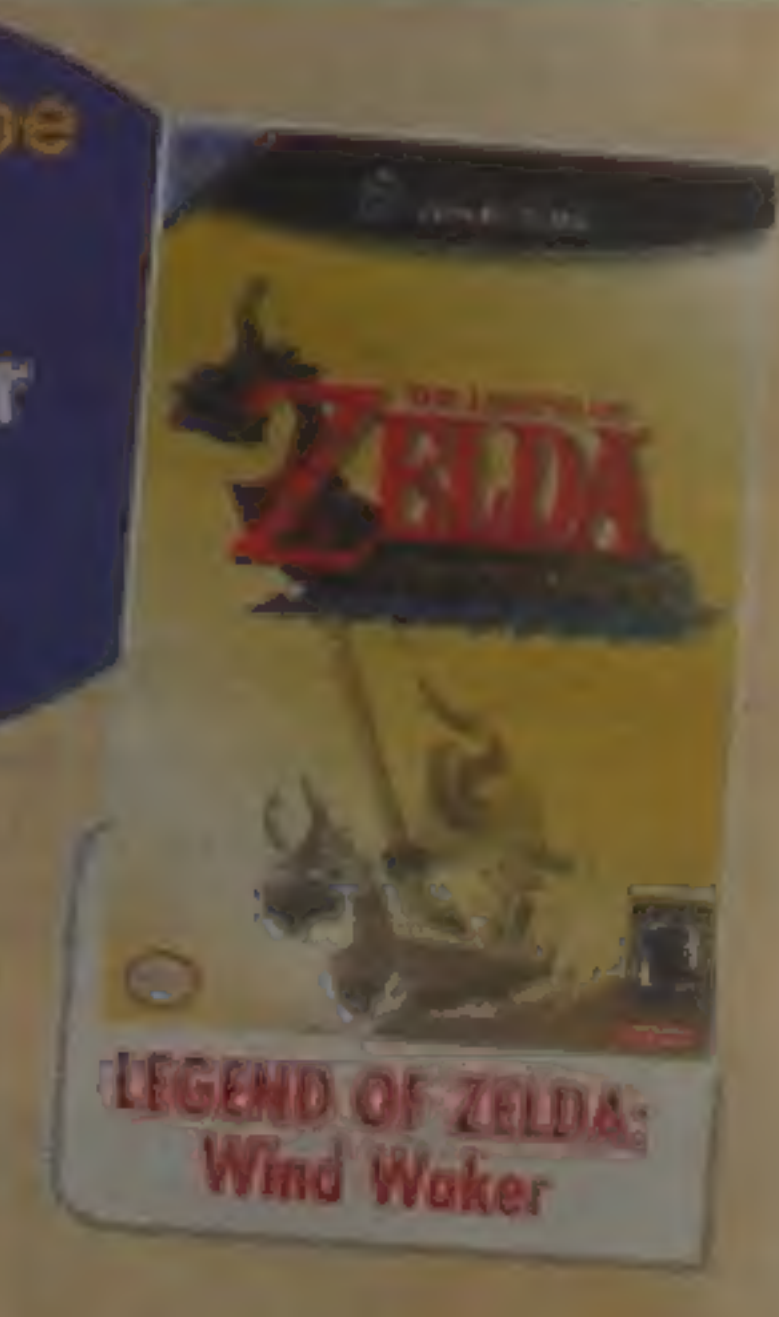
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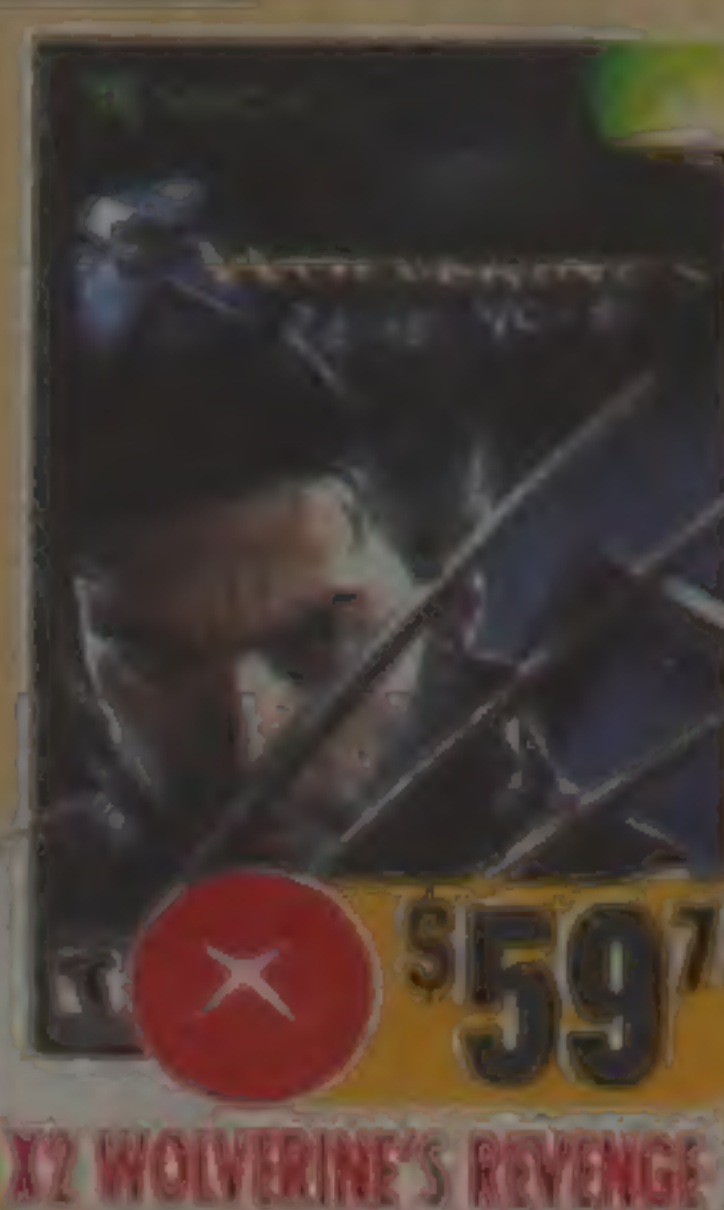
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